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Esquire

THE ESQUIRE

1985 Register

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There's a new spirit at Chrysler. The Pride is Back. Pride in the quality of the Chrysler, Plymouth and Dodge cars and trucks we build. Pride in what we've accomplished as a team working together to be the best. But it didn't come back on its own. It took Chrysler technology to bring it back. Technology that's making Made in America mean something again. The best. Buckle up for safety.

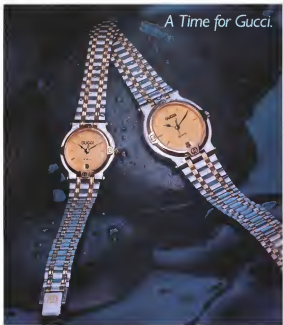


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Esquire

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COVER PHOTOGRAPH: CLOCKWISE FROM LEFT: JOHN BARNES; BERT STEIN; A.J. FORDMAN/STARS FILE

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In new Sprint, Spectrum and Nova, Today's Chevrolet is merging a world of ideas to bring you a world of small cars.

TODAY'S CHEVROLET  ***Live it!***

See Dealer Service Center page 501

"I know why your whisky
is so expensive.

"I heard somewhere that
you're related to Jesse James.
Is that true?"

M.T. Calhoun

Yes, I'm afraid it's true.

Cousin Ruben Samuels married
the widow James back when
her sons Frank and Jesse were
just young boys. Both boys, along
with friends Cole, Jim and Bob
Younger, visited frequently with
their whisky-making cousins
in Kentucky.

It wouldn't have been so bad
except that great-great
grandfather Samuels, along with
running the family distillery,
happened to be the local sheriff.

But no, that's not why Maker's
Mark is expensive. Our whisky
is handcrafted in very small
quantities, just 36 barrels a day.
That's why Maker's Mark tastes
expensive. And why it costs
a little more.

Bill Samuels Jr.

Bill Samuels Jr.
President
Maker's Mark Distillery

**Maker's
Mark**

See Reader Service Card after page 100

P.S.
That's a
photo of young
Jesse taken from
the Samuels family
album. The gun
belonged to Jesse's
brother, Frank.

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about your scent, so will she.

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FOR MEN
FRAGRANCE



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THE SOUND AND THE FURY

BUILDING THE WALL

THERE IS an important subtext that belongs on Christopher Buckley's "The Wall" (September). It is simply that had Jim Scruggs given ground on half the delays demanded by critics of the Wall, there would never have been a Vietnam Veterans Memorial. It may have been great versus service academy "colleges and gentlemen," but because of the grant's toxicity, there the national attitude, glowing in the approval of an overwhelming majority of Viet vets and other vets (they would witness that as they often do in Washington).

David N. Ussell
Arlington, Va.

THANK YOU for revealing the lack-ground of the Vietnam Veterans Memorial. Granted, the other monuments are beautiful and impressive, but the Wall's blackness, in contrast to their whiteness, seems so much more appropriate for this controversial war.

When I saw it for the first time last November, and saw the state stars placed into the cracks between the panels, and the other tokens left by visitors, my reaction immediately was, "My God, this is America's Wailing Wall."

John Berto
Boulder, Pa.

UNCERTAIN JUSTICE

I THOROUGHLY enjoyed the article on Leo Frank ("The Lynching of Leo Frank," by Steve Oney, September). It touches on a dark and volatile issue—that segregation and racial hatred make us no better than beasts. It also shows how poor prejudice and childhood itself can prevent the truth from coming out.

Stephen Wheeler
Lake Charles, La.

YOUR DOCUMENTARY "The Lynching of Leo Frank" is the finest, most credible and complete account I have read in any publication. Kudos to Steve Oney.

Jerry Ward-Stemmen
Alexandria, La.

IT IS apparent after reading "The Lynching of Leo Frank" that anti-semitic accusations were as obvious in 1915 as in 1988. That any court would get convicted on testimony offered by the likes of Jim Con-

ley is mind-boggling. The way in which the Georgia Board of Prisons and Paroles mistreated Altona Moore's testimony proves that to the Board, Leo Frank was "only a Jew."

An excellent article by a sensitive yet objective writer.

Steven Krasnow
Riverside, N.Y.

GREAT BALLS of bull excrement! After wading through eight pages of Steve Oney's article, I, for one, found the evidence badly overexaggerated. After considering the "new evidence," the Georgia Board of Prisons and Paroles acted correctly. For Mr. Oney to touch the subject of anti-Semitism is unfair to the board and insulting to blacks, whites, jews, and non-jews.

Douglas Egerton
Bakersfield, Calif.

AS PARENTS AGE

IN "TAKING OVER" (September), Nick Taylor tells it exactly as it is, and those of us who are as deeply involved in the scenario as he is a concerned, in particular, in sensitivity, and, most of all, his honesty.

It is too late to befriend the parent that in any mother's generation, feelings were not to be admitted. In our day recognition of feelings everywhere. We who try hard to recognize and accept the needs and desires of eighty-nine-year-olds, and at the same time living as in some of our own needs and self-indulgences, need articles such as Taylor's to make us realize that the same is true for them. There are times of us longing along the same rough road, and perhaps each of us at not as totally alone as we sometimes feel.

Monroe Gordon
Bridgman, N.J.

NICK TAYLOR has written about an important topic. In my particular case I've never felt the jump brought about by my mother's aging. I have often wondered what to do if or when—whatever. Although I've still no answers, Mr. Taylor's piece was not only food for thought but a nice bit of work as well. Thank you, Nick, it's nice to know I'm not totally alone in this.

James M. Alfred
Sunnyvale, Calif.

I WAS looking through *Esquire* trying to discover what was in the magazine for me, a secret straight yet old, when I came upon Mr. Taylor's big problems with his parents. Since I am approximately their age, I have something to say on that topic.

What is he crying about? His parents are still mobile, so financial burden to him, and, it appears, not senile. All they seem to expect is a few dollars and a visit once in a blue moon. So he has a guilty conscience because he does for them not through love but because of duty and pity—two hard feelings for old people to swallow. I hope his parents do not read his epistle; they would be hurt.

So he is worrying about the near future, when his parents might be helpless and he will have to parent them. I hope they stay far away in Mexico so that he cannot see them get decrepit. He is already impatient with their activities. "They looked so small; slim frail and translucent, the drag-only wings, flesh loose beneath their paper skins." How does he think he will look at half past seventy? Mr. Taylor claims to see his parents, but he peeks on them. He waits there to see forever, but not cause him too much inconvenience.

Art Sago Lowery
Alma, Colo.

HOLLYWOOD HUSTLER

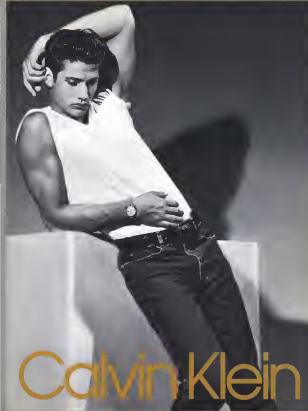
DON SIMPSON ("Gone Hollywood," by Lynn Hirschberg, September) may have membership in "the club" and a black Ferrari. He may have a handful of marjorans and an American Express Gold Card, but Don Simpson looks like a big money can't buy—clim. It is phony as opposed every time he opens his mouth or produces a movie. The future of the industry might seem less bleak if he were "Gone from Hollywood."

Jackie Spencer
Loring Air Force Base, Maine

EMERSON ONCE said that Plato was philosophic. After wading through the self-written piece "Gone Hollywood," excellent and all, I was constrained to remark that if you want a short definition of emment, just say "Don Simpson."

Malcolm A. Tait
Madison, Ind.

Letters to the editor should be marked with your address and phone number to: The Journal and the Times, 2 First Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10008. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.



Calvin Klein

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The Saddle Bag



The Pipe



The Ultra Sport



The Titanium
Sport Watch SL



The Currency Binder

The Envelope
Briefcase

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These distinguished men and women gave us their generous counsel on a wide range of issues that dominate their fields today. They were of invaluable assistance as we considered the thousands of qualified candidates and made our final selections for the Register. We want to thank them for their time and wisdom.

Arts & Letters

JOSEPH PAPP Papp is the producer of the New York Shakespeare Festival, America's largest theatrical arts institution. As its founder and president agent, he has revived the classics, helped bring radical new works into the mainstream, provided a model for not-for-profit theaters around the country, and bought five Shakespeare to Central Park.

MICHAEL GRAVES The recipient of thirteen Progressive Architecture Design Awards and five National AIA Awards, Graves is Schriener Professor of Architecture at Princeton University, where he has taught since 1963. Among his current projects are the Whitney Museum of American Art and the Lion Pegasus Winery in Napa Valley.

ARTHUR DEXELER Dexeler is director of the Department of Architecture and Design at the Museum of Modern Art in New York. His books include *The Architecture of Japan*, *Introduction to Twentieth Century Design* from the Collection of the Museum of Modern Art, and *Lebens Mitter nach der Rolle*.

Science & Technology

JONAS SALK In 1955, when Salk's antibodies against three types of polio virus were made available to the public, the war against this debilitating disease was finally won. He is the founding director of the Salk Institute for Biological Studies in San Diego, California, and is the author of *Man's Unending Ambition of Reality*, *Mixing of Tradition and Reason*, and other books.

MURRAY GELL-MANN Gell-Mann received the 1969 Nobel Prize in physics for his work on the theory of elementary particles. A member of the California Institute of Technology faculty since 1962, Gell-Mann has served on the President's Science Advisory Committee and is a director of the John D. and Catherine T. MacArthur Foundation.

ROBERT JASTROW Since 1963 Jastrow has been director of NASA's Goddard Institute for Space Studies and professor of geology and astronomy at Columbia University. He is the author of *Red Dots and White Dots: The Evolution of Stars, Planets and Life* and is also a member of the Council on Foreign Relations.

Politics & Law

ALICE RIVLIN Rivlin served for eight years in the first director of the Congressional Budget Office before accepting her current position as director of the Economic Studies Program at the Brookings Institution in Washington, D.C. She is a public writer on the U.S. economy, the budget, and public decision making.

HARRY WELLINGTON Wellington is Sterling Professor of Law at Yale University. For ten years he served as dean of the Yale Law School, stepping down after two five-year terms in July 1985. Born in New Haven, Wellington has been a Ford and Guggenheim fellow and a fellow of the Brookings Institution.

BARBARA JORDAN The former congresswoman from Texas first attracted national attention as a state senator when Lyndon Johnson invited her to the White House in 1967 for a private preview of his civil rights message. Jordan now lives in Austin, Texas, where she is a professor at the Lyndon B. Johnson School of Public Affairs at the University of Texas.

Entertainment, Sports & Style

PETER UEBERROTH Ueberroth took office as baseball's tenth commissioner on October 1, 1984. Prior to his election, as commissioner he served five years as president and chief executive officer of the Los Angeles Olympic Organizing Committee.

JACK VALENTI Valenti presides over the American film industry as both chairman of the Alliance of Motion Picture & Television Producers and president of the Motion Picture Association of America, both located in Washington, D.C. He is also president of the Motion Picture Export Association, for which he settles free-marketplace issues with foreign governments.

Education & Social Service

MARY HAYWOOD FUTRELL A classroom teacher in Alexandria, Virginia, Futrell became secretary-treasurer in 1980 of the National Education Association, the nation's largest teachers' organization. She was elected president of the NEA by acclamation on July 2, 1984.

TERRY SANFORD Sanford served as governor of North Carolina from 1961 to 1965 and as president of Duke University from 1969 to 1985. An oft-quoted spokesman for higher education in national newspapers and magazines, Sanford is currently president emeritus of Duke.

Business & Industry

JOHN C. WHITEHEAD Whitehead became United States deputy secretary of State in July 9 of this year, after stepping down from the co-chairmanship of Goldman, Sachs & Co. Bank in Evanston, Illinois. Whitehead joined Goldman, Sachs in 1967, becoming senior partner and co-chairman in 1976.

ANDREW GROVE Grove is cofounder, president, and chief operating officer of Intel, one of the world's leading suppliers of semiconductor systems. He is the author of *Process and Technology of Semiconductor Devices*, a widely used textbook, and *High Output Management*.

FREDERICK ADLER Adler is managing director of Adler & Company, which manages or advises venture funds and investments having aggregate assets in excess of \$300 million. Emphasizing start-up investments, he has founded numerous successful ventures in computers, microbiology, microcomputer software, and other high-tech areas.



for men



for women

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John Huston has packed more into a lifetime than a half dozen men. Writing, painting, prize fighting, acting and directing no less than forty feature films, among them a handful of certified classics—*The Maltese Falcon*, *The Treasure of Sierra Madre*, *The African Queen*, *The Asphalt Jungle*.

Moulin Rouge, 1952.
"...drove Technicolor crazy. I wanted to get into color the 'feeling' of Toulouse-Lautrec.

Color that looked real, not just splashy. It was a new concept and difficult for them to accept."

Moby Dick, 1956. "We made two negatives, one in color, one in black and white. The two were printed together achieving a new tonality. A hard edge. The hard, moral world of Ahab."

On acting, "It's good for the soul of a director, once and awhile, to be on the other side of the camera."

On life, "Life fascinates me, each moment as it comes along. I don't know that I have a philosophy but I never do anything that doesn't entertain me."

On television, "Well, there's no question about it really. From now on, we'll be seeing everything on television. It'll keep getting better and better...until the next thing comes along."

The cinematic visions of filmmakers like John Huston challenge the manufacturer to offer video equipment capable of capturing the totality of their art in all its subtlety and nuance. Mitsubishi accepts that challenge.

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John Huston's Screen Test.



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BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

THE SCOUTING REPORT

IF THERE were an Esquire Register to honor those men and women who make outstanding contributions to the Esquire Register, this year's gold cluster would go to Bart Leonard.

Leonard came to work for the magazine in May 1984 as a manager of the Esquire Register, and with a daunting enough job description: to keep the Register search going full time, to seek out close to five thousand qualified candidates a year; to design and maintain a database of nominees both past and future.

That she had no prior appropriate experience in all that didn't faze us. We had other evidence of her value. We extracted a solid reference from Bart's father, George, a regular contributor to our pages (and, let's be honest, he's the author of a piece in this issue, "Next the President and Future of Silicon Valley," page 389). And when she showed up for her first interview, she looked to be in top-top condition, and equal to the task.

Leonard is a real-on-off-hours student of ballet. But of all, she expressed from the very start an unwavering commitment to what the Register stands for: the idea that talent, originality, substance, and service deserve to be noted out and celebrated.

So Bart Leonard got the job and went right to work: twelve hours a day, including weekends. She personally reviewed thousands of nomination forms, she went looking for candidates through hundreds of civic and professional organizations, she opened dialogues with numerous experts in fields from microbiology to prison reform, she interviewed comedians and compiled extensive fact sheets, and she managed to keep the rest of the editorial staff on track, and on schedule, as we gradually narrowed our selection to the roster of diverse men and women whose you are also to mark.

Fourteen months after she started here, we were able to corner her just long enough to get her to reflect on things



Bart Leonard with a few thousand of her clients' friends

"People ask me all the time if I think I've ever run out of qualified people," she said. "And the answer is absolutely not. Until you get to do what I've been doing, you can have no idea of how many groundbreakers there really are out there. What especially pleases me is how I can cover so much, how I can introduce young people to young scholars. Really, all this work has left me with an incredibly positive feeling about this generation."

And with that, Leonard headed straight back to her computer. The rest of us headed for lunch.

A SPECIAL addition to this issue is the magazine's survey of some three thousand men and women who have been nominated for the Register during its first two years. Bart Leonard, of course, put in her share of hours, assembling the simple and overwhelming tabulation efforts. But much of the credit for this undertaking goes to associate editor Lisa Grunwald, who joined

the staff of the magazine last December.

Grunwald, who took time off from her usual editorial duties, is no George Gallup—our dues she want to be, after putting children's hairs into writing the questions, then sifting through the approximately five hundred pages of results. Her great skill this was to discern patterns and draw conclusions on matters ranging from politics and work habits to relationships and love.

There are others who deserve some acknowledgment for their work on this survey. For its help in taking up the responses, we'd like to thank Market Probe International. And for his generous gift of time in helping us interpret the findings and for bringing his astute professional opinions to the project, we want to thank Sherman Hickman of Hickman-Moore Research.

We are convinced that all the hard work that went into the creation of "A Cosmos of America's New Leadership Class" was time well spent.

But it is our belief that the inquiry is itself a groundbreaker—the first comprehensive study of the values and opinions that mark the vanguard of the postwar generation.

THE WRITERS and photographers who contribute to us know this: this fact is unique challenge. They must create vivid images of subjects who are, in the main, unaccustomed to attention by the press, not who are engaged to projects and processes that can be baffling to the generalist among us. To profile a writer-fiddler is one thing; to get a molecular biologist right is quite another. But I am again pleased to report that the men and women who wrote the words and took the pictures for the 1985 Register gave us an unusual amount of time and effort to their subjects, bringing back more information only capture the personality but also changing the intricacies of myriad professions. I want to thank them for a job well done.

—Lee Eisenberg



**THE NEW SAAB 9000 HAS ACHIEVED AN IDEAL BALANCE.
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You've driven in a sports car. Remember the way it hugged the road? The way it took the turns? The way it accelerated? The way you felt? (You could accept the negatives, such as comfort which approximated that of the front seat on a roller coaster.)

You've also driven in a luxury car. Remember the legroom? The storage space? The relaxing seats? The way you felt?

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On the sports car side, there's performance in the form of a 16-valve, intercooled, turbocharged engine that takes a car from 0 to 60 in hardly any seconds and maintains speed and fuel efficiently for hours on end.

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On the luxury sedan side, there's Automatic Climate Control. You

tell your Saab 9000 what temperature makes you feel the most chipper and it, through microprocessors, keeps you happy.

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And you steal all the covers. What time did you leave?

Star-daddy. You looked like a toppled Greek statue lying there. Only some toaster had swept your fig leaf! I was tempted to wake you up.

I miss you already.

You're going to miss something else. Have you looked in the bathroom yet?

Why?

I took your bottle of Pico Rubienne cologne.

What on earth are you going to do with it... gave it to a secret lover we've got washed away in San Francisco?

I'm going to take some and rub it on my body when I go to bed tonight. And then I'm going to remember every little thing about you... and last night.

Do you know what your voice is doing to me?

You aren't the only one with imagination. I've got to go, they're calling my flight. I'll be back Thursday. Can I bring you anything?

My Pico Rubienne. And a fig leaf.



Pico Rubienne

A cologne for men

What is remembered is up to you



Available at Lord & Taylor

See Reader Service Card after page 106



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THE ESQUIRE JOURNAL

by Philip Moffitt

THE DARK SIDE OF EXCELLENCE

What if we fail to see in our blind pursuit of success?

WE WERE sitting in his living room just across the Golden Gate Bridge in San Francisco, a link to a city overlooking San Francisco Bay. It was one of those scenic northern California afternoons, clean and beautiful. The man sitting across from me was looking out the window at the surfboards leaning below like white specks on the quiet water of the bay. It was a scene for contemplation, which was why he loved here. I was here on a search, looking for new perspectives—at maybe I just needed a cheering boost.

I had become increasingly disturbed by what seems to me the proliferation of excellence, the hyping of success—the whole concept of "superman," for instance—and the emerging tendency to measure performance in these more immediate commercial success.

He suddenly looked up and said, "You know, there has to be a shadow side, a dark side, to all this media promotion of excellence." He is president of a large graduate school of psychology, one of the founders of the *Aspen Institute*, a former AT&T executive who has a broad background in business and venture-capital activities, one of those men who has read everything and knows everybody but still retains a kind of naive idealism.

"What do you mean, a shadow side?" I asked.

"When I first saw this phenomenon—the preoccupation with excellence—I was very excited," he began. "I felt it represented an effort to bring out the best of human capacity and to do it in a few organized forms. But as the subject of excellence became a kind of cult, the subject matter itself became less carefully analyzed, people were merely looking backward and saying 'Oh, this is successful; it must be an example of excellence.'"

I wanted to hear more. At Esquire we were in the midst of preparing this issue, which celebrates quality and leadership, and I did not want us to fall prey to this kind of simplification.

"What bothers me so much," he said, turning back to the window and the boats,



"is that people seem to be reducing management to short-term, observational behavior and then equating management with leadership, so that we are being presented with the short leader in someone obsessed with short-term results. This is not just a phenomenon in business, but it is most obvious there because the stock market no longer rewards the immediate performance. The net effect of this process is that a management team can be receiving reward and recognition at the time it is damaging the organization. In other words, this is an important subject, because how we measure things can make people and companies sick, while there is no evidence that a wholesale greed for profit, for the bottom line, has any value in itself for society."

I told him I understood his dismay. I have seen in the last fifteen years how devastating it has been for many American companies trying to compete with the Japanese. But he seemed to be referring to something else, some more basic aspect of the workplace, and so I asked him to elaborate.

"I'll give you two examples," he continued. "I recently conducted a study of health programs in large companies and found most companies to be very reluctant to really deal with the health of their employees. Many of their health benefits were for an executive elite, and the gener-

al health programs were cut well measured and innovative because, in one company's health official told me, "We do not know how well they work, and we do not want to know." Meaning the company was afraid of the expense of true responsibility. Contrast this with the Japanese management system, with its total involvement in human assets, and you have an example of the dark side of how we measure success."

"Or, as a second example, look at the burnout rate of mid-level executives in their middle and late thirties. Almost all companies have problems with this—people simply lose their enthusiasm, their passion for their work. At the same time, our society, in emphasizing the short-term results, is far more generous than it is generous among chief executives in large companies nearly every seven years. How can a leader be so concerned about his young talent's development when he will be gone before he could enjoy the benefits of achievement?" This is the man I was trying to find. "And he stood up and suggested a walk."

WE LEFT his house and started walking down the hill to the harbor. I told him how I had traveled recently around the country talking with men and women in their thirties and how shocked I was that so many of these seemed disillusioned with their careers. I asked him how he felt about the drive for success attributed to the under forty crowd. He argued that mostly it is the same motivation that has inspired every generation and that this generation is unfairly blamed for being self-centered. The problem, he told me, is that self-esteem is getting too tied up in measurable success. He told me it was important to remember that only a small percentage of the generation was truly narcissistic. These he characterized as people so totally self-centered as to be emotionally ill. He described them as very insensitive, often charming, generally obsessive people who are absorbed in their own self-aggrandizement and whose personal and professional relationships are co-

plotline: "They are almost impossible to work with in therapy" because "they expect the therapy process as well" be paid with respect in his voice. "That most people in the under-40 generation need only to understand their various curve, really their learning curve, which I believe to be the sigmoid curve," he said, nonchalance, as he walked along the dock admiring the sailboats.

"What do you mean, their sigmoid curve?"

"Studies show that living organisms have learning curves that are S-shaped. In learning, at least the individual has a period of slow acceleration followed by rapid acceleration. However, at a certain point, the curve begins to tip downward. So, if a person or an organization does not change its learning curve—itself as a new curve—its success life is sharply limited. We've recently witnessed numerous examples of this phenomenon in the computer or field. Companies that initially enjoyed great success could not sustain their strategies, and their success was limited. Success gives the illusion that the curve only goes up. It requires leaders down to earth to know otherwise, and introspection is not high on most people's list of leadership qualities."

BY NOW, we had walked the dock area and the town's little main street. What he was saying made sense, but I am suspicious of any general theory. I decided to question him once as we headed up the hill back to his house.

"I think I understand what you mean about the learning curve and how it needs to change for a person or a company. But what can we do not to fall into this trap?"

He had anticipated this question and was ready to answer. "Let's go back to the idea of the learning curve. If change occurs at the time learning starts to slow, that is, if performance begins to plateau, interestingly enough, means to change but not destroy it, then there is a chance to avoid the dramatic deterioration. If we call this the 'observation point,' which you can use the past and the future, then there is time to reconsider what one is doing."

"You say to 'reconsider'?" I countered. "But what did I assume? How does that work? How would one do it?"

"It's a matter of reframing in order to reassess, and yes, this kind of introspection will often bring with it the discomfort of depression, but that's part of the process. Look at our own history. Think of President Lincoln and his bouts with himself in between his great acts of leadership, or at more recent times, Winston Churchill, who quite simply stepped out, and wrote a beautiful book on penning before returning as a great leader."

"If you study Trotsky, T. S. Eliot, Carl Jung, you will discover they understood the concept of retreat and return."

I WAS a bit overwrought by all this. By now we had returned to his house, lived more tea, and were sitting watching the lading light. I know of so many people who are caught up in the revolution process right now, questioning the career paths they've chosen and seeking the kind of change they have in which to make a major change. The sentiment of these people seems to me to be the ones who have recognized they cannot achieve every goal, every dream, in a lifetime and have begun deciding what matters most to them.

I have come to believe that my career goal must be quality work in an area that excites and fulfills, and that this time of work, however difficult, must be whitened by a time of self release.

Maybe that's my learning curve, within observation point, a helpful metaphor, and I cannot deny my own life right now. Maybe I asked him about his own career, how he had reached these issues for himself.

He put down his cup and began to answer. "My own learning curve, with that observation point occurred when I was about thirty-seven and really felt all of myself as an up-and-coming boy of the executive team at AT&T. Honestly, it was the designation of my status, the conferring of a new title, that was the end of my life as I knew it. In those days, at a certain level of responsibility, you were assigned a personal limousine and your own driver. I really thought this was it—no more taking trains, heading for cabs, or cabs. But as I spent more and more time in the limo I became increasingly aware that my driver was not in the least responsive to me as an individual. I would initiate a conversation and assembly he would let it drop. I got really disturbed by this. He brought in his friend that time. I did not know where his story was headed, so I waited for him to go on.

"Finally, one day I just asked him, 'Why don't you talk with me?' He looked me dead in the eye and said, 'Because you are better— you have a better life.' I was shocked. I resented it, wanted to simply deny it. But you know, he was right. In going so fast, in being driven, I had missed looking my kind of life within me, not spent enough time with my family at my own. I realized then, what did I really want? I would it risk it all and it to the very top of AT&T? Would it give me a personal limo? I had let that moment, that observation point, and I looked back and looked ahead. I really did. And so I just dropped out. I resigned. AT&T was very kind, and they helped make it easy by saying, 'Here's some money, take some time and go away and think about it.' But once I dropped out I could not go back. Funny thing, how it took that direct to personally correct me to a problem. I always knew about but had never related to me."

I sat there looking at him. He had done so many interesting things in his life—he was a consultant, an entrepreneur, a ven-

ture capitalist, and now an educator.

"How does he believe he's at his observation point or, rather, one of his observation points?" I asked.

"This is a tough question," he replied. "Look for value conflicts between you and your work, or between you and the situation. Is it affecting your health, your individual integrity? It may not be the organization's fault, it may be your own. But still you have to face up to it and determine. Can you change within the organization or do you have to get out?"

The time had come for us to go two authors for dinner at a local restaurant, after which I would return to San Francisco. I asked him how American business or any organization should reflect what he had discussed.

He thought for a moment and replied: "We really do believe that human initiative is one of the most important aspects of our society, then we have to start addressing the business. What is the ultimate value that the human being brings to the organization? I think every annual report should have a formal report—one page in length—a balance sheet for the human resources of the business. On one side would be the human assets, and how much they can contribute to the organization. On the other side, how well it was able to utilize them. On the other side would be the depletion of those assets for health reasons, retirement, job dissatisfaction, resignations, et cetera."

ON MY way back to San Francisco and many times since then, I've thought about this conversation, trying to distill it into practical terms for myself as an individual and as a company leader. The dark side of my subject is by definition hard to see clearly, and thus it was with the subject of excellence. I feel the necessity for change in the work environment, the need to create a robust human experience, and I feel the personal opportunity for me to be a more daring leader. Yet I remain skeptical and cautious—skeptical because human behavior is not very changeable except over a long period of time, and because many ideas that change are really just old-fashioned laws someone wants to expose under the guise of enlightenment when in fact they only serve to limit individual initiative. Similarly, I am cautious because I am a practical man who, knowing how hard it is to make things work, is ever concerned that people stay focused on their responsibilities. However, in the end, I have come to believe that everyone has to struggle with change, to take risks in the belief that what exists now in the work experience can become much better if we are persistent in our caring. So I struggle on, still not even sure exactly what it is I am searching for.

PHILIP JOHNSON is the editor in chief and president of Exponent.

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The remaining 10% should turn the page.

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Those of you who appreciate the fact that a difference of 1.8 seconds in the quarter-mile is roughly akin to the difference between night and day, will appreciate the car you see here.

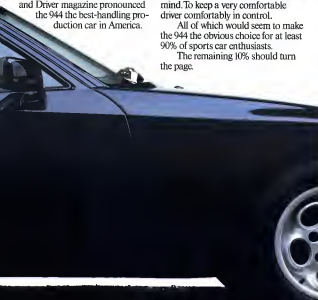
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And all of the above accomplished without sacrificing a single statistic to effective emissions control. In fact, the 944 Turbo is the first car ever made whose catalyst and non-catalyst models produce exactly the same power.

By this time it should be obvious to all of you that the 944 Turbo isn't simply a 944 with a turbine and its

associated plumbing bolted on.

It is, for all intents and purposes, a new car—rethought and reengineered to meet very different criteria for performance and handling. By a company which Car and Driver magazine confirms, "can legitimately lay claim to more turbocharging experience than any other manufacturer in the world."

And how did our engineers manage to extract such a prodigious amount of power from turbo technology that was already state-of-the-art?

By thinking beyond

the mechanics of the turbo unit itself.

Inside the engine, for example, new forged aluminum pistons and hollow stemmed, sodium filled exhaust valves compensate for the increased internal loads brought about by turbocharging. And special ceramic liners in the exhaust ports allow considerably more exhaust energy to reach the turbine.



The destructive effects of heat have plagued turbocharged engines for years. Yet it took Porsche's engineers to see the simple logic of mounting the turbine on the cooler intake side of the engine rather than the hotter exhaust side. And to recognize the advantage of incorporating two separate water cooling systems to dissipate heat from the turbine bearings, even after the engine is turned off.

To maintain the crucial balance between performance and handling,



important changes were made in the rest of the car as well.

Aerodynamically, the 944 Turbo is significantly different from the 944. (If you look closely, you can see the difference.)

The sleek new nose design up front, plus a unique underbody spoiler in the rear, meet the Turbo's more pressing need to control lift and drag. The flush-mounted front bumper and windshield further reduce wind resistance, while contoured body panels



Great Performances

A ROUNDUP OF RECENT TRIUMPHS, SINGULAR ACHIEVEMENTS, AND OTHER BREAKTHROUGHS

ARTS & LETTERS

Prima Ballerina: As Juliet in the American Ballet Theatre's spring production of *Romeo and Juliet*, twenty-year-old Rosalie Moore of New York emerged as a major talent in the world of dance. Acclaimed by the NYT, Moore gave a performance that led a New York Times critic to write, "As the youngest Juliet of all in *Romeo and Juliet*, she is completely at ease, far above the crowd."

Road Show of the Year: Cynthia Nixon managed to give impressive performances in two separate Broadway hits not quite a week during her freshman year of college. By going back-and-forth the one block between theaters, Nixon played both Dommon (David Weber's *Hardcore*) and Debbie in Tom Stoppard's *The Real Thing* and she never seemed a certain call.



The Not-So-Gold Couple: The partnership of playwright Neil Simon, fifty-eight, and actor Matthew Broderick, twenty-three, has been a happy one. From *Savannah*, Broderick has gotten the credit of role in *Shogun* (David Mamet) and this year's *Alvin Karpis*, plays that suggest that Broderick's king of comedy has more depth as a writer than previously assumed. Broderick returned the favor with performances that deftly balanced the comic and dramatic traditions of Meyer's talent, grateful works.



Straight Time: Charles Durning, sixty-two, gave one of the year's most compelling stage performances as an angry young Mark trumpet player in August Wilson's excellent *Boyz n the City*, which the actor's life is itself the stuff of drama. After killing a man in a brawl when he was seventeen, Durning went to jail, where he

was stabbed and almost died. The experience changed his life. He joined nearby reform institutions, attended Towson State University and taught Shakespeare to troubled children. Eventually he was accepted into the prestigious Yale School of Drama.

On the Cutting Edge: A team of five young creators, along with John Hancock, head of the Whitney Museum of American Art's film and video department, organized the New York museum's 1995 Biennial Exhibition. Richard Meade, thirty-eight, Peterman Shaw, thirty-eight, Lisa Pliska, thirty-nine, Richard Armstrong, thirty-one, and Barbara Haskell, thirty-nine, selected the fifty-one featured artists for the one-of-a-kind sound-visual event.



The Not-So-Gold Couple: The partnership of playwright Neil Simon, fifty-eight, and actor Matthew Broderick, twenty-three, has been a happy one. From *Savannah*, Broderick has gotten the credit of role in *Shogun* (David Mamet) and this year's *Alvin Karpis*, plays that suggest that Broderick's king of comedy has more depth as a writer than previously assumed. Broderick returned the favor with performances that deftly balanced the comic and dramatic traditions of Meyer's talent, grateful works.

SCIENCE & TECHNOLOGY

Silicon Man: A scientist at MIT has developed a tiny im-plantable silicon chip that may someday make it possible for computers to attach the neurons of their bodies to computer key-boards that would allow the type. Dr. David Edell, thirty-seven, has created a chip that ties directly into the nervous system and picks up electrical currents that race down the brain.

From the National Endowment for the Arts, Division of Fine Arts, Office of the Arts



The cast of the Broadway production of *Shogun* (David Mamet)



down some effects at their way to the runway runway. It is hoped that Edella's silicone clip, nice pearls on the neck, will help in the creation of artificial items that grace, move, flick, and even sense temperature and texture.



Talking Back! Kani, a two-year-old apy (chimpanzee) at the Langston Research Center near Atlanta, was claimed by researchers to be the first ape to show, in rigorous scientific tests, an extensive comprehension of spoken English words. The ape communicates by using grammatical symbols that represent specific words. The work with Kani, led by Dr. Sue Savage-Rumbaugh, thirty-nine, is expected to help scientists understand how children learn to talk, as well as how human language uniquely developed.

A moving job for the best of a body, because of its



All in the Family: This spring two University of Chicago paleontologists reported that they had discovered in Mexico a skull fossil of a new species in the family of extinct mammalian reptiles called tritylodonts. James Clark, twenty-nine, and his colleague James Hopson believe that the fossil—which shows the movement of bones from the lower jaw of reptiles to the nasal apparatus—will help scientists sort out the relationships between the stress or a tritylodont family members.



Anti-Antibiotics! In 1960, Michael Osterholm, thirty-two, of the Minnesota Department of Health in Minneapolis, created an international air with a study that linked high-antibiotic tampons with toxic shock syndrome, a sometimes fatal disease. This past year Osterholm returned to the spotlight with controversial research that establishes a strong link between the use of antibiotics in animal feed and serious human disease. It's estimated that half of the \$270 million of antibiotics sold each year in the United States goes into animal feed to make livestock gain weight faster. While the drug companies that produce these antibiotics dispute Osterholm's findings, his research has led the Food and Drug Administration to study the issue. Osterholm says, "I somehow have a way of upsetting companies."



Man's Best Friend:

A team of scientists at the University of Arizona, led by James M. Lewis, thirty-nine, made a huge breakthrough last year in their search for an ideal donor for organs. In the past, human arteries have not proved strong enough to serve as transplants, while their synthetic counterparts—which clot more easily—were sometimes rejected by the body. The scientists found that the arteries of the greyhound, which is said to be compatible with the human body,



It was found that the greyhound arteries do provide some safe veins.

Shooting the Stars:

Last year, Robert Terria, a thirty-five-year-old astronomer with NASA's Jet Propulsion Laboratory in Pasadena, California, photographed evidence of a possible solar system around Beta Pictoris, a star fifty light-years from Earth. Terria's findings confirm news about our solar system's formation and imply that the process is common throughout the universe.

POLITICS & LAW



Curbing Deadly Force:

In the case of Tennessee v. Garner this past spring, the U.S. Supreme Court ruled any constitutional Tennessee statute allowing police to shoot unarmed, nonviolent suspects who flee the scene of a crime. Steven W. Hart, a thirty-four-year-old assistant counsel for the NAACP Legal Defense Fund in New York, argued the case on behalf of the father of Edward Garner, a fifteen-year-old who was shot and killed as he ran from a neighbor's home after stealing six dollars from a change purse.



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Dirty Laundry: Boston was shocked to learn this year that the venerable Room of Boston was guilty not only of taking to import cash transactions with Swiss customers but also of granting a similar privileged status to members of the Angulo family, reputed to be the leading mobsters in the state of Massachusetts. Patrick Walsh, therefore, as attorney for the Justice Department, played a central role in the prosecution of this money-laundering case.



Fighting the Good Fight: In a decision that reinforced the constitutional principle of government neutrality toward religion, the U.S. Supreme Court last summer voided a Connecticut law that gave employees an unqualified right not to work on their Sabbath. Paul Gervino, a thirty-eight-year-old Yale Law School professor, successfully argued the case, which began as a dispute between the Catholic priest and his class and a deist employer.



Art Sleuths! When a painting worth \$500,000 was reported stolen by New York's Wally Findlay Gallery in February, Detective Thomas Moscone, thirty-nine, the only city policeman who works full time cracking art cases, was assigned to solve the crime. Tipped off that the painting, *A Portrait of Madame Louis XVI*, was on the market, Detective Moscone pored over an art dealer's inventory in buying the stolen work. After several meetings to discuss the sale, Moscone arrested two suspects in a SoHo gallery in June for the theft of the painting. In his first year on the art beat, Moscone has recovered more than \$1 million worth of stolen paintings and sculptures.

ENTERTAINMENT, SPORTS & STYLE

Filmmaker with a Future: Though Steve Soderberg got at least a portion of the credit, it was his protégé Bob Zemeckis, thirty-four, who directed *Back to the Future*, the hit comedy that showed America this summer with its S. C. Wolfe-cum-Sigmund Freud plot of temporal time travel. Co-written by Zemeckis and longtime collaborator Bob Gale, *Back to the Future* represents the best sort of mainstream filmmaking.

Michael J. Fox leads the cast of the great granddaddy of time travel.



A Duet for One! When an unknown guitarist took the stage at Avery Fisher Hall for an unannounced appearance as opening act for Wynton Marsalis at the 1984 New York Rock Jazz Festival, there was little indication his history was about to be made. Stanley Jordan, twenty-six, of Parsippany, New Jersey, has developed a two-handed tapping technique by which he can sound accurately like two guitarists playing at once. This year Jordan became the first new artist signed by the reactivated Blue Note jazz label. His debut album on Blue Note, *Major Toward*, hit number one on the Billboard jazz charts.



Ho

Ho

Ho



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by Ray Charles

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And the experts tell me the picture blows every other video system away. And that since the discs are played back by a laser beam, they can't wear out the way records and tapes do.

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And that, my friend, sounds pretty good to me."



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Video for those
who really care about audio.

The establishment is the Pioneer LD-27 LaserDisc front-loading player. LaserDisc is a registered trademark of Pioneer Electronics Corp. © 1991 Pioneer Video Inc. All rights reserved.



Box score: Cautions for outstanding athletic performance

AUTO RACING: After a 200-degree spin, former New York state driver (Lenny-Dolens) that's live, pulled to overtake. Mike Andretti and the 1985 Indianapolis 500.

BASKETBALL: Chicago Bulls player (Michael Jordan) twenty-five, scored a career-record 2,375 points last season, in scoring 28.2 points per game.

BASEBALL: New York Mets ace (Dwight Gooden), twenty-one, emerged as the dominant pitcher in the major leagues.

BECHE: (Washington Capital's star center) Rob Carpenter scored fifty-three goals during the 1984-85 season, the most ever scored by an American player in the NHL.

New Blood: With Don Simpson, Joel Cohen, thirty-one, and his brother Elihu, twenty-eight, director and producer respectively, made the most assured financing debut in recent memory. For only \$5.5 million, the brothers, originally from Minneapolis, created the suspense thriller *Bad at Sports*. As *New York* critic David Denby wrote, "This, at last, has the feel of the real thing."



Optic as Antennae: With

Lucas (Ron Howard) thirty-one, consolidated his reputation as one of Hollywood's most talented young directors. With a Capricorn combination of wit and empathy, Howard led an ensemble of fascinating characters in *Two Ancestors*. Heine Grosse and Jessica Tandy through one of the few bright spots of a generally disappointing summer film season. Howard grew up on Lucas car television, playing Optic for eight years on *The Andy Griffith Show* and *Back to Back* for seven years on *Bayle Days*. Howard has now been recognized for two honorary awards in a row, having directed *Spinal* the first time around.

WEIGHT LIFTING: Last year, Karen Lister, twenty-nine, set a new world record for women when she lifted 289 pounds.

HORSE RACING: Last summer jockey Steve Cauthen, twenty-five, became the first American to win England's famed Epsom Derby and is the first jockey ever to win both the Epsom and the Kentucky derbies.

FOOTBALL: Montana twenty-one, this year led the San Francisco 49ers to a second Super Bowl title in four seasons. His record for 1984-85 was one of the best ever: he completed 279 passes out of 432 attempts (64.6 percent) for 3,630 yards and twenty-eight touchdowns.

EDUCATION & SOCIAL SERVICE

Rewriting Medical History

With four-page booklets, up to eight limited pages of medical history can now be stored on the Blue Cross and Blue Shield LifeCard. The principal developers of the LifeCard were Douglas Becker, nineteen, who received a degree from the University of Pennsylvania to get all his business year of premed studies, his brother Eric, twenty-three, an economics major who left the University of Chicago during his final semester, Christopher Bucken-Sauer, twenty-three, who dropped out of Johns Hopkins where he was studying electrical engineering, and Steven Taitz, twenty-one, a CPA who graduated from the University of Illinois at Champaign-Urbana. National and international use of the LifeCard is expected within the next few years.



Child Support:

Psychologists have been trying to understand the emotional behavior of children for years, and many experts believe Dr. Kenneth Doherty, thirty-one, of Indiana University, has made a theoretical breakthrough. Last year the American Psychological Association honored Doherty with an early-career award for "innovative research relating children's social-information processing skills to their social skills, peer interaction patterns, and the risk of future deviance... His work's importance is enhanced by its promising implications for early identification and prevention."



Inquiry: Only this year a series of his articles by twenty-six-year-old *New York Times* reporter Philip Shonka charged that city's chief examiner with providing misleading autopsy reports on people who died while in police custody. The articles, though of interest, state, and city investigations of possible corruption in the coroner's office. Shonka says, "Long before Watergate, I needed to be a reporter. Journalists struck me as the best sort of liberal education."

One Tough Customer

Last year, Doug Johnson, thirty-one, of Minneapolis, ended the boycott of the Nestle Foods Corporation that he led for more than six years. Johnson's organization, INFAC, persuaded Nestle to stop marketing infant formula in Third World countries, where the product, when mixed with impure water, had become a transmission of disease.



LifeCard



Esquire SPECIAL REPORT

A Census of America's New Leadership Class

In their jobs, their home lives, and the strength of their beliefs, our Register nominees are shaping their success instead of letting it shape them

On an otherwise bleak, foggy afternoon a year ago November, twenty or so men and women gathered in a dimly lit room, policy at the California Palace of the Legion of Honor in San Francisco. They were an odd lot. There was a wiry, street-smart black man who runs a

their work, others of their families. Some were designer originals, others were jeans. Some wore garishness, others appeared. You would never have expected to see them at the same party.

And yet, at least after a while, they came together. An engineer

The Respondents

SEX: 75% men, 25% women

AGE: thirty-two

MARITAL STATUS: 58% married, 23% single, 12% divorced or separated, 7% living with someone

PROFESSIONAL FIELD: 25% Science & Technology; 19% Business & Industry; 18% Politics

& Law; 16% Education & Social Service; 14% Arts & Letters; 8% Entertainment, Sports & Style

WHERE THEY LIVE: 37% Northeast, 20% Southwest, 18% Midwest, 11% Southeast, 9% Northwest

RELIGION: 32% Protestant, 19% Catholic, 19% Jewish, 13% "other," 11% agnostic, 4% atheist

COURTESY: ANDREW KALLAL

a wild-eyed, earnest, half-of-the-earth kind of guy who sold fish—fresh seafood daily to many of the Bay Area's greatest restaurants.

By all appearances, the people at the meeting seemed disorganized. They were young, urban, and mostly professional, yet they bore no resemblance to the media stereotype that purports to represent them. Some were world's citizens, others scraped by. Some talked of

talked music with a composer. An entrepreneur debated politics with a journalist. A museum curator explained the art world to a scientist. What had begun as a gathering of strangers ended with an exchange of business cards, scribbled phone numbers, and pledges to meet again.

The reception had been occasioned by the publication of last year's *Esquire Register*. The people in the room had all been honored at the same time. All at the top of their professions. But when the reception ended, when the conviviality had finally given way to silence, a question hung in the air of the empty hall. What, if anything, did these people really have in common?

Early this year we decided to find out. We undertook a survey

of men and women who had been nominated for last year's Big Sister and the one you are now reading. Some nominees were sponsored by regional reporters assigned by Esquire, others by Esquire staff reporters. To direct-mail solicitation in opinion columns, and by numerous ad advertisements we ran in national publications. But whenever they came from, they were always a top drawer—individuals under forty who had demonstrated unusual degrees of creativity, drive, originality, thought. And whatever fields they represented, they made us curious. What forces had shaped these achievers? What values and attitudes did they hold? How did they live their personal lives? What did they hope for, and what did they fear—for themselves, for the society as a whole? What, if anything, had they given up in order to achieve their success?

A ten-page, one-hundred-question survey was eventually developed by Esquire's editors, a document that grew as race for answers. While it asked questions we were eager to have answered, we felt that it was too elaborate, too time-consuming to be completed by such generously busy people. Still, we went ahead with it, sending the document to some three thousand women randomly selected from our total pool of more than one thousand. We enclosed a letter that explained our intent and promised anonymity. We also enclosed a stamped, self-addressed envelope but, owing to expense, omitted the crisp dollar bill that professional pollsters and market researchers so often rely on for high returns.

Then came the nearly unfathomable response. Well over half (56 percent) of all surveys were returned, a rate that signifies a virtual census, at least five times greater than what is considered "good" by statistical pollsters.

Our numbers, of course, do not constitute a "scientific" polling sample of the United States population. But judging the population was not our intention. What we wanted was an

up-close look at the leadership class of the new generation.

We started with a assumption that success came two ways. On the one hand, if you work hard, if you excel, a better life will be yours. On the other hand, if you do succeed, you may find that

confidence breeds again, that goals become obsessions. With success, there are always trade-offs being asked, forgetting one's values, neglecting one's children, losing one's joy.

But what we learned from the census is that, to a startling degree, our nominees have as far removed to pay the price for their achievements. They seem determined not only to win it all but to keep it all: their families and their jobs; their health and their life outside the office; their altruism and their self-interest.

Taking a first, cursory look at the results, we perceived the typical respondent as an independent sort who attributes his success to talent. A person who describes his professional personality as "detached," "cautious," and "aggressive"—in that order. Someone who, by his virtues, has allowed what many Americans might think still count for a lifetime: Married and with a family. Living comfortably in or near a major city. Owner of a house, a car, a personal computer. Someone who makes good money, yet isn't wealthy in the fourth component in his definition of success—after "being happy," "being creative," and "being people." Our typical respondent works hard and usually takes his work with him on vacations. But he doesn't consider himself a "workaholic." He makes time to read books, see films, exercise, and get a good night's sleep. Though he is concerned about his health, he is not transfixed by that concern. In his beliefs, as in his life-style, he shows great diversity. He tends to believe in God, but he doesn't let his beliefs dictate his political views. He tends to think that he has too little power and identifies himself as a liberal. Still, he thinks the government and labor unions have too much power. He tends to be more conservative in his jumps than his domestic outlook.

Those with Siblings Versus Those Without

Does growing up alone affect one's life?

	ONE SIBLING	NO SIBLINGS
Parents don't live in the same community they do	77%	69%
Believe in God "completely"	50%	45%
Are not married because they "haven't met the right person"	37%	33%
Own a house	76%	70%
Feel that communism should be prevented in Central America, even if that means U.S. intervention	29%	38%
Are gunholics on abortion	61%	77%

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But occasionally even the musical perfection of a compact disc can be marred by fingerprints, dust or scratches. So the Technics SL-P2 compact disc player has improvements like an advanced error correction system, designed to compensate for those imperfections. To help ensure that the sound you hear is still completely flawless.

You also get sophisticated, convenient controls. Such as 15-step random access programming so you can play any selection in any order. And all of this can be controlled from across the room with Technics wireless remote control.

The digital revolution continues at Technics. Perfectly.

Technics
The science of sound



See "Reader Service Computer page 126

The Professions

Who does what for a living?

	BB	MT	ML	ISB	LES	PL
Age when they decided on their careers	22	19	19	20	22	21
Figure who most inspired their professional ambition	father (39%)	teacher (30%)	teacher (29%)	mother (21%)	teacher (24%)	father (28%)
Most important reason of success	being happy (32%)	being creative (35%)	being creative (34%)	being happy (27%)	being happy (29%)	being happy (25%)
Feel they've sacrificed money for career	7%	12%	24%	11%	25%	15%
Want to be in the same profession 10 years from now	66%	66%	71%	62%	69%	64%
Average annual income	\$146,776	\$12,460	\$54,953	\$120,630	\$40,000	\$161,660
Are married	56%	70%	44%	64%	58%	53%
Have had an extramarital affair	26%	19%	22%	32%	25%	26%

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oughly elevates the driving experience, it prompted Car and Driver magazine to state that, "at Audi, the future of the automobile is being decided."

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The art of engineering.

"We don't style cars. We design cars."



but he is strongly against U.S. intervention in Central America. Despite the seeming comfort of his overall situation, our typical respondent actually has self-doubts. Of course, he has the most fears (wars): He thinks it's likely that nuclear weapons will be used in his lifetime. He is more afraid of failure than of death.

WORKING

In their professional lives, our survey respondents showed remarkable consistency. Most others went to college ten years from now, what they're doing now. They seem to have sensed what they wanted to do even before high school. We asked them what their ambitions had been then and found a remarkable correlation with their current fields. 33 percent had wanted a career in Science & Technology, 35 percent would up there, 12 percent had wanted to be in Entertainment, Sports & Style, and 8 percent now are. 11 percent aspired to the field of Arts & Letters, 14 percent now can their brains that way.

Most, then, had our respondents decided on their career before they turned twenty, and the average age was twenty and a half. People at Business & Industry generally decided the latest, at twenty-two, and those in Arts & Letters the earliest, at nineteen. We wanted to know what had helped them make up their minds—where their aspirations had come from. We asked our respondents what their greatest inspiration had been. Overall, fathers were most influential, particularly for respondents at Business & Industry and Politics & Law. Teachers were the main inspiration for those in Science & Technology, Arts & Letters, and Education & Social Service. Mothers were number one for people in Entertainment, Sports & Style.

As for public figures, John F. Kennedy was listed by a dozen people as the greatest inspiration. Robert Kennedy by four, and Martin Luther King by four. Written inspirations included Leonardo da Vinci, Albert Einstein, Werner Heisenberg, Ernest Hemingway, Katherine Hepburn, Ralph Lauren, Norman Lear, Norman Mailer, Margaret Mead, Edward R. Murrow, and J. D. Salinger. Other names and their greatest inspiration had come from a visit to a natural history museum, an introductory psychology course, an unknown teacher, and from the 14 authors whose books they had been inspired by fictional characters, including James Bond, Dr. Dobbin, Dr. Kildare, Indiana, Tom Smith, and the Little Prince.

By their twenties, more than three quarters of our respondents had earned a bachelor's degree, and 43 percent went on to receive a master's; another 27 percent earned Ph.D. or GED percent have J.D. and 4 percent have M.D.s. On average, these is the survey

have moved three times since college, and three quarters of them no longer live in the same community as their parents.

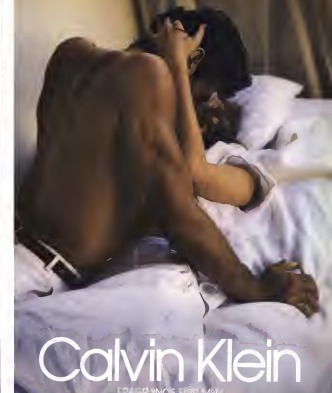
One of the most revealing questions in the survey was "What three adjectives to describe your professional personality?" There were, of course, nearly as many adjectives as there were respondents, but a few groups of synonyms and near-synonyms presented themselves. Of these groups, the one composed of *ambitious, dedicated, determined, driven, intense, serious, and persistent* came out, with 10 percent of the survey going that way. Runner-up was a single word: *creative*, at 15 percent, followed by *aggressive, assertive*. Then came *team*, *cooperating, computer-oriented, computer-oriented, helpful, serious, and patient* and *new*. We asked our respondents to reflect on their greatest professional shortcoming. Number one, in all categories, was "lack of patience." Seventeen percent gave that answer, a pretty remarkable consensus considering the fact that the answer was a little far-fetched, not a little off-base. Other respondents said their shortcomings were "insecurity," "naïveté," "vagility," "being all ego," "being a woman," "trying to please everyone," "lacking a sense of humor," "lacking stamina," "being too impulsive," "being too kind," and "taking myself too seriously."

While on average our respondents work just over fifty-seven hours a week, the men in the survey work about two and a half hours more than the women. People in Politics & Law work about three and a half hours more than people in Arts & Letters. Less than a third of our respondents said they worked more than they wanted to, and just about a third considered themselves "workaholics"—women more than men, unfortunately, and although more than other professionals. Republicans were less Democratic. More than half the total said they had taken work with them on vacation in the last two years.

Less than a third of our respondents (28 percent) said they had sacrificed family life for their career, and even smaller percentages said they had given up money (16 percent), social life (12 percent), privacy (7 percent), convenience (3 percent), freedom (2 percent), and recreation (1 percent). Had the second place in the question about what our respondents had given up was "I don't feel I have made any sacrifices."

HOW THEY LIVE

In their personal lives, our respondents show energy, curiosity, and a great deal of stability. 58 percent are married, 38 percent



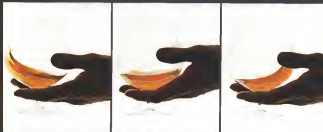
Calvin Klein

FRAGRANCE FOR MEN

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THE SENSE
OF *Rémy*



Observe Rémy's unique amber glow. Release its rich bouquet with a gentle swirl.



Inhale deeply, indulge in its distinctive elegance. And then taste, to fully enjoy...



single, 11 percent divorced, and 7 percent living with someone else are widowed. Significantly more men than women are married, and significantly more women than men are divorced.

Of their married, two-thirds say that they have never had an extramarital affair. On average, our respondents have one child each. Of those who do have children, 61 percent say they would like to someday. Of our respondents who are not married, the number-one reason was "I haven't met the right person yet" (55 percent). Next came "career priority" (31 percent), "sexual choice" (30 percent), and "lack of commitment" (14 percent). A few other reasons written to "Sheldy" asked me, "I have," "I was," "not divorced yet," "insouciance," "inspired as my heart," "I don't believe in it," "I said but I did it," and "Are there men in Manhattan?"

With some trepidation, we asked our women how many sexual partners they have had. The average was sixteen. Men, on average, had seventeen; women had twelve. People in Entertainment, Sports & Style average twenty partners; those in Science & Technology average eleven. Overall, Republicans reported about one more sex partner than Democrats; city dwellers far more than people in suburbs, towns, or rural areas, and people who exercise twenty-one or more hours a week, seven more than people who exercise five hours a week or less.

Not surprisingly, our women tribute a great amount of admiration. Almost half of them read two to five books a month (women slightly more than men, and people over thirty slightly more than people under thirty). Respondents in Entertainment, Sports & Style see the most movies a month, and people in Science & Technology the least. Jews see about as many movies a month as those who are married a month. The average number of movies per month for the whole group is about five and a half—and that includes movies seen on TV and VCRs.

On average, our respondents spend to watch a lot less television every week (about eight and a half hours) than many Americans watch every day. Married people watch, on average, almost an hour more a week than people just living with someone, and people in Entertainment, Sports & Style about two hours more than people in Arts & Letters.

To what magazines and newspapers do they subscribe? *Time* comes in first (24 percent subscribe), followed by *Nationalist* (23 percent), *The New York Times* (19 percent), *The Wall*

Street Journal (14 percent), *National Geographic* (12 percent), and *The New Yorker* (10 percent). Not one of them listed *The Reader's Digest* or *TV Guide*, which are the most-read magazines in the country.

Considering all their other responsibilities and interests, our respondents seem to be in pretty good shape. For one thing, they are remarkably straight, they smoke very little, drink very little, and have not sampled a lot of drugs. For another, they find time to exercise about seven hours a week, with half exercising five hours or less and half exercising five or more. Democrats exercise slightly less than Republicans, women slightly less than men, and people in Science & Technology less than those in other professions. In addition, divorcees exercise more than single people, married people, or people just living with someone.

As a consequence of all this activity, just over a third of our respondents (33%) of them think that they're overworked—41 percent of the women versus 26 percent of the men, 44 percent of the people in Politics & Law versus 35 percent of the people in Science & Technology, 40 percent of the Democrats versus 36 percent of the Republicans.

Contrary to the popular image, stress doesn't seem to be getting to our women. Only 4 percent of them have high blood pressure; only 4 percent are currently seeing a therapist regularly (another 4 percent see one occasionally). Less than a third of our respondents have ever sought counseling. Only one in ten reports having ever seriously contemplated suicide.

Our respondents sleep an average of 6.87 hours a night (dis-

regarding the fact that they drink about three cups of coffee per day). Those who sleep more than seven hours fall into three subgroups: only people who live in small towns, people who see a therapist regularly, and people who are living with—but not married to—someone.

We asked our respondents to tell us what diseases they most feared. Nearly half of them (44 percent) put cancer first (women more than men, followed by heart attack (one more than women). Stroke, scurvy,

Alzheimer's, and other diseases associated with aging were down on the list—less than 3 percent each. AIDS, with nearly an eighth (9 percent) listing it, came in as the third-most-feared disease. Yet 5 percent of the women and four that they had no fears of illness at all, and one man wrote to "If you think about that, you won't be able to get anything done."

Democrats Versus Republicans Are they as different as they vote?

	DEMOCRATS	REPUBLICANS
Figure who most inspired their professional confidence	Lincoln (26%)	Adams (32%)
Have earned a Ph.D.	36%	17%
Average annual income	\$38,148	\$117,518
Feel religion is "very important" in professional life	17%	26%
Have ever served in the military	12%	22%
Demonstrated against Vietnam	60%	36%
Have ever seen a psychologist or psychiatrist	32%	29%

Under Thirty Versus Over Thirty Who says that the young are more rebellious?

	UNDER 30	30 AND OVER
Republicans	32%	22%
Democrats	32%	46%
Voted for Jimmy Carter in 1976	36%	47%
Voted for Ronald Reagan in 1980	34%	27%
Would "very likely" have voted for Gary Hart	32%	44%
Think it's "somewhat" or "very" likely that nuclear weapons will be used in their lifetime	29%	65%
Average annual income	\$46,000	\$54,278
Do not want to have children	8%	18%

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WHAT THEY BELIEVE IN

A year and a half have written about the politics, values, and self-image of the new generation. When Ronald Reagan was elected last year, the news told us that he had managed to garner the votes of the young Hart supporters, and that those votes represented a new conservative trend. That may well have been the case, but not among the respondents in our survey. An astonishing 62 percent of those voted for Walter Mondale (34 percent for Reagan, 10 percent don't know). In fact, individually only those of our survey's 450-one subgroups voted for Reagan: 56 percent of the people in Business & Industry, 53 percent of the people making more than \$500,000 a year, and, not surprisingly, 65 percent of the Republicans.

Though our survey did find slightly higher percentages of Republicans and conservatives under thirty than over thirty, the overall party breakdown was as follows:

Democrats: 44 percent
Independents: 32 percent
Republicans: 23 percent

In professional categories, the one exception to the Democratic majority was in Business & Industry, where 45 percent were Republicans (39 percent Independents, 27 percent Democrats). Only one of the 111 blacks in our survey and only thirty-six of the 318 Jews were Republicans.

Given the party affiliation, it's not surprising that more than half of the total considered their general political outlook to be "somewhat" or "very" liberal; another 20 percent call themselves "middle-of-the-road," and 25 percent checked off "somewhat" or "very" conservative.

We found enormous agreement on the seven questions we asked. Nearly two thirds of the total said keeping out of Central America was more important than preventing communist expansion there—the single exception to the majority view being the Republican contingent, 63 percent of whom voted for continuing communism. Two questions provoked majority responses among all the survey's subgroups. The participants now on school prayer was that the government should do nothing to encourage it; about two thirds in all but one subgroup (Republicans) checked off this answer. Likewise, there was no exception among subgroups to the prevailing view on abortion (abortionists); over 68 percent of the Catholics in our survey said that the decision should be left to the woman.

Just under two thirds of our respondents said they thought it was "somewhat" or "very" likely that nuclear weapons would be used in their lifetime. People in Arts & Letters, people making less than \$20,000 a year, people under thirty, Democrats, people who'd sampled drugs, people involved in therapy, and people who'd had a personal experience with a deity tend to think, on the whole, that it's more likely.

We asked our nominees whom they wished to see as President in 1988—and found a striking lack of agreement. Edward Baker came out slacker, with 25 percent of the vote. Behind him by a few percentage points were Mario Cuomo (10 percent) and Lee Larocche (9 percent). We also asked our nominees who they thought would be elected President next. 30 percent said George Bush, 23 percent showed Baker, and 19 percent Mario Cuomo. What was most clear was that that group—whether narrowly

Republican or die-hard Democrat—has not yet found its man. And there was a bigger surprise. While 53 percent of the total said it was "somewhat" or "very" likely that they would have voted for Gary Hart last year, only 4 percent said that they would like to see him elected President now.

We also wanted to know what role faith had played in the lives of our nominees. About a third of them said that religion was "not at all important" in their professional lives, yet 70 percent of the total said it was "somewhat" or "very" likely that they would have voted for Gary Hart last year, only 4 percent said that they would like to see him elected President now.

Wanting to know how our nominees perceived the future, we asked them what percent of their success they attributed to various factors. After "talent," which came in first at 36 percent, came "education" at 25 percent, then "luck" (12 percent) and "connections" (10 percent). More men than women, more business men than other professionals, and more city than suburban residents attributed their success to luck.

Finally, we asked them what they most feared, a question that proved to be among the most moving in the survey because it provoked numerous personal responses. The number-one fear was "failure" or "not accomplishing my goals," with 17 percent picking that response. The second-most-common fear (16 percent) was "death," including "dying early," "dying before I achieve my goals," "dying of cancer," and "dying painfully." Another 10 percent said their greatest fear was that a family member would die. Other noted fears were bankruptcy (11 percent), disability (6 percent), and loneliness (5 percent). Others said we should stop "bombs," "nukes," "communist expansion," "democracy," "electricity," "fat," "the IRS," "loss of money," and "poisonous snakes." One woman feared "that my daughter won't accept Christ." One man feared "that the fish won't bite."

After the five hundred-page book of numbers had been put away and the experts had been consulted, we were left with some impressions about the style and substance of the leadership class.

In nearly every category we found our preconceptions challenged. Long-standing political and social classifications have lost their accepted meanings. Democrat and Republican and liberal and conservative no longer serve as easy opposites. Traditionally

Et Cetera

More than a third of our nominees are the eldest child in their family, and half are either the eldest or only child. Nearly three quarters report that their parents are still alive; of those whose parents are not both alive, a higher percentage have sought therapy. Nominees who have never seen a psychiatrist or psychologist tend to have children; nominees who are involved in therapy tend not to. On average, our nominees have changed their residence three times since college.

The average annual income of nominees who've had an extramarital affair is \$110,676; for those who've been faithful, it's \$90,450.

as close as they got to a consensus. We were left with a picture of how individualistic these individuals really are—different not just from their parents but from one another. If that means they are standing true to their own convictions, it would seem to be a very good sign indeed.

—Lee Eisenberg and Lisa Greenwald



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Arts & Letters

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HONOREES

- Richard Andrews** The art of urban planning
The Colorado String Quartet Perfect harmony
Chris Hardman Tomorrow's theater today
Steven Holl Humanism in architecture
Denis Johnson A master of poetic prose
Yo-Yo Ma A virtuoso with soul
Mark Morris Taking dance one step further
Jayne Anne Phillips Fiction's dark visionary
Max Protetch The art of the blueprint
John Raimondi The abstract art of heroic sculpture
Frank Rich Keeping Broadway on its toes
Peter Serkin Evolution of a prodigy
Molly Smith Alaska's Great White Way
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HONOREES Arts & Letters

Richard Andrews

Arts administrator
Washington, D.C.
Born November 8, 1949



The story of our cities is not a tale of unmitigated decline and decay. In America's most devastated industrial areas, signs of life, or its reasonable facsimile, art, have not totally disappeared. American sculptors and painters are displaying a fascination for what's become known as the art of public spaces. And no city has been more successful with the concept than Seattle, where, under the guidance of artist-turned-administrator

Richard Andrews, artists have become a vital part of virtually every civic construction project. "What I've done," says Andrews, whose efforts have helped earn Seattle numerous "Boulder" medals "is to get the artists involved in the planning to get the elected officials and architects to work with them." During his six-year tenure in Seattle, Andrews oversees such projects as George Trakos's stark wood-and-steel pier at the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration's Lake Washington headquarters and Jack Black's ballroom dance steps—brutist hotprints embedded along Broadway on Capitol Hill. Now, as the director of visual-arts pro-



grams for the National Endowment for the Arts in Washington, D.C., Andrews has his finger planted in many places. He has seen it, to provide incentives for cities around the country to experiment with public places art—in other words, to make all of America a little more livable.

The Colorado String Quartet Chamber ensemble Boulder, Colorado



With their fresh faces and lively white blouses, they certainly look innocent enough—and in the Colorado String Quartet can execute a sunny work such as Beethoven's Quartet in A, op. 13, no. 3, with the sweet tones and light touch traditionally associated with domestic chamber ensembles. But to hear their true, sharply etched interpretation of Haydn's Quartet in G, op. 20, or the severe of mounting urgency their

tenacity in a composition by Debussy, is to understand that myths about women musicians can't survive an evening with John Rasmussen, born October 3, 1958, Deborah Redding, born July 2, 1954, Francesca Martin, born June 14, 1956, and Sherrin Pritzer, born March 20, 1952. Bold, witty, and brilliant, these four are words that crop up regularly at their concerts, the same might be said for the CSQ's repertoire, which ranges from classics to sometimes controversial contemporary works. Their self-confident approach is calmly appropriate. All four have performed as soloists with major symphonies, and Rasmussen, the quartet's most intense player, has

served as concertmaster of the Los Angeles Philharmonic Institute Orchestra under Leonard Bernstein. But what distinguishes the CSQ and puts it in a league with the older, all-male Emerson String Quartet (founded New York's Lincoln Center) is the sense of communication that they have been having since they got together as the graduate-quartet-in-residence at the University of Colorado in 1976. As one reviewer put it, "Finally they are individuals, but [they] seem all fused to be played in a concert context." They have also been playing to wider audiences since winning the prestigious Naumburg Chamber Music Award in 1983.

Chris Hardman Performance artist Sausalito, California Born June 3, 1950



Not content with merely abstracting the distance between audience and stage, Chris Hardman has elevated it entirely. The thirty-five-year-old theater artist and director of New

York Theatre demands that his audience become actors and even playwrights. In a piece called *Friday*, for instance, members of the audience make their way through a series of scenes on stage, acting out three-minute episodes in various time

instructions and make comments over a Walkman. In another called *High School*, a Walkman-equipped audience is led through an actual high school. Dissection is Hardman's stock-in-trade—he is a slightly mad (or quite) taking his group across an exhilarating, often menacing landscape. If a role for which Hardman has unique qualifications. He grew up in Sherman Oaks, California, then attended Goldfield College in Vermont, where the experimental Boreal and Puppet Theatres redefined his notions of the theatrical experience. After his second year of college, he began working on the boardwalk at Coney Island,

Steven Holl
Architect
New York, New York
Born December 9, 1947



As a prominent member of the new breed of designers, Steven Holl doesn't consider himself exactly an architect—he's an architect-philosopher. A Seattle native now living in New York, Holl doesn't simply build buildings; he raises questions—architecture as question and answer.

Holl refuses to treat any assignment as just another job. And it's in his beautiful

stark and austere private homes that his motto—"A clear architectural idea, frankly stated"—is best manifested. Take, for instance, an apartment he designed for another architect. Holl set out to evoke the atmosphere of 16th-century Venice: he revived the working methods of the famed Venetian workshop, and developed, with his craftsmen, the signature furnishings that bring his precisely drawn rooms alive.

There is no hope of big financial rewards in the small projects he favors, but Holl, who supports himself by teaching at Columbia, doesn't care. "I'm not in it to make money," he says, but rather to advance the frontiers of modern design, and perhaps even



achieve immortality on a modest scale. "There has been a tendency in architecture to be overrational," he says. "But it's better not to pump on the handwage. A building is made to stand a long time."

Denis Johnson
Novelist/Poet
Wellfleet, Massachusetts
Born July 1, 1949



He is a writer who drops a mouthful from poetry to the novel and back again, a dealer in dark images who nevertheless manages to entertain. But ultimately what distinguishes

Denis Johnson—the author most recently of the haunting post-apocalyptic novel *Jesus' Son*—is that he has achieved that elusive alchemy as the more prose he writes. A diplomat's son who was born in Munich and raised mostly in Tokyo

and the Philippines, Johnson published his first collection of poetry at the age of sixteen. Poems and prose poured in after *The Man Against the Sea*, authorizing the bright young reader (or so it now seems).

During the next ten years he taught and edited a lot about writing but made from a chapbook of poems and the opening chapter of a novel called *Angels*, produced him. Drinking and drugs became a serious problem as he traveled around the country, living on his reputation and the few dollars he could scrape together as a *Jolly Girl* agent. Then five years ago, with his first marriage over, Johnson hit bottom, walked into a rehabilitation program, and began

the tough but exhilarating climb back. *The Jesuits' Lounge*, his third book of poetry, was published by Knopf in 1992. This time, when the praise came, it only seemed to spur him on. *Angels* was completed in 1993—it won the San Francisco Press for First Fiction and a citation from the American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters. *Jesus' Son*, published last summer, is an exploration of the theme of survival. Set in a richly imagined Key West circa a. d. 2020, the novel is a patchwork of vignettes about a speechless one-hundred-year-old woman, a middle-aged musician, and an adolescent boy who struggle along in a semibarbaric state.

Yo-Yo Ma
Cellist
Winchester, Massachusetts
Born October 7, 1955



Since Stern has called him the greatest cellist alive, but to classical music fans who've followed Yo-Yo Ma's career, such superlatives are old news. The thirty-year-old musician was playing Bach notes at the age of four, using a one-eighth-scale cello and sitting on top of three telephone books. He gave his first public recital a year later in Paris, where he was born. The son of a Chinese music teacher,

The rest is the stuff of which Carnegie Hall program notes are made. Ma began studying with the legendary Leonard Rose at age seven, appeared on *The Tonight Show* at age nine, and spent his teenage years at the Juillard School of Music. He is not your typical "serious musician," however, but an extremely well rounded thinker and conversationalist, who made the pivotal decision to attend Harvard as a liberal arts major. It was there, he says, that he "began to evolve from being just a cellist to being a musician interested in communicating and sharing with people."

That same spirit informs his playing to-

day, be it with the Berlin Symphony, the New York Philharmonic, or an all-star chamber ensemble. To be sure, Ma spends the obligatory "endless hours" with his instrument. Gi Morricone, made in Venice in 1733. He also takes the time, though, for reading, friends, and family. He and his wife, Jill, who lives in Winchester, Massachusetts, have a son, Nicholas, age six. The idea, says Ma, is to stay as normal and "well rounded" as possible while pursuing a career that takes him around the world to head-spinning acclaim. "It's the projection of ideas that makes a fine musician," he says, "and not just proficiency with the instrument."

PHOTO: JAMES HARRIS

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IN THE AMERICAN SPIRIT
FOR WOMEN AND MEN

bloomingdale's

Max Protetch

Gallery owner

New York, New York

Born September 10, 1946



At one time, almost all architectural drawings, no matter how beautiful, shared a similar fate: such construction was congealed, they were shopped off to some artist's museum archive, also never to be seen again. But along came Max Protetch, a young gallery owner who likes nothing better, he says, than "breaking down barriers and blurring distinctions." In 1978 Protetch began showing the drawings of current archi-

tecs at his West Fifty-seventh Street gallery. It was, at the time, a bold gamble—first, because the art-buying public tends to be conservative, and second, because, he says, "There was a taboo among modern architects against making their drawings precious. It was all right to devote drawings to museums as documents, but it was a bad taste to show them as if they were art." Against the advice of his house as advisers Protetch gave a full-dressed showing of the work of architect Michael Graves, whose designs were widely considered to be on the cutting edge of his discipline. Not only, says Protetch, "it was clear as a bell that showing was the right way to make sure his

work was understood." In the wake of that daring debut and similar shows featuring the work of Frank Lloyd Wright, Robert Venturi, and Aldo Rossi, Protetch has been proclaimed "the Kohnweiler of architecture," a reference to the legendary dealer who championed Picasso and the cubists. But more important, architects have begun to conserve of their drawings as aesthetically pleasing pictures that will stand on their own merits—a revolutionary development. Not that Protetch is particularly surprised. "The best artists have taught us to see," he says. "It seems logical that the best designers could lead the public to that art."

John Raimondi

Sculptor

Winthrop, Massachusetts

Born May 29, 1948



It is difficult to break the rules of something as abstract as abstract art, yet John Raimondi has managed to. A sculptor from what has been called the grand, heroic schools, Raimondi constructs gigantic public-display pieces that challenge the viewer by being at once representational and detached from anything real. His forty-foot-high sculpture *Joyous*, on the plaza of the new Lotus building in Cambridge, Massachu-

setts, is a stunning case in point. When the Cor-Ten steel structure was unveiled this June, Raimondi described it as an image of a wolf howling at the moon—and from most angles *Joyous* does indeed seem to suggest an animal. But moving around the piece, one sees the silhouette of a woman—and even several. John Raimondi calls the work "a machine." Then there is Raimondi's most famous work, *Brown's Dream*, a fifty-four-foot-long, twenty-eight-ton collection of steel points and pyramids constructed by the state of Nebraska during the Bicentennial. The hardest part of that project, he says, was convincing the local citizens that

what Raimondi calls "a monument to my mother" should, in fact, rise out of the cornfields. In the end, though, he sold the idea as a series of unpaid, unpaid speeches. "That controversy was the best thing that ever happened to me," says the artist.

**Private visions for public places****Frank Rich**

Theater critic

New York, New York

Born June 2, 1949



It is the most powerful post in cultural journalism, and the toughest, that it wasn't until Frank Rich took over as chief theater critic for *The New York Times* in 1986 that the profession got truly intense. From the start, the Broadway crowd was slightly suspicious of Rich, a thirty-one-year-old upstart not likely to rave about overproduced musicals. Moreover, Rich was known as a film commentator who had not concentrated on

the stage, since his undergraduate days as a writer on *The Harvard Crimson*. Those initial feelings of mistrust quickly hardened into harsh accusations when, early in the Rich era, Broadway strings together a series of disastrous seasons. Word was that Rich was using his vintage pen to fire at will, inflicting irreparable damage upon the American theater.

The only problem with that argument was that it contradicted itself. Rich has shown a knack for using razor-sharp but not negative impressions with a well-placed kind word. Even when he can't find anything to recommend in a production, Rich, who may be the best prose stylist the

Times has ever assigned to the job, doesn't lose his enthusiasm or sense of humor. Writing about this year's *Leslie of the Park*, a show clearly not up to Broadway standards, Rich wrote: "This show does lead the pack in such key areas as incoherence (total, vulgarly boundless), and debased level (atmosphere, with piercing electronic assault)." If Rich failed that show, he did it slowly. *Leslie* cut on for 120 performances. Not that its relative success, or the criticism Rich leveled, must endorse its fate, would ever tempt him to second-guess himself. Presumably," he says, "[*The Times*] gave me this job because it respects the integrity of my opinions."



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HONOREES Arts & Letters

Molly Smith Theater director Douglas, Alaska Born March 14, 1952



JOE KIMBLE

No one paid much attention when Molly Smith left Alaska in 1971 and headed off to learn the director's trade. But when she came back seven years later with master's degree in theater from American University and fifty used movie-house seats, people began to take notice. In fact, her first production, *Theater*, opened in 1979 on Douglas, a small island in the Gustavus Channel about 100 miles from Juneau, was an instant

success. Smith relies solely on local talent to write and present plays with a distinctly Alaskan flavor. Her company is best known for an off-Broadway adaptation of *Angels in America* that toured the state and then visited New York and Europe last year, earning four awards.

Despite her success, Smith doesn't want to branch out. She plans to continue teaching "the Alaskan experience" for writers, actors, technicians, themes, and theaters. In addition to commissioning and producing plays at her small theater, Smith also runs a comprehensive training program in the theater arts, sponsors an annual writing festival called the Great Alaska

Playoffs, and oversees a touring company that visits isolated towns and fishing camps, staging contemporary and classical drama and conducting workshops. "We want to be up there to our region," she says, "to write with the spirit that is uniquely Alaskan and develop our form."



Scott Walker Publisher St. Paul, Minnesota Born June 12, 1950



STEVE KRAVITZ

Most publishers regard Scott Walker the way scientists regard the bubble-blow. That is, they look at Walker, or more precisely at his St. Paul-based Graywolf Press, and say: No way. No way.

Walker offers more money when he offers much less, but because Graywolf meant better papers, finer bindings, and the assurance that no penny blockbuster would look them clean out of print.

Graywolf may not sound like a practical venture, but then, practically has never been Walker's strong point. After leaving school in 1970, he worked around the World

editing literary magazines and working as bars, until he settled in Port Townsend, Washington. This is where Graywolf was born and where it remained until last summer. Moving to St. Paul, Walker says, was "a big decision, and perhaps the first sign that I'm finally getting more pragmatic. I want to have some experience people so I don't need to get as deeply involved in everything as I did in 1968, for we have no shoo-ins about strong back and watching the money roll in. 'I'd love to settle for what the Buddhists call right livelihood,' he says, 'but since that's making a contribution to society. That's not everything, but that's enough.'"

M. Jane Weaver Opera company manager Houston, Texas Born June 4, 1947



ERIC KRAVITZ

Vowing to break down opera's high-toned stage, Jane Weaver and her Texas Opera Theater will deliver more than three hundred performances in sixty small-to-medium-size theaters this season. And if it takes eleven years to pay its way, the TOT will generate standing ovations and critical raves from the Dallas suburbs to Bernice. As general manager and chief executive officer, not only is Weaver

the brain behind the barnstorming, she also draws up and executes the TOT budget, determines the repertoire, selects the singers, directors, conductors, negotiates the union contracts, and raises the funds. "It's a never-ending challenge," says Weaver, "because every city is like our hometown. We have to develop each one culturally—to ask ourselves, 'What is good this year for Houston?'"

Lately Weaver has also been faced with the question of what is good for the future of opera. "We need ways to get the next generation of music and theater people to at least try this kind of thing," she says.

She has implemented a possible solution in the One Act Opera Project, a workshop in which composers and librettists each produce and present a fifteen-minute "musical statement" that needn't be in opera form (jazz, blues, and reggae were among the alternatives) as long as it has a beginning, middle, and end. The project, funded by \$100,000 that Weaver raised from various corporations, was successful in 1985, its first year, that TOT will sponsor another in 1986. "It's a way of people seeing if they get along with the form," Weaver says. "And it's also a way for us to find the next Puccini, Bernstein, and Southern."

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ARTS & LETTERS

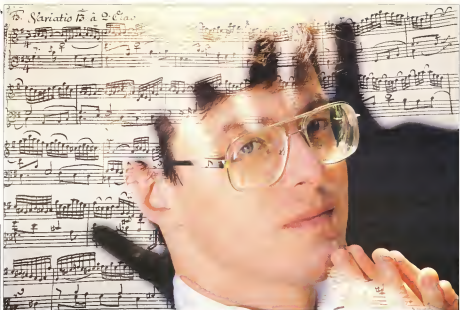
The Serkin Touch

"I'm very interested in technique," Peter Serkin says as he goes to the piano. His tone of voice conveys a certain quiet rebuff, as if to say that interpretation is paramount, but the immediate, practical, physical questions of technique are more fun to talk about. "I like to keep my hands right on the piano, the fingers touching the keys all the time—or as close to it as the notes allow—and you don't have to sacrifice dynamics." To contrast not, he tests his fingers on the keys, plays a very loud chord, releases the keys without breaking contact, and then plays the same chord softly. He listens. "They say Chopin had five thousand separate degrees of pianissimo," he says, with a quick glance. Serkin's control of pianissimo is one of the first things a listener notices in his recordings.

His hands are ordinary-looking hands, the fingers a bit thick. Watching him play a very loud chord, with very little movement, it occurs to me that perhaps they are thick because they are strong. They would have to be exceptionally strong to do what he does with them. "Yes, you can keep finger contact with the keys. There's even a thing you can do"—he hesitates—after you sound the chord, you can make it a little louder and longer.

"What? That would be tragic."

Peter Serkin's collection of short stories "Miles" was published in September by E.P. Dutton/Seymour Lawrence.



**PRECISE,
PASSIONATE,**
and technically brilliant, his playing reaches the heart of the music.

ledge. A track passed down the line of great twentieth-century players, a trick that only a great player could possibly execute, given the exquisite degree of finger control needed to bring it off.

WHAT IT MEANS TO BE A GREAT PIANIST IS MUCH more complicated now than fifty or sixty years ago, when everyone knew the right or ten players who had the full repertory, the technique to play the repertory, and the emotional depth to interpret it. Fifty or sixty years ago there were simply fewer brilliant players, most particularly in terms of tech-

"Look under there, at the hammer." He strikes a chord, holds the keys down, and then somehow rolls the strings with almost-visual precision conveyed to the hammer, extending the chord without sounding it again. "I should be showing you this," he says good-naturedly. "And if you do it this way, you can make the chord disintegrate faster than it otherwise would." He strikes the same chord, holds the keys down, rolls the strings at a different rate, and the chord implodes, falls into silence.

by FRANK CONROY

space. If the eighty-eight keys of the piano can be thought of as a filter, not many people got through in those days. In 1969 there are hundreds upon hundreds of technically dazzling pianists, and to find the best, one must go past the body of the music to the more difficult question of the soul of the music. And it is there that we find Peter Serkin.

"Many players just play," one professional told me, a man who stands four or five piano events every week during the season (and who must perform twenty-two). "In fact, a surprising number of them just play. Serkin always has a point of view of his own. He has an interpretation that reflects his character. When I hear him—no matter how tender the piece—my emotions have been altered. I don't know how to explain it. You believe him. He's really there. It's like when Earth, Part 1 sang a song about some farmer beating her up and throwing her out in the alley, you believe it because she really knows about these emotions. If a Judy Collins sang it, it's empty. Many parents working today are empty. It's like they never grew up, never had anything happen to them."

Serkin was three years old when he became aware of the power of music. At that time, one summer, he realized that music—which had surrounded him always—was separate from him, other than him, outside, as it were. Living in Vermont in a musical family, he heard music all the time. His mother played. His father, Rudolf Serkin, one of the greatest pianists of his generation, was away a good deal, but when he was at home he played Griegs, Chopin, and his parents' friends played. Peter's memory of a young child—how were to witness these things? It must have come as a shock for him to discover that, unlike outdoor air, or his tactile surroundings, music was not elemental. It had to be made. One imagines him thinking, before the age of three, that the music was playing the grown-ups. When he discovered this was not so, he wanted leverage.

"Nobody pushed me—not then, and not later," Serkin says, sitting in the living room of the small apartment he shares with his second wife, a photographer, on the Upper West Side of Manhattan. This seems to be an important point for him. He was a child prodigy, but he wants to make it clear that chance was involved. His own choice. He truly loved him. At thirty-eight, Serkin is a tall, pale man with a handsome face that rarely changes expression. A cool face. When it does change, the changes are subtle. His eyes are deeply Asiatic and rock-like, behind his glasses. He speaks in a careful manner—brandy, thoughtful, perhaps even cautious. There is a sense of controlled emotion, of self-discipline.

He taught himself to read music, and he learned rapidly. Because a first-rate sight



reader while still a young child. (Sight-reading—the ability to play anything put in front of you on sight—was apparently a skill, which need not necessarily be connected to other talents. There are plenty of sight readers who play the piano as if working at a typewriter, without substantial achievement.) For Serkin, sight-reading was a way in, a means to discover and get closer to the music of one composer after another. He played everything he could get his hands on in a house that must have con-

tained most of the piano literature in print, and thousands of other scores. And if he already sensed the power of music, now, through his continuous active sampling of the masters, he began to perceive something of its form.

His childhood was a bit lonely, he says. Vermont was remote in those days, and the very wide spread of open among his siblings, with Peter somewhere in the middle, no mother factor. And at school, he remembers, "everybody would run out-

side at recess, and sometimes I'd stay and deal with the game—deals to the sounds—and the other kids thought that was weird."

Serkin was nine when his family moved to Philadelphia. His father had been gone back and forth from Philadelphia to Vermont for years, but his increasing involvement with the Curtis School of Music, and the Philadelphia Orchestra under Eugene Ormandy, motivated the shift. Peter kept on sight-reading. "My parents would have me playing all sorts of stuff. They'd say, 'You should be doing scales.'" He smiles. It is clear he is kind of his parents.

At the remarkably tender age of eleven, Serkin entered Curtis, which was to provide his general education and his broad musical education. He began playing professional concerts and recitals at the age of twelve. At fourteen, he began to study piano with his father.

"I was terrified of concerts," he says. "I was terrified of glasses and rubbing my eyes. He explains his glasses and looks forward. 'I used to throw up before concerts.' From outside come the shouts and yells of children playing at the school yard, still sounds of controlled hysteria. 'I want very scientific aid, I think.'"

Yes, perhaps he was. The pressure and terror he faced before, during, and after adolescence were probably more arduous than even he can explain. He was also the son of a famous father who was also one of his teachers. Because he was a prodigy, he was somewhat isolated within his own generation. He describes himself as having been very serious, a little old man, and what remains unspoken is that he may have suspected too much of himself. At seventeen he was making enough money to support himself, and after graduation he moved to his own apartment. A year or so later he got married, then had a child. Soon after that he gave up music.

THE DECISION TO STOP PLAYING—AND AT Serkin's level that's what it had to be, play or don't play, with nothing in between—must have involved a great deal of pain, to say the least. It was a personal repudiation of his entire life. Serkin does not talk about the decision now, except to say it happened. He mentions in passing his constant confusion about what was going on at the time—a bad war (World War II), civil strife, and so on—or in it help explain the constant traveling that he began doing in 1968. The central reason, however, must have been because he wasn't going to play anymore and he needed to retreat to some distant, private place in order to get himself back together again as a new, non-playing person. In the winter of 1971 Serkin moved to Mexico. With his wife and baby he lived a simple life in a town almost entirely devoid of the accoutrements of culture. Eight months went by. "One Sunday morning," he says, "the



From left, Serkin was surrounded by music. Above, with his father, Rudolf, in 1932.



Serkin entered a conservatory at age eleven and began giving concerts a year later.



Playing along a musical tradition: Rudolf Serkin bringing a piano lesson to his teenage sons.



Serkin as a young father in 1974, with his daughter. Right: three of his first recordings.

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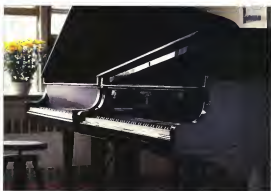
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radio was on in his house across the way. It was Bach, and as I listened it became clear to me that I should play. The whole question was simplified somehow." Serkin starts at the middle distance for a moment. "I had to give it up in order to discover it." He looks at the ceiling, and I get the feeling he is wondering if I can understand. I also get the feeling he doesn't care that much—he has told me the truth, in the simplest possible form, and the rest is up to me. Despite his reticence, I find myself thinking of the event in Mexico as the central one of his life, with all that came before leading up to it and all that followed flowing from it. He does not describe listening to the Mexican radio-bach as a mystical experience—characteristically, he does not analyze, he simply states—but it is hard to avoid thinking of it that way.

HARMED INTO HIS TWENTYTHS, HE LANE HALL, and started off over again. "I did realize," he says, "and enjoyed it. I didn't know what to expect after all that time not playing, but it was fine." As he begins studying with various people, his development as a musician artist commenced, and his professional life recommenced. He made records, appeared as soloist with the great orchestras, and played solo recitals. By the late Seventies he was generally ranked as one of the top two or three pianists in America, and one of the top ten in the world. Many

of the new generation of musicians rated him highly. Indeed, Serkin had reached a level of excellence—both in playing and in interpretation—where making become difficult, if not impossible.

Significant in Serkin's rise was his avoidance of competition. One will be now act as judge. I should say it was rare for him to play out because he was well connected already, but this seems unduly harsh. All the way through he seems to have made his choices for aesthetic rather than practical reasons. Competition, he would say, are relevant statistics but not in art.

Chamber music began to interest him during this period, not only aesthetically but also because playing it was less lonely than solo work. In 1972 he joined the chamber ensemble Trío (Tribute for "good fortune"), which had slightly unusual instrumentation and a collective interest in contemporary music. Indeed, his championing of some modern composers of whom he is particularly fond—Messiaen, Toru Takemitsu, Peter Lieberson, Stefan Wolpe, and others—has in itself set him apart from his peers, and has required tough-mindedness and a certain amount of risk. Concert producers in general like to avoid new music, but Serkin has continued to program new music into his solo and chamber recitals, and over the years important record producers who got two windows as what he should play and how he

SERKIN'S APARTMENT

In New York is simple furnished, with the two baby grand in the living

should play it have watched him go to small clubs that leave him alone.

The American composer Ned Rorem says of Serkin, "His approach has, as I hear it, in a friendly rather than over-awed approach to the classics, which he nonetheless plays with the care and love that is in the family blood, and he's not afraid to be ugly. He approaches contemporary music with the same depth as he does the classics, and he is unique among the superstars in that he approaches it at all. He is the only big name of his age to feel a duty toward the music of his times."

Serkin doesn't like to talk about his career—a word he dislikes—but seems graciously to have been thinking all the while about music, with the assumption that his career would take care of itself, as indeed it has. Money doesn't interest him. "I just never paid much attention to it," he

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Scriven's style is self-effacing. Serve the composer, his motto. He thinks self-effacement is a performer—dramatic body movements as the piano, finger painting the air, and so on, scribble his as detraction from some of the bits about cutting through them. I wonder you won't visit through them. I want to play with it. The whole brasses style, the attempt to dominate the music, is not what he is after. He wants to release the music. "It all depends on the piece. Sometimes you can tell [the composer] wants to make a splash, wants to shock, even, and so you play it that way." He is also disappointed in what might be called the impressionist style—Debussy, Ravel, and the like. "A lot of what you hear on the radio," says Gary, "is garbage to begin with, is just bad. It just runs on without a whole lot of feeling or to the point."

KEENE, REDEEMED BY CONTROL OVER THE scene to the point where the question of whether the music he plays out is outside him or inside him seems no longer a relevant one. Serkin now gives more attention to the practical details of his profession as a pianist. "I'm not a virtuoso," he says. "I really enjoy concert work now, but I seem doing too much. You fly in, play with stuffed-up ears, fly out, play again. City to city. I'm going to give it better. I think I'll play instead."

Keene, as he has already accomplished, a great deal of music he's afraid of Peter Serkin. How ought he to play Debussy, for instance? Which contemporary composers emerging now will catch his ear? The direction his future development will take? He is an expert and lucid, when he has had the time to think. He may come here, but he is not of this city.

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She transforms isolation and dark obsession into exquisite prose

Art & Letters

The Short Story of Jayne Anne Phillips

Eudora Welty, Tillie Olsen, Katherine Anne Porter, William Faulkner, and James Agee," Jayne Anne Phillips pronounces them

exactly. "The great writers have a journeyer's wisdom. They have been somewhere, loneliness and come back. That's not necessarily what they are writing about, but you can feel that in the work." You not only feel it in Phillips's work, but she's writing about it, and she's living it, and part of what's leaving

David Edelstein is a film critic for The Village Voice.

by David Edelstein

but not poetry. That did it, Phillips began to experiment more seriously with narrative. She was granted the ad, picked up for loans, and on her twenty-four birthday Track Town is up-and-out of Track Magazine brought out *Sweetheart*, twenty-four-page prose-poetry pieces, in a first edition of four hundred copies. David Miller, her publisher, was struck by "the specificity of her language, the closely controlled writing technique." The approach a small-press distribution service, printed up some brochure poems, and orchestrated reviews. "Cherubs," says Wick of her appearance. "This was your when you don't know what else to say. She could empower the work."

The act—scraps, outcries, distracted without being busy—was beginning to attract attention, but the writing spoke for itself. One of her poems evoked to the music *Phantom Pina M*, *The Bird of the South Seas*, and in 1977 she took a workshop with Frank O'Hara in which she wrote some of the stories in *Black Tickets*. "It was years later she was the end sleep," remembers O'Hara. "Even then she made metaphors that could turn you—an every page there would be two or three things that thrum the French talk about. Writing is very hard and very mysterious, and most students want to know how you do it," says Joyce. "Joyce just never seemed interested in that. She'd be too busy reading *Fidelio*, pointing at a paragraph and saying, 'Look what he's doing here!'"

In 1978 Levitt published *Connecting*, a series of brief bulleted stories, by a writer and a dancer who live in New England broke and starving, while their relationship grew more. The small book was the St. Lawrence Award for Fiction in 1978, and it was at a conference for women writers that St. Lawrence O'Hara told Phillips took off after another Laureate: Seymour Lawrence, then at Delacorte and publisher of Title One, Katherine Anne Porter, J. P. Donaghy, and Kurt Vonnegut. "He's a wonderful (acknowledging) man," says Phillips, "two self-identified publishers. When he takes on a writer, he takes on a body of work." No more floating for Joyce Anne Phillips: it was time to turn into the theater critic. She was living in a tiny room in the city of her art, almost silent migration, and a world very much here on earth. She wanted her work read, and she used whatever resources she had. She may have been embarrassed by her sales, but she employed them.

Lawrence says she called him and asked, "Do you publish short stories?" "Not if I can help it," he said. "Why don't you write a novel?" Well, she kept pursuing me. She wanted to be on the list. Phillips met a batch of stories to Title One, who thought they were too far from her work on the back of Black Tickets—"the unmanageable work of early

"I have no money I must give myself what I need. Yes I know which lovers to call when the police have caught me peddling pictures, the store detectives twisting my wrists pull stockings out of my sleeves. And the butchers pummel the small of my back to dislodge their wrapped hocks; white bone and marbled tendon exposed as the paper tears and they push me against the wall. They curse me, I call my lovers. I'm nearly fifteen, my lovers get older and older..."

—From "Lechery," Black Tickets

poems." Whatever, it worked. In a sense nearly too controlled for anything Phillips would write, her mother rushed out of the house in Blackstone as she was pulled out of the driveway, bound for an assistant professorship at Humboldt State University in California. "Sam Lawrence wants to publish your book!"

While preparing *Black Tickets* for publication, she taught at Humboldt, on the northern coast of California, for a year. "She was the most gentle and fascinating creature in Humboldt County," recalls a colleague. "She was living in this shanty-type house in Blackstone, and she had dog, two fire sports. You could tell she took herself seriously. She had self-portraits all over her walls, very dramatic; and she could attract the best-looking young men in the county that no one had ever seen before. She brought in all their literary play friends. Title One's, Frank O'Hara, Houston Brown. Already she knew how to play the literary success game: blarney, conferences together, a whole network." She found few readers; critics locally and friends remember her complaints of isolation—"the feeling she was just reaching town." "It was gloomy and awful," says Lawrence, who involved to see her at a small place that almost didn't find the money. Phillips and Title One were reading her, and when he landed he was so shocked that he drank himself into a stupor, nodding off behind O'Hara while she read to the critique from her work.

Black Tickets, published in 1979, has been labeled everything from genius to perverse. Sometimes the language is plain and eloquent, at other times it's dense to the point of gurgles. It is, obviously, a Phillips sampler, from waxy full-page meditations on floating above the planet (O'Hara says she is rising above her mother-daughter encounters to jazz say, equal numbers like the opening blast of the title story).

Jeanette Delikat, how I would you need a chess piece, a high white piece of the pie. Raymond would be happy to tell me just sit me up. Sit it up something had to be told, somebody had to tell it, some body had to do it up in this color of carter, and I was the old time, but Raymond never said it with you in the kitchen (What? you said, Raymond, that mostly hatched) builders and wiretaps playing the garden in wires, some flowers while no more high-maintenance flowers, some water open lavender eyes, childhood with the pale green of a young horse, your lips meeting a towards 0 of someone.

Some of the voices seem affected, but you can see, in retrospect, how one voice looks the other, how the same, cold as anywhere in the family stories might come a young writer to go for trouble—to charts out limits, sweeping tales of sexual obsession, Black Magic, incest, and depravity: a happy rubbing cartilage together

for life. There is anger at her parents for their inability to connect with her, and remorse for that anger alongside it. It doesn't seem to be the least, it's isolation, seen through many different eyes—characters running themselves bloody against the walls of their own consciousness. *Black Tickets* ends with the dark side of transcendence, a metaphor by a Son of Sam-style murderer, the machine-gun that can save you from being a mollified by your safety can also drive you mad. The water, at least, could be the big picture.

"I guess I see reality as something that appears to be a series of fragments but it's not," says Phillips. "And trying to represent that is really the point of most of what I write."

"Books of short stories weren't as accepted then," says Lawrence. "So we sent proofs of *Black Tickets* out to a small list of people. The response was ambivalent."

"I'd cooked beauty, unlike any in our literature"—Raymond Carver. "An exquisite and terrible insight to the hands of one who fails nothing"—the best short story writer since *Ekaterina Volya*—Vladimir Nabokov.

"We used the quotes," Lawrence thunders. "And we did a simultaneous quality paperback and hard-cover production: the thousand in paperback, 2,500 in hard-cover. Joyce Anne's first was made. We sold it in twelve countries. In Europe they have an appetite for quality American fiction. This year it's Frank O'Hara's book. Before that it was Jim Harrison."

Joyce Anne Phillips and Seymour Lawrence were "the match and the wood." Nabokov did a big story, the alternative papers picked up their ears, and, according to the independent-bookstore owners who sold *Black Tickets*, the word of mouth was remarkable. In the flush of her success, Phillips was offered a lifetime teaching fellowship at Radcliffe College. She moved to Boston, closer to evolution than Humboldt or lower but braver than the interns that New York. Again, she taught. But teaching has never interested her, and students weren't unkindly huge with her seminars. They say she was impractical, that she spent through their stories a page at a time, line by line, but the book's cost of them came—the first drafts on a computer followed by "This is dynamic stuff, Jose. You're one helluva writer!"—wasn't there. It's not surprising Phillips wasn't interested in helping anyone else—she was fiercely independent and loyal to her direct vision. Besides, she says, "when you teach, you have a lot of power, and you're home-bound not to make production or face opinions." Sometimes she's positively Kantian: "Writers are forced by age eight, it's a personal development. They learn. There is a *not* that is visible. A level that is visible. They're not to imagine being anyone. Or so we say. The difficulty is that people throw up a road-

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back to that. I tell them to give themselves permission to do things. Nothing is taken except bad writing."

That switch led to the first of the drafts ceremony. "When you teach writing," she says, a little warily, "you're in the position of a psychiatrist. Nobody ever wants to say that. But if you're reading their work, you know a great deal, because you know what they're observing and," Judith Stenzel agrees, "You really have to be interested in the process other people are going through as well as the product. You have to be patient. Joyce Anne would find it an intrusion."

In any event, the launch had succeeded: *Black Tobacco* had delivered her into the world. Expectation for her first novel was high, and Phillips knew she couldn't avoid it any longer. It had to be about Buckhannon—about her parents' marriage, her childhood, and the war that changed her people and the world. She surveyed the fragments of *Black Tobacco* and thought about putting the pieces together, going back to West Virginia. But it was very difficult, a whole story became a story, "that Lewis," which could serve as a prelude to *Black Tobacco* as well, since it's about the state of mind of an educated young woman after leaving school in the country in the last years, threatening to self-destruct, deciding the ropes have been torn and it's time to go.

Published by Vehicle Editions and the Lincoln Alexander Gallery, *Fast Lanes* is a beautiful object, with charcoal drawings by Yvonne Jacquette at the ends of the car and—beneath transparent vellum paper—pen and ink drawings by Julie, last daughter. Two thousand copies have been printed, far fewer than Anselmi Levitt would have liked but more than Phillips thought would be good to have floating around. *Fast Lanes* will be included in the next short-story collection and she doesn't want the impact of that book diminished by this one.

Merlene Danner took four years—a slow, tortuous way. She taught for part of that time, and she also had to cope with a difficult illness in her family. But a while her colleagues say she had an easier time with the disease than the story—she was intrigued by the way drama betrays wishes and a terrible time. Sam Lawrence brought in Frank Conroy to take her advice, a function Conroy describes as providing moral support. "You get nervous," he says. "A short story reveals itself over a couple of months, the long form requires more faith. The danger was that if she got too tense she'd make the prose too dense, introduce too many complications. But that didn't happen." Phillips had faith that if she followed the material ("being led by a whipper," she has described it) and wasn't destroyed by what she found, the book would come together.

"She was worried to show it to her mother," says Lewis. "There was a lot of trans-

me, but she finally did."

Phillips' "My parents said, 'But that's not what happened.' Well, of course not. It's not supposed to be what happened." Sam Lawrence traveled from Delaware to Dutton, and Phillips stuck with him. When the witch finally finished, the wizard took over. "We did our work," he says. "Advance buildup, a lot of proof copies to the readers. I met with the marketing people and told them to make this a Literary Event. I went to the charts, but it was the month-end pop stores, the serious independent bookstores, that really made this." Dutton printed fifty thousand in hard-cover, extraordinary for a first novel, and took out a huge ad in *The New York Times*.

And Phillips prepared for the worst. "After *Black Tobacco*, people expected a language-oriented book that reflected the same observations. I expected to be reading."

Merlene Danner is both an oral history of life before World War II and a faithful account of growing up in Belington/Buckhannon—a delicate weave of voices, feelings, and dreams. The theme is time, or timelessness. On occasions, timelessness begins to chime and when, and suddenly we're airborne, rising above the miserable West Virginia mud and hurtling into myth. There's an astounding section in which Phillips tells us what were mainly her own sensations of childhood, conscious of how trapped her mother felt—the heat, the sighing, the solitude. A young girl lies in bed, frightened and free-screaming, and out of her parents' loneliness springs her own animal reckoning.

The bottom door is shut, a lock clicks. Danner lies down, hears the heavy sound of the moving bed, the first mechanical splash of springs, and no other sound at all but her father's breath, harsh, left hand. At moments she turns to the black forest of sleep. Danner hears her mother, her father, to sleep at an emptiness no emotion they could describe through a like state. Just night and then she speaks. Oh, it's just she says to me one. Danner must doze, completely, freely, into a dream she will know of her life. The love, loss of her mother's voice. Oh, it's just now it does from the eyes. In the cloudy air, winged words strike out and up. They are linked and long selected. Her father and father powerful, their eyes are turned and their bodies out the air, along the road to prison. The horses are dark like black and white with a black shadow. The minute was fast in the air to get higher and Danner rises to stay with them. She touches herself because that is where the pain is, she holds it, red, red, breathing and in the dream it is the horse pressed against her, the right hand, pumping of the hooves as the animal shifts. The father and the mother, the mother that comes in women and women must be like a father.

But transcendence is also a loss of tragedy, the creature too by tracks the brother in the book, fully, to the parables of South-

east Asia, where he finds himself making bonds on people he can't see, for reasons he doesn't know, with weapons that put in touch between him and his enemy as possible. (In the best sense of this century Joyce Anne Phillips's home state has lost more men in battle than any other.) Merlene Danner has been called "one of the wisest students of a generation to grapple with a fear that haunted an art," but at heart it's the story of a family that can't make contact. And the two strands—the political and the personal—connect. The novel ends with Billy's sister looking out into the world so that somebody she might pull it all together, sense these desperate events as view into one great tapestry. And, as we know, she did.

People who are writers live apart in some sense," Phillips says. "It's a way of dealing with a kind of intense loneliness, of trying to knock through the boundaries of your own personality. It's like wearing an asbestos suit; it allows a kind of descent into experience that you could never undertake as a personality." Joyce Anne Phillips is even, but she's not liking anybody. Writers are jealous of their experience, it's their dowry, and much of their lives they spend sifting through it, eyeballing their jewels and weighing them against it. A candid and unselfish reading of *Black Tobacco* and Merlene Danner will tell you all you need to know about Phillips: the story and the higher stuff too, more than she'd ever tell you in person, maybe more than she knows. After all, you know her observations.

Merlene Danner is her wing of the moon. The book goes and notices that, as the reader, are known as bits in the air. Pocket books and \$100,000 for the paperback rights and there was a movie sale to Jessica Lange, who's adapting a western, *Shogun*. But, perhaps more important, at the Upsher County Library on the outskirts of Buckhannon, a library told me that out of five copies at the novel, one has only one more than a year later, still as a shelf. "Everyone loves it," she said.

And *Black Tobacco*?

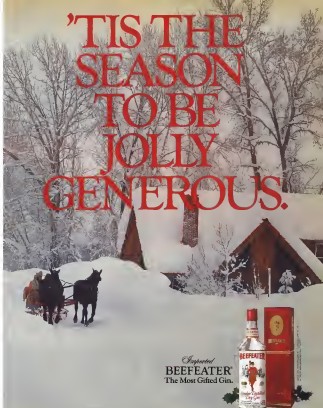
Page: "The reaction to that was...not good."

"No more because of the weird sea and the shadow, wasn't it?"

Page: "They say Jessica Lange is going to make Merlene Danner into a movie. Wouldn't that be something?"

They're proud of their "golden girl" down there. They weren't a few years ago—"She broke the rules," someone told me—but they respect success, and Phillips has turned Buckhannon's story into America's story. Perhaps they'll never put a sign up on the highway like the one in Marion County, between a Buckhannon and Morgantown, notice or many 1000 signs, one column, one column. But Joyce Anne Phillips is around for the long haul. **G**

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Art & Letters



Mount Fuji
Taken by Smolan
(above) during
the Japan shoot

A Day in the Life of Rick Smolan

BY JAMES RESTON JR.

ON JUNE 7 AT 4:00 A.M., Yoko Katsurawa was already in the hotel lobby, bubbling with excitement. A sunny, bouncy woman of twenty-nine, she was Rick Smolan's translator and general, all-purpose go-to-girl, and on this morning, the morning they had been waiting for for six weeks, she was to put her very first helicopter journalist in the cockpit of Smolan's March and Victoria, which was published by Magnum.

rite. It was natural that Sirodin's operation would have a Yukio, for her sometimes matched his own, and for years he had been photographing people in her across Asia, making them smile in Yukio now, with his quick smile and his sense of fun. As we piled into a cab he presented her with a small quick-film camera to record this morning, when the sponsors had come to his house.

By 4 PM, we were about empty Tokyo streets; the light was up and it was clear. For days Sirodin had been turning aside the subject of the weather. He was planning on rain. It was a good psychological bet. After all, June 3 was, technically, the rainy day in the Buddhist calendar cycle, when seldom rain in Japan was properly awaited. Two days before, clouds hovered over Kyushu. Officially, the summer rainy season had begun, but a few hours' rain out of the eight could see Sirodin's gods would move unknowingly to rain his day. But it was clear, clear. We could not believe it.

So he leaped to other matters. "I'm going to live it. I'm not going to get a picture in my own book. If I don't get a picture in my own book, I will get a picture in the book it completely empty," he insisted. "I'm sorry, the book was *A Day in the Life of Japan*, and for Sirodin it promised to be the most interesting book that his company, Day in the Life Inc., had produced. The concern had already done that successful photography books: *A Day in the Life of Australia*, in 1981, was followed by similar books on Hawaii and Canada. All had sold well—Hawaii more than seventy-five thousand, and *Australia* more than 100,000—plus a number of picture books, which in a genre said to end up in a study for the photographer and his mother.

The concept was brilliant. It proposed to give a hundred of the world's best photographers in an album, up to the studio, to spread them across the breadth and into the interesting areas of the place, and have them all pay their studio board over a specific twenty-four-hour period. Their work would then be brought back in a 240-page, quality coffee-table book, and one of the hundred photographers, no matter how famous in the business, were guaranteed a picture in the final book.

If Rick Sirodin could pull off Japan, he could make a special device. Asia had changed his life. At the age of twenty-four, he had traveled to Tokyo on what was supposed to be a four-day photography assignment to take pictures of the grade Tokyo Police Department. The four-day period had turned into eleven months, in Tokyo, followed by two years in Australia. Since he moved here, Sirodin's career had taken off. His pictures appeared on eight *Time* magazine covers, a measure of his success for any photographer, and he had made a second agreement in National Geo-

grapher as a girl working across a desert in Western Australia with four camels.

When Sirodin was in Australia, the idea for the Day in the Life books had taken shape. To him, the country was a landscape version of America fifty years ago—prairie, motorcycle, and human. It had taken two years in trying the farming for *A Day in the Life of Australia*. Between photography assignments, Sirodin had knocked out a suitably modest manuscript of complete drafts. He retained a special fondness for the first book because of all the pain that spawned it. Hawaii and Canada had been less difficult. The Hawaii project was put together in four months, the Canada book in three. But his credit in the last two had been as business ventures and as friends. Sirodin felt in his heart that the Hawaii book was boring and the Canada book still wrote so. But if he could pull off Japan, he was sure it would be, by far, the best of them all.

As the president of a potentially multimillion-dollar enterprise, Rick Sirodin cuts an unlikely figure. His shoulder-length curly hair, receding glasses, and long legs give him the look of a young Munchie. It is in the head and the knowledge of his own America fifteen years ago. But the source of the flower child is this: he has a laugh and a solid business sense. Yet for all that, he maintains a mindfulness of his fun. This is disarming, and it is essential to his success.

AT THE AIRPORT ON MAY 17, 1982, three helicopters were arriving on their rotors on the pad—one for him, one for the executives of American Express and Apple Computer, and for the NHK television crew. Did I know how much it cost to hire one of these helicopters? Sirodin asked me. Twelve hundred dollars an hour. Did I know how much it was costing her? asked the television trader. Twenty copies of the book. The delivered his answers with the same sense of amusement with which several days before he had remarked, "It's fun to spend a few dollars."

We ran through the morning haze. Far on our right the towers of Shinjuku cut angles through the purple light, but we would be far above the artificial strip of Tokyo where we were going. Sirodin laid out his lenses and filters on the seat beside me. "I used to get into a trance when I saw these pictures, but I haven't done this for a while," he said as he fiddled with his equipment, the businessman reverting to the photographer. "But I'm always amazed at how fast it comes back. It's really easy for me now to have to think about what you're doing and about the camera. But for the first time, it was so automatic."

Behind us, the two other helicopters moved into formation, and with the windows open now, Sirodin shot a number of frames just to get his engine cranked up. The last few shots were the discovery

Across from us the NHK cameramen now dangled his legs out of the open door of his chopper, filming Sirodin as Sirodin photographed him. It should make for strange and ironic footage on the Japanese night news, I thought. Here was the top up-courtesy of the million-dollar enterprise, the sleeves of his pink button-down shirt rolled up, hanging out of a helicopter, was down to the early-morning chill. He was a casualty, all right, in this country where size and color, formal dress and custom were accepted in the business.

We were going rich now, significance to the media event. For his book, Sirodin was to photograph Mount Fuji. For its visibility, news and for the largest documentary of its broadest history, NHK filmed Sirodin photographing Mount Fuji. I saw there to write about Sirodin photographing Mount Fuji being filmed by NHK, and the local press had taken note that I was being written about. We all did off one another, groups and fans for one another, within media, and, as we did, the event grew larger, and we grew more bloated.

It is a rare two-minute shot that is so short. One wonders the most likely next steps for the Sirodin enterprise, but Mexican officials heartily and the Sovieta too interest after Chernobyl's death. Then word came that American Express in Japan wanted to take about a Japan book. The word had been passed four years before, when Sirodin approached Amex to launch a traveling exhibition of his *Australia* project. While this had not worked out, the company did provide modest support for a similar touring exhibit of his Canada pictures. But this was about the Japan. American Express was not the place of choice. Sirodin's job was to persuade the company to undertake the lion's share of *A Day in the Life of Japan*. Trade in, he would argue, would get the American Express card on everyone's mind.

As a business proposition for American Express, the Day in the Life book was brilliant. American Express would sponsor the project, but not in the usual fashion of, say, the museum, where the book would expect to get a handsome return on their investment later. Rather, Sirodin offered publicity, and a lot of it. A company's imprint on one of his books would be something like a company's name on the winning race car at the Indianapolis 500.

Central to the process, and it has evolved in the last five years, is not a book but an event. The very presence in one spot of one hundred internationally known photographers from the world of journalism, fashion, and advertising, competing with one another for the best shot, was so automatically interesting. It would generate enormous press attention. The residents of the chosen place would be particularly curious, and they would be the chief market for the book. With Australia



The photographers spread across Japan to capture it in twenty-four hours.



David Cohen (above) tests his strength against a sea of cameras. Sirodin's business partner for the Hawaii, Canada, and Japan books, Cohen signed up Kodak to provide the photographers with free film and processing for the Japan project. Left, Japanese schoolchildren supervised with Disc cameras, which were also donated by Kodak; the company sponsored a country-wide photography contest as well. A selection of the photographs taken by the children appears in *A Day in the Life of Japan*. Top, photographer Blake S. Wroble with workers at Nippon Shokubai, who are preparing hotels, popular Japanese board houses.

Hawaii, and Canada, the residents had reported nearly 100,000 the distributor. The *American Express* initially sold the book at a parking lot, causing a five-hour line-up of cars. In the first three days of its availability, more than ten thousand copies of the book were sold, and it moved with out the buyers knowing what was in it. The overall goal was to ensure that the book would sell, no matter what the camera.

When Sirodin arrived in Japan he was told that he would have a decision from American Express in three days. He waited a month for his initial go-ahead, but it was not until late. Living temporarily in the Otsuka Hotel, he began to line up other sponsors. Japan Air Lines agreed to provide the transportation for the foreign photographers for free. The Tokyo Hilton agreed to put them up at a much reduced

rate. Apple Computer offered offices at the Atsuka Twin Tower Building, and in the States, David Cohen, Sirodin's oldest nephew thirty-year-old business partner, had signed up Kodak to provide free film for the project and to process it free. Kodak also agreed to sponsor a country-wide photography contest in camera-strapped Japan on the shoot day. Kodak's sponsorship would amount to about \$350,000.



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From the start to the finish, the **Canada** project was done in three months.



Clockwise from top left: Ken Sakuma, a production assistant, writing photographs with Ed Reed of Magnum Photos; Dicky Nikita's self-portrait, against a barrel hockdrop at Niagara Falls; Ludwig and Renato Schenckel of Societalese, showing the postman the catch of the day.

In mid-April, American Express agreed to underwrite the project. By the time all the sponsors were brought together and all of their direct and indirect contributions were tallied, the figure in the press releases was \$3.5 million to make our 200-page photo book.

In David Cohen's eyes, what he and Franken were doing was "revolutionizing" book publishing. "Normal publishing

houses cannot begin to afford the kind of promotion we will receive," he told me. "We have garnered the marketing resources of five major corporations behind this project. And these companies have no financial stake in the book." It could begin to imagine who might make some money. In Hawaii, 30 percent of Hawaiian households had bought the book. If the same degree of "market penetration"

were achieved in Japan, it would mean 950,000 books sold.

The shoot day was set for June 7, only six weeks from the time American Express agreed to back the project. That was half the time they had had for Canada, and this was Japan, a country of exquisite complexity and the first of their countries where English was a very foreign language. As the Event began to build, time

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Arvid Duggins (top left), the picture editor of *Time* magazine, shows off his hair skills. Outside the Wave (top right), a photo in Waikiki, Dana Fisman sets up a shot. In Sandy Beach, Brian Scott Massey demonstrates the new art of wave jumping.

More than ten thousand copies of the **HAWAII** book were sold in only three days.



He came from an unexpected source. American Express began to get nervous. Questions came to Smolan and Cohen about their business plan. Who was in control? How would the book be marketed, advertised, sold? With as much as its money involved, American Express demanded a say in the marketing plan.

The problem was real. If the *Day in the Life* books ever became the self-serving

tools of their chief sponsors, the photographers were sure to drift away. By its insurance upon control, American Express was threatening to kill the golden goose. With the backing of their publisher, the Scottish firm William Collins Sons, Smolan and Cohen threatened to drop American Express as a sponsor. For their books, a sponsor was a sponsor, not a participant, and a leap of faith was required. In due

course, to everyone's relief and surprise, American Express came around.

A month before the shoot day, the staging for the Event had become the top priority. Public interest was still solid, and in some cases approached downright unrelenting. American photographers had acquired a reputation for being the pickiest lot of the entire journalistic community. They were the "animals" of the media, who had

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Arranging the funding for the **Australia** book took Smolens two years.



Clockwise from top: Alisa Weisk and Susan Meiselas, at the Sydney Opera House; Greg Heaster with Providence Tashert, whom he met and married on the trip; Raymond Kaelila, a Rapa Nui Island aborigine.

only contempt for local custom. To disrupt this intimacy, Smolens and a group of his associates went to see King Kamehameha, who headed an institution called the Foreign Press Center. The meeting would prove to be unforgettable.

The session was getting under way politely, with the customary bows and formalities and opening statements, when suddenly a piercing voice came over the

loudspeaker, announcing an earthquake warning. The Japanese, aware that it was a drill, continued to conduct business as usual. Minutes later, a severe earthquake hit the island, and the noise subsided abruptly. A fire had spread to the hotel room. Kamehameha, unperturbed, continued to speak and ask questions. The day in the life of Smolens was a blur of strange encounters, leaving that they would burst into laughter.

In the outer offices, people were scurrying about frantically, shouting apocalyptic comments at one another. "The fax has now spread to the sixth floor!" the loudspeaker exclaimed, but Kamehameha carried on without a flick. Before long, firemen appeared in the outer office, carrying axes and wearing their long coats and flapped silver hats that suggested Tokugawa samurai. Finally, they too left,



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This picture was taken in the manual mode, with a Nikon Extender super-wide angle lens, between f/11 and f/16 at 1/500 second. Exposure compensation of +1/3 stop. Flash fill and daylight filter. Not so simple.



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and these was silence in the vacant offices. The meeting went on cordially and lastly for another long five minutes. The disturbance was never acknowledged.

"The biggest problem we face in doing business in Japan was when we tried to be like the Japanese," Smolin told me. "If we are invited as Japanese, we said, but if you are an outsider, you don't write your own rules—no long to you don't act out to offend Japanese people. It's astounding how we worked through this process, making the process ours, one of which had to do with manners. But because we were foreigners and chose any manner, the errors were forgiven."

This very gall between the manners of Japanese and Americans would lead to Smolin's greatest public-relations coup and, in effect, ensure the success of his Japan book. An overture was made to NHK, the television giant whose network is the Japanese equivalent of the BBC. Wouldn't NHK like to cover the shoot day? As discussions proceeded, NHK was persuaded that our hand-picked photographers spent across the country was a unique opportunity for the network. Unlabeled by Smolin, NHK had for some time been searching for an event that would force its 380 affiliates to coordinate the coverage of one event. They needed practice, it was felt, for a monumental event beyond certain to come soon: the death of eighty-four-year-old Emperor Hirohito.

Furthermore, these aggressive photographers were sure to create an audiovisual sensation. From NHK's perspective, it would show how foreigners viewed the Japanese, but more important, the foreigners, with their strange ways, were bound to force the Japanese subjects into revealing reactions. Thus, Smolin's project might provide a glimpse into the Japanese character that Japanese cameramen could not get themselves. Before long, NHK had offered to cover Smolin's event on its local and national news programs, and to do a thirty-minute documentary on what took place on July 7. In cost and number of personnel, it was one of the largest documentaries ever done for Japanese television.

The association with NHK would design its affluence, however. Only four days before the shoot day, the network's board voted to withdraw support. The issue was that standard practice in the world of television—exclusivity. NHK had presented a line of fifty-five photographers they wished to follow with TV crews. Of those, they had expressed special interest in twenty and sought exclusive rights to film eight. To this, the Americans agreed. And NHK wanted Eddie Adams.

Adams was one of two Pulitzer Prize winners among this group of photographers, the picture of the South Vietnamese police chief shooting the Viet Cong soldier in the head had secured him legendary status in the industry. Thus,

Adams represented the celebrity factor, and he was assigned to photograph villagers in the mountain village of Adowa. But in the shoot day, he was not. CBS got more interested. In August, on the heels of a suicide riot at the end of the Pacific War, David Butler was going to broadcast from Japan, and the Day in the Life project might provide some good film footage, CBS thought. But they wanted Eddie Adams, too—and they wanted him exclusively.

With this embarrassment of riches, Smolin and Cohen now had two of the biggest networks of Japan and the United States competing with each other. Adams was convinced, and of course, he didn't care. So the partners possessed three stars to CBS, told NHK, and waited for the reaction.... It came quickly.

That night, Smolin and Cohen were called out for a photography symposium in the chief producer and chief cameraman of the story camera documentary arrived, very solemn-faced indeed. The meeting was tense and brief, for as the Japanese perceived it, the Americans had broken a promise. Suddenly, the prospect of partnership between cultures dropped away. NHK had been offered exclusive rights and had committed its resources upon that assurance. Now, at this late date, it was told that it could not have two of the photographers most important to it. Adams, said chief producer Nakamura, was "critical" to the concept of his documentary. If they could not have him, NHK would almost certainly pull out.

Cohen handled the negotiation, consulting with Smolin as his words were translated. He tried to old rule: CBS's interest was good for everyone, he protested. After all, the two networks were not competitors. "Can't you help me to make it possible for both the networks to cover the story?" he pleaded. What was the idea of two out of fifty-five, anyone? The Japanese were not moved. They claimed to want Adams, as if he were a prize to be hoarded over from one network to the other at high noon. To Smolin, Cohen passed a rule: "They've got us by the balls. What can I do?" There was only one thing to do: to trade. What if NHK got one star exclusively, CBS got another, and the two networks shared Eddie Adams? For by, after all, was a national (how international) treasure. Nakamura looked at The motion picture cameraman and almost immediately, and the cultural barriers rushed back in. There were more and more cameras and without hundreds of all around.

From his first solicitations to businessmen five years ago, Rick Smolin had always retained this potential behavior that the "America photographers" would come to Australia or Hawaii or Canada or Japan, but, he never had any doubt. He was one of them. These projects had the air of an old-boy clubhouse to them, and photogra-

phers are by nature a congenial group.

Smolin often thought of his projects as a huge party thrown for his friends. But only several days does it take to attract a Smolin's convention could mean losing considerable money: they made anywhere from \$200 a day for journalist assignments to \$2,000 a day for corporate annual reports. Being with old friends for a few days wasn't much of a haul.

Smolin was sure they would come for another reason. His concept for the Day in the Life book had grown out of his own disenchantment with his profession, and he knew this disenchantment was widely shared. There is a certain sense among photographers that they are the slaves and pawns of journalism. But to these photographers, the Day in the Life projects were the first when "an accomplished skill gets to be a real photographer," as Bill Finner of Time put it. And sometimes, after one week, the photographer comes to realize that he is really a sensitive artist after all. After eight years in the business, with more magazine covers and bylines to his credit, Rick Smolin had looked to the world that he was taking the same picture over and over. It was the head shot of the prime minister or the rag-tag soldier with an AK-47 in a stark-two country: clean but static and dimensionless pictures over which "copy" could be laid. The "beauty of the magazine" always deserted. To make pictures interesting, or "editorial," was to risk not having them used.

Out of this frustration, Smolin and several friends had formed an agency called Contact Press Bureau, viewed by Magnum of the 1980s, where Herb Ritts, Brian Aronson, and the friends longed to work the very Life magazine photographers used to operate in the old days, working all the time on a quest of a rich story that would then, in the current economic world, they felt, where words came first and pictures grew out of as already written text, classic photographers came a dying business. Among Smolin and Eddie Adams to the agency were David Burnett, who has been at the top of the business for years, Douglas Kirkland, whose glamour photos include Marilyn Monroe strapped in a shirt, and Anne LaBerge, at that time a *Life* magazine photographer whose book of portraits had become an international best seller. So Smolin was one of them, and what he had done for their profession was appreciated.

When the photographers began to arrive, from the Amazon, Beirut, Nicaragua, from their command New York station, Smolin deflected their challenges. "If you come back with the same picture that we've seen at a hundred airline magazines, you're not going to make it into the book. We want something different, something fresh, something we haven't seen before." This was a tightly complicated

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[illegible]

As we left the suburban precincts and approached the first stage of the Chichibu Mountains, there, for beyond, the visual cliché emerged in the morning mist, perfect as it had been captured in a million photographs before. Senzai was beginning to feel the weight of his own writings: "If no picture of a kamuro or a geisha girl makes it into this book, I won't be disappointed," Mausu Fujii roared out the requisite of clichés, but he had not mentioned it.

He didn't like to know what he wanted now. The idea went back to the dustbin page spread that Susanna's cousin, David Bursell, had placed in the *Australian Book Review* had flown to Ajana Rock in the Northern Territory accompanied by a second small plane, and the photo had placed the second plane in a white speck against the luminous archer of the rock. Now Susanna wanted to do something more, talking for a moment another of his warnings about how not to be noticed after a while: to follow one's own track. With two photographers for his pictures, he would fly to the mountain, the second in the sky, against the mountain, the sky, while the still visible full moon would decorate the sky on the opposite side of the mountain. *Ryo*.

In the soft early light the paddies below became hazy, and the white snow rose to the glaciers of the mountain ahead of us, speckled. Against that, the dark folds and shadows contrasted, and Smoler's meter averaged the scene. What could bring the mountain down? He played with his scope as he traced soft contours for Tokyo to relay to our column, not while he

reorganized his entire

• On the Los Peñasquitos corporate photographer Greg Hensler—known for his sculptural pictures, his laud clothes, and his General Toso glasses—had had a slight interpreting mix-up: He had been assigned to photograph the giant squid fishing boats, which lit up the ocean without lights at night time so brightly that the glow could be seen from the space shuttle. On location, Hensler was presented with a little squid that glowed.

• At a Buddhist monastery on a mountain-top not far from Kyoto, Matthew Northington, who is a chemist as well as a



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photographer, had worked hard to establish a relationship with the distinguished hard rock. Upon his departure from Mount Heron, after photographing a smoky Gorge rufus, where passions were written on sticks and burned, Naylor was given a poem of appreciation by the rock: "and then asked if Mickey Mouse and Ken Kesey were still playing in the big leagues. 'Giving up sex and booze is one thing,' Naylor told me later, 'but certain concepts are sacrosanct.'"

- In *Krista* itself, National Geographic's Josh Cohn had established an equally solid relationship with her subject, a teenage snake in training to be a pet. Cohn had put her emotional subject to bed that night under a Michael Jackson poster.
- Drip: Misha was raised permission at Disneyland in Wynnwood to shoot Mickey Mouse with his head off, eating lunch with chemists.

- In Tokyo, Mark Wester was having trouble of his own. At the same stable, he had ordered Chippendale (who a week later won the Sento Tournament at Madison Square Garden and who was having his hair braided) to move over five feet, and his translator refused to translate.
- At 4:38 p.m. at the prime minister's residence, Nakasone had emerged for Doro-

Burnell's benefit: Wearing an apron that advertised Wrangler jeans (the PM never misses a chance to plug foreign goods these days) has not done him a bad thing.

erotic display, he lay down for a moment, by an oval that had been erected in the garden, nibbled a few Brussels sprouts, a painting that was presumably his own creation, posed Napoleonic-like, standing three quarters to the camera, with palette in hand and a bit of puff in his chest, and was gone at 4:53 pm.

Elsewhere, a search went on for some inspired glimpse into the eternal.

• In the Ginza, Japanese photographer Nobuo Nakamura was fascinated by the old cinema complex the Shochu, which had some

young against the Axis, who had come to the same corner week after week for twenty years to advocate the revitalization of Japan and the restoration of the emperor to his former power. Could a photograph provide an insight into such extraordinary scenes?

And in *Naniwa*, the dissonance painterly face of seventy-year-old Hiroshi Hamaya, the giant of Japanese photography whose book on the Snow Country had rivaled Japan in the 1960s, was constraining monks before the Todori Temple. If Hamaya had a mild disposition, it was that Shashin-sha's editor, Shigeo Kawanishi, was the ancient saint of Japan, but he told people must love their own eyes. "A few days before the shoot, Hamaya showed me his needed, small-sized Leica and spoke of his assignment: 'I am in old Paris in old place with an old camera,' he said sincerely. He hoped in Paris for an old-looking picture that reflected the present, not the image of the past and the past of the image. The old Japan was this, was it? I asked. He laughed. 'A photograph is a photograph,' he said. A hint?

Meanwhile, at ten thousand feet, we were taking our last night turns against the glaciers of Papi, where the snow filled the entire window space, and it seemed as if we were about to be engulfed. Simola had a few scenes yet to deal with. He liked the way the light was coming off the pumice at two thousand feet, and he set his gages so the reflection would burn out the center of the frame and leave the houses on their edges only a shadow. To the eye, the scene was a dazzling jumble, but with film and lens and filter, the unnecessary information was cut out, and the effect was

By late July the book laymans were speeding to Japan. Among them was a dog-

the-page spread of Mount Fuji, bright against the fiber-drenched sky with a helicopter suspended as if it were floating in space. "It was exactly what I wanted," Snodden said. ☐

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Meanwhile, at less thanonal feet, we were taking our last light turns against the glaciers of Pegg, where the snow filled the entire window space, and it seemed as if we were about to be engulfed. Simons had a few scenes left to test with his film. He liked the way the light was coming off the patches at two thousand feet, and he set his gages so the reflection would burn out the center of the frame and leave the houses in their copes only a shadow. To the eye, the scene was a dazzling picture, but with film and lens and filter, the unnecessary information could be edited out. The photographer needed to be the documenter

By late July the bank laydowns were speeding to Japan. Among them was a box

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Two cases involving insurance claims **PAGE 127** **INSURANCE**
 10/1/83, Vol. 10, No. 10, p. 107. The article discusses the
 impact of the new insurance law on the insurance industry.
 The article also discusses the impact of the new insurance law
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HOLIDAY KNOW-HOW



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With dances that are energetic, eclectic, and very often outrageous, Mark Morris has joined the ranks of the veteran choreographers

Arts & Letters

"A gay acts alone onstage in a sploit chair, tells you his life story, then flicks his hands a couple of times to let you know it's a dance." That's how twenty-nine-year-old choreographer Mark Morris describes what's wrong with a lot of current modern dance. "Mark Morris," meanwhile, is how the major dance critics are describing what's right with it.

In red sweats and a T-shirt, Morris is leaping over two folding chairs in the raised bleachers of his modest rehearsal and performance space. It's located on the top floor of an ancient two-story brick building in central Seattle's old-new district. The ground floor is occupied by the Mori World Store of Books, a masculine order whose members—in this case a group of old black Seattle men—follow the credo: Sex and power through brotherhood. Morris is watching intently from the outskirts of his own creation: 100 dancers, to the notes of Bach's *Concerto for Two Harpsichords*, making by in diagonals that cross—nearly cross—at center stage and then soften into wisp-arching circles. In one hand Morris is holding a olive cigarette and in the other a beer—taller than a tallboy and all silver like a cannon shell. There are two more ready in a paper bag by his chair. He doesn't look much like your average dancer, more bag-boned and outsize than willowy and long, and the dark rounder-lengths that he never bowed about his shaven features and dark eyes in performances are gone. "One and two and three and . . ." Morris shouts over the Bach, which is blaring from a tatty, post-rock-cum-bass box. *Chorus*—he is in a jazz and he has promised being in New York

Mark Morris
bared only
the New York
dances since
1994, and
the audience
poured in
immediately.
He's been
called
everything
from a spirit
animal to
an over-the-top
character, a
postmodernist,
but most
often the
same as one
thing: he
loves his job
and he
loves his
dances.



PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL GOODMAN

Footloose!

by Charles Siebert

were about twister dancers and tea parties, and we just danced and sang for hours. It was great. It's not a performance versus a theater dance, but that's where dance comes from. They're just basic human movements, which I like to incorporate into my choreography. People like to see other people run around with each other and interact."

"What I love more than anything a people playing around just fast, but I always remind my dancers that it's not decorative. It's functional. I've designed what's supposed to happen to the movement but in the moment, instead of like random dance, meaning, which drives me crazy—you know, like there's something over here and it's there and it's over there and look back at it. There's a lot of that kind of behavior. Much of modern dance is like some movements are so fundamental like all the movements are in place only other dancers can understand. There's so much really bad anthropological performance art happening, where you think about how you feel when your teacher is doing it, and it's something. It's stuff I'm sure the artist is very interested in and concerned about, but it doesn't matter. It's really not enough to dance around for twenty minutes and expect someone to watch it. There's no responsibility to the art. You have to build something; it has to be attracted and thought out, and it has to be interesting to watch."

AT A REHEARSAL MORRIS' studio, the daily to-die-for images let for the sad and anarchic skeletal series of Shostakovich's Sonata for Gita and Peace in D. Then from the left, he steps, the dancers, all at once, arrive again in a coordinated flock, the compass of their expeditions, arms, and lower legs the only visible references. They arrive as though from miles away in broken-down troublemaker's motorbikes—the first dancer passed forward, and he bowed to the head of a second who's being painfully weighed down by a third hanging from her waist, and that dancer's limp held in turn by a fourth who pushes against the floor on her back with her feet perfectly aligned to the whole group, so they're not. Behind them another another bedraggled movement in a different but equally pathetic configuration. Dance arrives, they all collapse into themselves, one in sequence from left to right, slow back, hunched against the audience, and then turn in unison to face us. As the piece unfolds the first few notes of the sonata's haunting theme they start forward, like some ghoulish chorus line, arms straight down at their sides; all at once in the same still, from head to toe, as though they're setting in dance and pulling themselves along by the front legs. And just as your eyes settle across this strange assemblage, it's reassembling again, becoming now a swirling row at

windward, branches and now, with all of them bunched on the floor, a string of linked bodies that turn and suddenly open up as in a long-legged photograph.

The whole amazing sequence (Morris calls it the Night of the Living Dead Section) elapses in less than two minutes, reconfiguring colors, movements and musical themes, establishing new ones, and ending the piece's conclusion. The dance is never an exposition of the music but rather a compelling exposition of it, a whole new contrast made of sound and motion. In Morris' dance, as in other Morris pieces, it appears that the dance is designed to be slightly outside for the performance space: as you're watching the dancers before you, you're away, too, of those who have just disappeared, still present, in thought and addition. And at a final select practice in the dance of the same, from behind a wall of curtains are gathered from somewhere somewhere into a human circle that when it runs the stage is thrust pulled out by the head of the choreographer until, finally, in a far corner it steps away and one dancer, like the two girls stage of the whole cranking sound, is left, spinning, the vestige from which whole new sequences of movements will form. If Morris' dance is not for the passionate "What's that supposed to mean?" mood that a modern dance can sometimes put you in it's because there are more interesting things going on. They engage you in so many different ways—intellectually, the pretty visual surfaces, like dancework, that Morris constantly occupies space with the very clear connections between the dancers' changing movements and those of the music, and the constantly shifting connections you find yourself making between a particular pose or sequence of poses and a personal memory or emotion.

When Morris asked me to write that Morris carried in his head for some time what he calls the Piece Piece, a kind of mechanical head-and-torso act with both arms raised wide above the head. Morris says Morris says he has to do this concept just usually give me to get and motion in his mind, and he's constantly scribbling their down on napkins or trying them out on his dancers in rehearsal. He doesn't use a set system of dance notation and analysis, and he gets particularly intense in the period between first teaching his dancers and his dancers' acting alone there, as though the steps might disappear before they get them down. "I can't stand it for a while," says Morris. "I make up the steps and then they're all in the dancers' heads. They're the archives, in a sense. There are certain pieces that I have made how I made up anymore. I just know what they're supposed to look like."

His dances are not pretty in the traditional sense. There's a lot of squatting and sliding around on the floor, a feeling of

oppressive gravity and purposeful awkwardness, of trying to take off into acrobatic ballet, but being the choreography really great like to the whole floor, but occupies all the dancers equally. "I try to get rid of the obvious of the dance, because if you see in the music rather than the look of the action," he says. "I see that modern dance is on its face again—I don't give people a reason by giving them a reason. I mean, I'll take it into consideration of their mother's going to be in the audience, but I think the necessity of my dance—and there's a lot of it—is that they should change dynamics and speeds and directions but and completely, and that's a virtuosity I like to watch instead of standing on one leg for a long time or jumping up and down. I try to design moves that have to be constant every time to maintain some kind of balance or a rough edge, so it can't be anticipated. That's what drives me crazy the most. It's anticipating the moves as you can see what's going to happen next. I want every dance to be a total surprise whenever it shifts gears."

While Morris may have very set ideas about what makes a good dance, it's a body of parts, including his own, as to which the ideas he doesn't might come from. Along with his pieces to Vivid and Hush he has set dances to the country-gravel songs of the Louvin Brothers and, recently, to four songs by the Velvet Pictures in which his dancers do short things with angled baby dolls. His work displays what might be called a healthy eclecticism. Both Balanchine and Bartenieff (Bartenieff is acknowledged influence) for all his eclecticism to the modern-dance country, so his Balanchine, who is choreography for preservation, being so well acquainted it resolves every sound, as it to the early moderns such as Doris Humphrey and Mary Wigman, but he tells us, you for hours about the best work—your modern, modernist experiments of contemporary such as Merce Cunningham, Lucinda Childs, Lorna Dunn, and Kenneth King. For him, it's all part of a tradition, a vocabulary of dance that he can draw freely by his own work. "There's a great Deborah Hay piece I've only seen photographs of," says Morris, "where there are four women lying on the floor with their arms out and the dance was suddenly close on the other side of the room, pulling them around by a rope. I think that's great. I love that stuff. But that's now a historical period, and I have that stuff lively because I'm interested in it the more my I'm in other dances or street activity. It might not be a dance, but it's the element of a dance."

Morris will also tell you that while the complex constructs of classical music inform his choreography, none of the costumes of Hans-Balthus and Will Dwyer. Is Contemporary Weaving After Robert

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Merzler. Morris exuberantly borrows the gestures and the path of swirling to create his own black comedy of sequential repeated pounding and landing in a void in one sequence, which Morris calls *The Death Fight* (two female dancers, each held sick by three other dancers, are brought to the floor in a huddle. It documents the death of a dancer, but it is not a blow scoring the victims with the support of their corners into stage-left, rolling tumblers or rubber-ball bounces. "It's just like it cartoons," he says excitedly, "where you get hit in the face and you go up at the air and then you float to the ground like a leaf. That kind of thing is what I love to watch. It's so satisfying to see somebody get hit and go up and down the world, and come back covered with stickers from all the different countries."

[illegible]

McNair's *Adams' Eve* left a lot of discomfort, a minor ache, one every five minutes if pressed. He wants to choreograph some of Berni's music and reread Hawthorne's songs, one in particular about "A Shaker's Prayer at Chatham." About the trip, he says, "I'm not sure my grandchildren traveling in a snowstorm to see him will stir me to say, 'And they visit him,'" says McNair, "and he can't get outside, so he looks out the window and sees his trees glowing, and it's Christmas time." McNair says he's not sure he's doing choreographing a sampler dance piece inspired by *Edwidge* and *Wings*—a book he likes, and the season's trend at all moments during choreography for rock, modern, Broadway shows, movies, or whatever. He says he's not sure he's doing it, "I want to do this for a long time," he says, "and I'm not sure I can do it." He says he's not sure he's doing it, "because I'm not sure I can do it."

and it's the only thing I feel I do well. I'm a terror otherwise. But it's not like I got an agency and couldn't dance anymore so I decided to become a choreographer. My mother took me to see the *John Laroche Company* in Seattle when I was nine, and I knew. I actually knew that I had to make dances. I didn't do all of this to become a social-dancer, a romantic choreographer. I just started making dances, and then suddenly it's not just dances of the dancers who are coming to see them."

MR. MORMON'S PERFORMANCE above the Mount Washed Song of Dolly had just been ended, and a full crowd came to Mark Mormon's entrance and bows. By now, the terms, names of Seattle known as the "Mormon" and a real Mormon shows he all kind out, and the local papers have been endorsing and interviewing him. He works long. On coming right the Kings County Arts Commission filled the front row center of the balcony and balcony. The first act of the evening had been a first act and another tall and had no an sidewalk in front of the stage performing space's history change, had driven two and a half hours south from Vancouver just for the show. And everyone he been invited to meet and see the show. He had been invited to classical houses, Fraser and Merble's, and a piece called Shogun's That Trail & Shogun, choreographed by the London Ballet—a dance given to a more literal meaning of the lyrics and to musicals, duplets and a modern dance performance. Seattle has also seen its Mark Mormon: appear in his underwear with a pair of legs over his head to dance a solo in a 100 ft turn-of-the-century "garlic songs" that sound like a 19th-century song. He was a 19th-century. The first is about the "Dance of the second is about a dance—not just any, but the one we'll never see a poem as lovely as—and the last describes the end of a perfect day, dancing which Mormon flaps his arms and legs and his head. He thought he'd been sent up with perfection a little too long. While it is a funny dance—especially when Mormon, midway through the song, darts off, utters a word about backslapping, and returns to the other side. He is a 19th-century. It is also somewhat girly and sad.

Scotfield's wasn't quite sure what to make of Moore. Pleased that he's famous and from there, they remain a bit wary of his proclivities for the peculiar. Mary seems content just to house a celebrity without having to get involved with the particulars of what he does. The afternoon before the second night's performance, Moore had stopped by—more like worked through—a popular local seafood restaurant at the height of the lunch hour. Wearing gold-and-black plaidy pants, a gold-and-black turtleneck-pattern shirt, a bristly mustache, short coat, sunglasses, and

dals, and white souks, he sent the pleasure to table-long whispers and double-takes. When everything settled down, a woman seated near Morris leaned away from her lunch to ask if he was it, in fact, himself, and he smiled and said "yes, he was, and she, in a stammering manner, expressed how nice it was to have him home and then went back to her meal. Morris, doing as he intended, asked her if she was aware that his group was currently performing, in town. "Oh, no, I didn't know that," she

[illegible]

usually dream the same things—the dreams briefly even deal with each other, only with their backs. Also, I see so many dreams that are kind of about people doing things, and I realize how those things fit into my life. I realize how each thing fits at the time. I just need to be a little more of the jumping-around-kind-of-kind of jumping—the jumping-around-kind-of-kind of jumping. I'm called Lacey because that's the name of my mother's dad, which she carried around forever. When she got in trouble, it was the only thing she used to be comforted by. Lacey and I were friends—this is not a joke, I was her friend. I was the only one everybody knew. She had a few friends, always with it like it's the only thing she loved and the only thing she could punish when she got punished, the only thing she had power over. It's not pretty, she wanted to make the dance real ugly. I don't realize you happy is what, and that's fine. It's my decision. And that's just what I give.

New Mexico, in the same green sport coat, perley pants, sandals, and white socks, dashes out before the Friday night crowd. Gurnah but graceful, he waves his arms, smiling; everything about him says, he's happy to be back home. And Seattle, especially, is so much closer to him. The week

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evoke his world.

When the atomic age was still a crawler, Ray Bradbury wrote a story, "There Will Come Soft Sons," about the end of the world as displayed in a California house of the future. The family had been disintegrated by a bomb blast; the five house-chirped away with automated voices announcing the time, date, and various reminders to the empty rooms. Two things the story provided: a good scare, and a comment on the dual uses of technology. But why did Bradbury write it? (I might as well ask for a moment: The year is 1950. You have concluded that nuclear weapons will destroy the world. Do you write, go mad, march Washington and Moscow, start a price party, dig a hole? No. You produce a work of art that is not only solidly to reach, much less influence, the world's potential human readers but in itself offers nothing but a decorative and innovative statement of a cosmological fear. Oddly still, if Bradbury truly believed that the world's nuclear war was why he decorative or innovative at all?

Why do it? One does not need to live in the age of the bomb to ask that question but it helps. John Milington Synge wrote *Deirdre of the Sorrows* in 1907, he knew, knowing that he would die in a year or two but trusting that his play would have a life of its own, the effort must have felt worthwhile for that. Young artists today, deprived of Synge's assumptions about the future, are deprived of his consolation; yet they too plow ahead. Why do they choose this tangled way to live when there are so many more orderly and profitable lives to pick from? If mind, they might ask back. What else are they to do? They like to paint, sculpt, dance, direct. They would spend their time on other very exact if assured that tomorrow all their houses would burn like Bradbury's.

And yet, why do it? Picasso lauded the question. "If only [those who asked it] would realize above all that an artist works of necessity. Where necessary? Art feels compelled to make art. Fine. But there is more to the matter than that, since not only the artist but the world's need is involved. If history has always required the building of houses, it also has always required the writing of poems. "Why do it?" means "Why is it done?"

Bradbury has something to do with this answer: the deterministic experience of beauty to the world. James Joyce was annoyed with World War I because it got to the very of the publication of *Ulysses*, but the world was generous enough to embrace both the novelist and the war. Yet while wars change races, governments, economies, lives, the perception of the creation of beauty changes nothing people readily can see, at least not for more than an instant. Beauty's value, the reason it matters for itself is experience, probably has more to do with some than that, with change. Painters and musicians can, draw or lack, in a pleasant sense of the term. *Nurellis* turned up of stories.

Butter then, depending on the teller's eye, beauty has a continuity on which people have learned to depend. Certain tastes and tastes change, but artists have always been changing. George Berkeley believed that "the eternal decay of our personal energies does not destroy the natural value of objects, so long as the same will endure itself in other words." If that is so, the continuity of beauty and of human nature are allied, and artists in all the periods of history—creating the end of the world—were driven by similar energies. Leonardo and Rodin took. *ROGER ROSENBLATT is a senior writer of Time magazine. This is his first piece for Esquire.*

new art as acts of both inevitable forms. Since you called beauty a manifestation of lived in the world.

Understanding part of the answer, too, the desire of the artist to understand the world by way of art, the desire of the world to understand itself by means other than science, logic, and so on. But the artist's attempt at understanding the world are the same: each reducing and organizing experience to something manageable. But with art the operation is more mysterious. The artist is often the last to know how or why his work turned out as it did, and retrospective self-analysis usually fails him. Edgar Allan Poe wrote a brilliant explanation of how "The Raven" came to be written that in other instances of deliriousness. Robert Penn Warren was most straightforward.

The only poem to write I was born

in need

Myself be written because of

memory, or eye

The answer is the world, so long, not

words, I may find

If perhaps I forget, it might catch

me by surprise.

Such surprises frequently come in the form of images. Most artists could not argue at an abstract understanding of a subject if they tried all their lives, but they can go to the heart of things with the speed of light when hit by a fragment of conversation or a certain note as a coat. Joan Didion described her father, as an undergraduate, to deal with the world alone. "My attention would necessarily be drawn to the specific, to the tangible, to what was generally considered 'the peripheral.' That attitude creates a kind of alert passivity in artists that looks to outsiders like vulnerability but is really arrogance. Artists believe that the truth of matters will simply be disclosed to them in due time by symbols decaying to stand up the front walk, knock at the door, and introduce themselves. Only then is clarity most happens."

For what appears a heightened process in method is cool and rational in intent. Artists know where they wish to be even if they have no sure idea how to get there. Virginia Woolf saw her yet-to-be-written novels living in a show in the distance, waiting for her to come to them. Artists may say of a certain event, "There's a play or a story what," but what they feel is that the play or story exists already, like a buried city, and they are expelled to unearth it. The response to "Why do?" often sounds a lot like George Meloy's answer about Charles Mount Everest—"Because it is there"—with the essential difference that an artist's mountain changes shape as he climbs it. Art as understanding is art as the process of understanding, which may be why the best artists look perpetually shocked or confused.

Affection, too, explains why artists do

what they do—affection for objects, dogs, women, people. Not that the best things in art are not generated by pure hate, but that the hate inevitably turns affectionate as it moves from impulse to art work. Revenge is a wonderful motive for the artist because it gets the blood boiling. But no important work will ever be produced by the urge to get even, since the pleasure of getting even must exclude the substance, which cannot show the artist's particular life. Good writers lose every value they create: those dealers, rapists, the lot.

This has nothing to do with kindness of spirit or evenness of temperament. It is a strictly business. Art actually requires affection for life; affection imposes one's concentration. Yet artists are often accused of being cold fish for their personal afflictions, and that is true, too. George Seurat, as chronic Stephen Sondheim's Sunday in the Park with George, would never lose the woman he loves but neglect his painting. In the play he is putting the first touches on a man's lapel. The woman wants his attention. He explains to the audience: "You've got to touch the hat." Does he love the hat more than the woman? Definitely. The hat is art. So where is the affection for life? It is in the life as art.

Five months after my father died, I published an essay about him and our life together. His only mistake I wrote that piece to put his death in perspective, and I said they were right, because such an act would sound normal. In fact, I wrote that essay because I wanted to write something beautiful, so powerful was my father's death to me. I felt that I could make art of the event. Not the death but the desire to write made me work. I assumed my father in private, whose I loved him. In the piece I put him to use.

Affection for art is a form of hope. Art wants life to be better than it is, not more virtuous, cleaner, dreamer, more certain of its lines. In Sunday in the Park, Sondheim at the real-life characters who he has been pursuing for his painting, whom at times is when they he believes. Their normal, human chaos, behavior, and to take their orderly positions in his painting. Once positioned they are cleaned, not comfortable but beautiful. Thanks to Seurat, they are also immortal. The artist's affection is for the life he alone sees, the life he wishes for and breathes into every corner of the world's mess.

Still, he has hope in life apart from art as well. Artists appear to control life, so trap living things as their compositions. In a sense, they do, it is the only thing they can do when faced with the wild variety of the world. But before that control begins to assert itself, they are overwhelmed by the world. It washes over them, leaves them sucking for air. So many things, moving so fast. Frustration excites them. "What else is there to see?" What else is there? Make it new, they tell themselves

They believe it moment.

Beauty, understanding, affection, hope is that the answer to "Why do it?" It certainly sounds like an answer, but all the balance and pursuit of an answer. But by the time such a response is composed, it is already to some degree false. It is the art of an answer, something like the truth but not exactly, a copy of the truth. One reason it is difficult to be wholly truthful about art is that art is not really concerned with being truthful to people. Art's truth is due itself. It is absolutely honest with itself. Even in the age of outrageous banality, an artist worth anything, even as much for outside approval as for the stillness in which he is alone, the dead silence, with his words (notes, colors). The artist and his work face each other like women strangers. No one can get between them.

What they have in common is everything in the world that is seen, felt, smelled, touched, heard, imagined, thought. History needs art, art needs no history. What may art rely on but the real things of creation? Hard back chairs, crossed legs, hands, bodies, straps, bodies. These things matter so much, their preservation matters so much. In some strange, muted sense, art, which so often stares at death, does not believe in death. In fact, it believes that it can hold death off by mere resistance, the soldier buying the time, the composer at the church, the mother of their bodies preserved in the things they make for no other reason but to see them made.

Thus the Broadway story, which refines an even theme. The story is called "There Will Come Soft Rains" after a line in a poem by Sara Teasdale. The poem is recited in the empty house by an automated voice under the assumption that the family is able to listen to it.

*There will come soft rains and the smell of the ground,
And silences circling with their
alternating sound.*

*And days are past going with night,
And solid glow lives in translucent white.*

*Robots will wear their feathered fins,
Whisking their wheels on a line
Just now.*

*And not one will know of the next, not
one
Will care at last when it is done
Not one would mind, neither bird nor
tree,
If mechanical perished utterly;
And Spring herself, when she woke
at dawn
Would scarcely know that we were gone.*

The world may perish, we say, as they write poems. What poem is the artist, or the world may perish. ☐

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Science & Technology

CRITICAL FINDINGS, LONG-RANGE FORECASTS, FINAL PROOF

THE 1985 Register

NONOLES



Starley Thompson:
*"I want to get a world good
enough so that people
will know how dangerous a
nuclear war would be."*

Lyn Abramson Radically redefining depression
Richard Axel, Thomas Coch,
Robert Horvitz, Richard Mulligan,
James Rothman & Gerald Rubin Secrets of the cell
James Blinn New color for outer space
Arthur Cohn Archaeology in a wet suit
Charles Fefferman Pure math's elegant thinker
Corey Goodman New insights into the nervous system
James Gusella Attack on deadly Huntington's disease
Alan Guth &
Paul Steinhardt Explorers of the inflationary universe
Daniel Hillis Man and the thinking machine
Marguerite Kay A scientific fountain of youth
Yik San Kwok Brain surgery's helping hand
Russell Mittermeier Saving the ape
Bruce Rosendahl How the earth moves
Eric Schrier The demystification of science
David Soren Unearthing the new Pompeii
Jeanette Thomas Deep-sea linguist
Starley Thompson Nuclear weatherman



HENRY GRETHLE

DEB. & SHIRTS

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HONOREES Science & Technology

Lyn Abramson
Psychologist
Madison, Wisconsin
Born February 7, 1950



It's a good thing that Lyn Abramson is a cheerful person, because she spends her days and nights plumb-ing the depths of depression. As a psychol-ogy professor at the University of Wisconsin, Abramson's revolutionary investigation of the nature of depression has helped change the way the condition is perceived medically. Her theory carries the popular title of "depression-proneness," what that means is that

depressed persons often (but not al-ways) have a more accurate perception of events around them than their nonde-pressed counterparts. Closely connected to this insight is her finding that depres-sives tend to blame negative outcomes either on themselves or on uncontroll-able, unchangeable forces, while non-depressives blame them on changeable elements outside of themselves that are specific to each situation. This work has already earned her the American Psy-chological Association's Distinguished Sci-entific Award for Early Career Contribution to Psychology.

But it's only the beginning. What Abram-

son has now is "a concept in search of a disorder." She and several colleagues are trying to find problems in the composition of clinical depression, some of which are biologically driven, some cognitively, and some by an unknown combination of the two. This work may eventually yield a proven theory about what causes depres-sion and the way depressives view the world, a theory that could corroborate sim-ilar theories currently being tested by other psychologists, and that eventually could be useful in clinical work. With a little luck and a lot of work, Abramson and her colleagues may yet turn learned help-lessness into mental health.

James Blinn
Computer scientist
Pasadena, California
Born February 23, 1948



James Blinn claims to be an average artist in the traditional sense. "All I can make on paper," he says, "is squiggles." But the cool beauty of his computer-generated simulations of outer space has probably done more to increase *Artlink's* interest in NASA's missions than any of the photographs sent back from the spacecraft. Blinn's ground-breaking "fly-bys"—simulations of space-craft flying by a planet—use computer

produced by entering astronomical data with information about how light is reflected by different surfaces. They have been seen by millions on TV, in magazines, and in newspapers. Since he began rendering computer graphics more than three years ago.

"In the early days I was involved in building up the techniques," says Blinn, who has a Ph.D. from the University of Utah in Salt Lake City. These days he's more interested in "using what I know to choose the educational level at this country." Blinn is especially bothered by "people thinking it's cute to bedumb" about science and math. With an eye toward correct-ing that trend, he is currently working



on *The Mechanical Universe*, a fifty-two-part series to be aired on PBS and used as a tool for teaching introductory physics.

Arthur Cohn
Maritime historian
Fairfield, Vermont
Born May 29, 1949



When Arthur Cohn decided to visit the murky waters of Lake Champlain twelve of which he and his team of researchers have studied over the last six years. "The legacy of historic shipwrecks here is the best in America," he says. Using what Cohn calls a "key survey"—visibility at the site is usually inches—the team of specialists recovered more than twenty-five thousand artifacts, including muskets, tools, pottery, and even old letters, from the *Beaumont*. Will passersby in the boat-waters of the lake the *Beaumont* one of the finest examples of inland shipbuilding of the era. Rather

years earlier.

The *Beaumont* is one of nearly sixty ships Cohn has located at the bottom of Lake Champlain, twelve of which he and his team of researchers have studied over the last six years. "The legacy of historic shipwrecks here is the best in America," he says. Using what Cohn calls a "key survey"—visibility at the site is usually inches—the team of specialists recovered more than twenty-five thousand artifacts, including muskets, tools, pottery, and even old letters, from the *Beaumont*. Will passersby in the boat-waters of the lake the *Beaumont* one of the finest examples of inland shipbuilding of the era. Rather

than raise the million ships, which an experience to preserve in open air, Cohn has created a curious underwater museum for divers. The graves of three historical ships are marked with buoys and submerged signs. "It's experimental," says Cohn. "A diver can just come out and dive down. We sink only two things. One is not to sink any timbers, the other is to have a good time." Cohn teaches diving at Middlebury College, and raises horses and sheep in the off-season. But his home is at the bottom of Champlain. "I want to make this my life's work," he says. "So much history took place there. And if it's not just local history, it's American history."

Alan Guth & Paul Steinhardt

Physicists
Cambridge, Massachusetts/Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Born February 27, 1947/December 25, 1952



The evolution of science has always been about challenging basic, commonly held beliefs. Just that's what MIT physicist Alan Guth and University of Pennsylvania physicist Paul Steinhardt have done with their extensions of the big-bang theory.

The traditional belief that the universe began as turbulent fire and expanded rapidly. Most scientific thinking has the universe cooling rapidly from its original hot state to the stable, crystalline state we know today. But Guth says the universe had to have passed through a violent intermediate stage, a "false vacuum" in which "vacuum pressure" propelled the particles of the universe outward with astonishing speed. According to Guth's "inflationary" theory, the universe expanded from a billionth the size of a proton to the size of a softball in less than a trillionth of a trillionth of a second.

Yet Guth's theory could not adequately

explain how the universe stopped inflating. That's where Steinhardt took over. But recent theories from a different branch called condensed-matter physics, he was able to show how large regions of the universe could crystallize slowly, halting the inflationary rush. Steinhardt is also credited with discovering the "quasi-crystal," a somewhat irregularly shaped and crystalline but that is a new kind of ordered atomic structure. He admits the calculations he used to arrive at his conclusions are complex but contends that the underlying ideas are simple—or at least they ought to be. "If I can't explain a concept to my mother," he says, "I know something's wrong."

Marguerite Kay

Immunologist
College Station, Texas
Born May 13, 1947



Marguerite Kay may have found the way to slow down the aging process. Her breakthrough began ten years ago, when, at twenty-eight, she published a paper explaining to a startled scientific community the exact number of cells that die and are replaced in the body each day. At the time, some scientists considered her work heretical, but Kay went on to support her findings by

identifying the chemical compound on a blood cell's surface that signals it out for destruction by the body's immune system. More recently, she perfected the process of "tagging" the location of the compound, known as an ancient cell antigen—a developmental she expects will eventually help "pinpoint control of the life span of cells." When that happens, Kay maintains, "functional" life can be extended by a decade or more. "This might mean people would be in relatively good health until age eighty or ninety. If the aging process of the cells in our body could be controlled, you would see a more active, mobile older population," says Kay,

who is both a researcher at the government-operated Texas Veterans Center in Temple, Texas, and a full professor at Texas A&M. Despite her prominence in the field—Kay has testified before Congress on the subject of the elderly—she still seems to have a sense of awe and risk, since most age researchers prefer to concentrate on a single organ or bodily system that acts in a unique way. But working apart from the pack, Kay's research has never concerned Kay. "Aging is obviously not 'unique,'" she says. "It seems to me that greater progress might be made by stressing and investigating the common denominators that make the process universal."

Solving the age-old problem of aging

Russell Mittermeier

Wildlife biologist
Stony Brook, New York
Born November 8, 1949



Russell Mittermeier saves species, whole forests of them. In 1977 he mapped out a global strategy for saving primates, one taxon of which is endangered. Since then Mittermeier has raised more than \$11 million to support some eighty projects, including major efforts to keep the tropical rainforest from disappearing at their current rate of more than twenty-five million acres a year. Mittermeier never wanted to be any-

thing other than a wildlife biologist—in a child he even had a jungle magazine in his basement. But when Mittermeier entered the Dartmouth anthropology department, he came face-to-face with his only major career conflict: reptiles were not studied there. Not to be deterred he shifted his focus to primates, a discipline subject within the field of anthropology. Today, as director of the Primate Program for the World Wildlife Fund U.S., Mittermeier is an international spokesman for primate conservation, but his concerns extend all the way to Borneo apes, who sometimes destroy the island's forests. "The message we try to convey to people



is that this is not an effort to save some little monkey," he says, "but that the forest is a resource that is essential for human survival as well."



Christian Dior

WEAR
ACCESSORIES
SHIRTS
DRESS

WEAR
ACCESSORIES
SHIRTS
DRESS

Eric Schrier
Magazine founder/Editor
San Rafael, California
Born November 21, 1951



Eric Schrier doesn't like to be called "the child-magazine guy." He's a magazine start-up, and for those with a fondness for periodicals, his list can only be good news. Schrier's magazine, *the National Magazine Awards*, is a first-class paper that while studying marine biology at the University of Oregon in 1975. Browsing in the library, he was struck by how impressively "advanced" the science magazines seemed. There might be a market, he reasoned, for a

monthly aimed at the kind of college-educated people who are interested in science but not on the verge of a Nobel Prize. The idea was so compelling that he switched a master's program in journalism at U.C. Berkeley, where, with the help of his friends and the money derived from the sale of his MG, he produced a prototype called *Nature*. By October 1980, the magazine appeared in 1979 under the auspices of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Schrier spent four years as the magazine's managing editor, during two of those years the magazine was cited for general excellence at the National Magazine Awards. Circulation even-

trally climbed to seven hundred thousand.

But it's starting fresh up, not grinding them out, that intrigues Schrier. So he may be assigned, moved back to northern California, and "turned myself into a columnist." His goal: to raise \$5 million for a new consumer magazine about medicine and health called *Appreciation*. Due in early in this spring, this project is "designed to deliver more than diet and fitness to the sophisticated by reader," says Schrier. "It's based more on an appreciation for how the human body really works, doctors as heroes and doctors as scientists, the wiles of sports medicine, how medical decisions get made, and so on."

David Soren
Archaeologist
Tucson, Arizona
Born October 7, 1946



In 1984, archaeologist David Soren was digging in southern Cyprus where he suspected the remains of a city that had been known in time for 1,600 years. A sophisticated archaeological site, he found the ruins of the city of Kition on the evening of July 31, A.D. 365, leaving one of the most detailed pictures of life in the late Roman empire. By interpreting archaeological evidence and historical accounts, the University of Arizona

professor definitively established this as the date of rise of the major earthquake in antiquity.

The quake hit quickly and residents of Kition had little time to escape its devastation. Because of that, Soren believes the site could be a rich for archaeology in the ruins of Pompeii. Among the remains was the skeleton of a girl about thirteen years old, her hands held to her head as if to shield herself. The remains of a horse or mule, still tethered by an iron chain to its trough, were found near the girl's skeleton. Soren theorizes that the horse may have prevented the girl from escaping the house. Her head was found facing the

west—toward the direction of the earthquake's epicenter. Also unearthed were bronze rings and lamps, a Corinthian capital, a marble table, and Roman coins. Soren, who also discovered one of the oldest Celtic temples at Manching in southern Portugal, expects the dig at Kition to continue well into 1987.

"When you are digging," Soren explains, "it's strange to come upon whole scores of things broken in positions of terror. It's an intellectual puzzle game to piece together what happened. What we're finding is that this was no local event, but one of the big bangs of antiquity, a true catastrophe."

Solving a 1,600-year-old puzzle, he located a lost city

Jeanette Thomas
Animal behaviorist
Kailua, Hawaii
Born March 23, 1962



When marine animals talk, Jeanette Thomas listens. The animal behaviorist is one of the world's leading experts in the vocalizations of whales, dolphins, and seals. Thomas has discovered, for example, that one species at Antarctica and speaks in something akin to doleitos, which vary by region of the continent. "This information has helped us determine how many animals there are in a certain area and the population's overall

health," says Dr. Wilkie Evans, director of Hawaii Marine Research Institute in San Diego. "It could make all the difference if these animals are ever in trouble."

Thomas uses a variety of methods to tap into the network of deep-sea sounds, she may drop a listening device beneath an Antarctic ice sheet, or tow an array of hydrophones behind a ship—a technique she helped develop. Such methods have enabled her to record the voices of seals from the Arctic to the Antarctic.

Recently, Thomas has been concerned with an issue of critical interest to the government: the effect of oil spills and oil-drilling sounds on marine mammals.

Thomas tested oil solvents that will increase the chances that waterborne sea animals will survive should a spill occur. Thomas is now based in Hawaii, where she's joined a U.S. Navy team of scientists who are conducting a study of dolphin sounds in Oahu.



Mapping the motions of sea mammals

CORDON NEGRO BRUT
METHUEN CHAMPENOIS

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THE COMPETITION IS GOOD.
WE HAD TO BE BETTER.



Rosendahl on the shore of the Nyangali Sluice, the boat's guard, tries his luck on Lake Victoria.

Guy Martin is a frequent contributor to *Esquire*. His latest, "Time of Day," appeared in the June issue.

Out of Africa, Bruce Rosendahl advances geophysical understanding of the forces that move the earth

Science & Technology

by Guy Martin

GEOPHYSICISTS live on Black Thrones, their heads filled with cataclysmic subterranean events. Think about it: they only see nanoseconds in the lives of the slow, powerful forces they care most about. They know they can't live a hundred million years to see how their favorite rocks turn out, but they spend so much energy projecting themselves both ways that for a time, that late at night they secretly believe they can live that long. I think this is at the root of their cavalier attitude toward human babies on the surface of the earth. The geophysical mind burrows instinctively down for knowledge, like an astrophysical mind in reverse.

There are two kinds of work in geophysics: data processing and data acquisition. To process data, you take computer topics to an air-conditioned room and sit at a terminal for eight hours, then you dump someplace for staging cold beer. It's a scientific fact—all geophysicists like cold beer.

Acquiring data is the opposite kind of experience. Here's how Bruce Rosendahl, associate professor of Duke University, acquired same: First he designed and built a seismic-research vessel that would fit inside a 587's cargo bay. It was the engineering equivalent of shoehorning a tractor-trailer to fit on one side of a two-car

Bwana Boom

and the Secrets of the Rift



The Ugandan port town of Lake Tanganyika. Boat traffic across windows around the narrow port house make the boat seem hyper-vigilant and a little hostile. *Nyansa* is only her worst.

garage. Then he took this boat and a few college students to east Africa, where he busied himself making serene profiles—graphical pictures—of the bottoms of the Great Rift lakes.

Rosendahl came up with a high-minded acronym for this method of data acquisition, to admit to raise funds as well as morale: Proto-Rift and Ocean Basin Explorer, or Project PROBE. It sounds good, but, like war, the actual work is not so much fun. PROBE requires nine tons of support equipment in addition to its eleven-ton boat. Disgusting twenty tons of racks around Africa is easier than dragging that much machinery, because the machinery brings all the mal-ware eight-thousand-mile supply line. Getting to the end of the supply line is what one does to get at the real job. Some serious courage it, the very largest corporations do it for money, and perhaps it's the rum that to remember about the professor who inspired he and some students could pull it off during the odd semester away from Duke. He had to be crazy to make it work.

Rosendahl went to Lake Tanganyika, a violent shakedown in the domain of western Kenya. He had a problem launching the boat there, because the lake is shallow and has a soft, thick bed of pelican feces for the first half mile from shore. He figured the only way he'd ever get the boat in the water was to blast a channel through the guano with a thousand pounds of dynamite.

He assembled sixty Tanganyika tribesmen to help him march the long line of explosives out onto the lake. The Tanganyika, a warmer lake, was not impressed with the volume of water and bird shit kicked up by the crazy white man that they honored him with a name. They called him *Bwana Bwana*.

Bwana Bwana and the PROBE people ignored much data up at Tanganyika. They

with her best governments, which are only too happy to oblige. *Nyansa* person's special knowledge about the structure of the earth. Sometimes that includes the location of oil.

It seems logical that ten of *Nyansa*'s eleven missions are large political-oil concerns. Although they do similar work as the oceans, they have paid for their respective pieces of this action without involving themselves in deception or extortion. This is because Rosendahl is an excellent salesman. What he sells them, for a cool million a year, is the idea that they're from young about their business all wrong.

The big news in earth movement is tectonics, the idea that the earth's crust is made of plates that are playing a game, slow version of demolition derby. The earth has believed this way for a few billion years, we just figured it out at the last twenty. Sometimes the plates both into one another, sometimes they get hung up pushing one another around, sometimes they rip apart. A rift is the result of a plate (or plates) breaking apart. Half the marks of the earth in the past's driving force, and what it creates elsewhere the movement down down. Some of our most successful rifts have formed into oceans, but even those very big holes in the earth may open and close several times.

It turns out that rifts, where very old rock is exposed, are often wonderful places to find oil. Many of Rosendahl's sponsors are either exploring for or actually producing oil in rift environments. The problem is that a lot of these areas are very difficult to understand because so much has happened to them. They have been studied by time.

For all of its twenty million years at work, east Africa's Great Rift remains what is called a juvenile spitfire, and so such it has great potential as a model. Its lakes are basically volcanic oceans, and its volcanic events occur within these vast, wide, lightable seas. Looking at a proposed actively static rift makes geophysicists to read the subtle characteristics of other rifts. It's like getting a close-up instant replay while watching the Super Bowl.

Rosendahl's piece of the process are what Amoco, Exxon, Mobil, Shell International, Esso, Conoco, Marathon, Petrofin, Placid (the Shell brothers), Pemco, and the World Bank are buying. At least, that's what Rosendahl said he was selling when he started. He would up delivering pictures of oil fields. "East Africa was within all twenty years ago by the oil industry," he says. "This rift was supposed to be for too young for hydrocarbons, but anybody who looked at the data closely knew that was a huge mistake. I knew it was a huge mistake when I came out." Early in 1982, Rosendahl proposed to take his jet-built boat and a moving rig pack of sensors out to produce a price-

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sional data base out of this very hard place. To this day he is mystified, not to mention grateful, that the sponsors took him up on it. When Amoco was ready, he and the crew headed for Lake Tanganyika. It's very, "I know the deepest basins were there. We found structures that almost certainly contained oil or gas, and the scale of the potential was very large, meaning potential great fields. Certainly bigger than the Gulf of Mexico is potential. Now the deep water here is a problem. If you look twenty years down the road, when production technology catches up to some of those water depths, the potential is very large."

When an oil company moves to acquire mineral rights to a piece of property, it is called, in industry parlance, making a play. When it occurs in a place that has not been explored, it is a frontier play. After Rosenfeld distributed his first batch of data, many of his sponsors began suddenly to play in the Great Rift, a proposed oil and natural gas investment of \$300 million in seven countries. Most of the companies maintain they had plans to do so before Rosenfeld figured he'd look at east Africa. But it's the unofficial rule of Big Oil: When the data starts to roll in, the cards start to get dealt.

The crown has become a gaming table. The principal players are as follows: Amoco is pumping \$25 million into Kenya and driving another \$25 million between Ethiopia and Tanzania, while pursuing concessions with Zaire. It has competition for its Zaire play. There is interest in Malawi and, despite substantial internal problems, in Uganda and Mozambique. In syndication, Mescon, Total, and Mobil have acquired Kenyan acreage for an undisclosed amount of money to be shared between them. Like Amoco, they say their interest in the southern extension of a much older rift in the Sudan and has nothing to do with their sponsorship of Rosenfeld. But the Amoco acreage includes Lake Tanganyika.

This geological hook has given Rosenfeld great confidence in his feeling base. PROBE is one of the biggest hybrids ever sponsored by oil companies and academics, two groups that have never been on the best of terms. One gets the feeling that Rosenfeld has taken across the academy for contaminating himself with industrial money. He says, "The kind of money we needed, and the amount of risk it involved, precluded us from going to the normal funding sources. The oil companies were used to doing things like this. Another thing you have to understand is that I don't really give a flying fuck what my colleagues think or say. I own a great deal about what the people I work with think, but I could care less about Joe Blow at whatever University."

With a last-year total of \$4.5 million in grants, Rosenfeld knows he's a good salesman, but his bravado goes beyond that. From the PROBE consortium's point of view, that's a bargain-basement price



Seventeenth-century galleys pop today. They're dredging the Nile, across north Africa, to Lake Tanganyika.

for high-fidelity data. "How can I put this?" says Rosenfeld. "If I suggest a place to go, I think the oil companies ought to listen. We're established our credibility for doing what people thought was impossible. Now we have to go forward or we don't go anywhere. There are some things that risk components in the Atlantic, and some major river systems that cut across rift basins, like the upper Amazon, and, here in Africa, the Zambesi or the Zaire. I believe I can find the funding for any piece of science I want to do. It's something I'm very strict about. You don't want to consort your science to fit the feeling, that's bullshit. Find the science first."

The main place Rosenfeld needs to find science is in his head. At thirty-eight, he is an intense, intense, intense, short and thick-set but with an air of being very quick, like a linebacker or a pulling guard. He has a few bad teeth and a galling gait. He has a few bad teeth and a galling gait. He has a few bad teeth and a galling gait.

Rosenfeld's been a little out of step since the start. As an undergraduate in the mid-States, he had "a social problem" at a certain university in New York State. It was the issue of pencils, and young Rosenfeld was caught a few times with a girl's pencils. The disciplinary committee invited him to transfer to another institution, no questions asked. He says he chose the University of Hawaii because it was as far away as he could get. Also, the boy was a better water rat than the Chaudhury Lala Singh in western New York. He wanted to sink his teeth into some kind of marine science.

He says, "At Hawaii the biologists put me to me to be a very busy camp collec-

tor, focusing on some specific or some little piece of some big ecosystem. I found very little charm in what they were doing. What I noticed immediately about the geophysics—made from just being there better—was that they thought about very big things in a global framework. And it was spiritually a lot more satisfying to look at the earth and say, 'That's what I study, that's what I do.'"

Rosenfeld was cruising the Pacific so research boats by 1970, which led him over the next five years to his specialty: plate tectonics and how they behave. He married, had two kids, got his doctorate at the University of California's Scripps Institute of Oceanography, and by 1976 he was an assistant professor at Duke. A year later he was co-chief scientist on the *Glasgow Challenger* in a cruise in the east Pacific. He made associate professor in 1981. The same year he took his first look at lakes Malawi and Tanganyika, which led to the rest of PROBE.

Rifts are convoluted in chaos, but within them, according to Rosenfeld, is a discrete and very complicated pattern. The pattern is hard to see because it is so big, occurring over hundreds and even thousands of miles. Rosenfeld describes it as three-dimensional. What he means is that even though depth and width are crucial, this pattern only becomes apparent if you look down the length of a rift, in other words, if we put back and think big. Rosenfeld discovered that the fault system is a young rift arrangement themselves in "fundamental units," large, circular-shaped basins averaging thirty by seventy miles in size. The cravens lie end to end like a chain of new and old moons, or across from each other like periwinkles.

They occur at different times, but neighboring cravens always face opposite directions, as if God had flipped them with a great switch.

That is how the earth breaks apart in Professor Rosenfeld's third dimension. His theoretical accomplishment has been to fit our perceptions so that we can see it. He says, "If you can accept the idea of chaos, that everything is crazy, then you've got a ball knocked. When you pull a piece of paper apart, it doesn't just move apart cleanly. It weakens in a certain place, and then another place follows, and eventually that goes up. What you have to consider is that with rocks, as single fault has great significance. It's the fact in terms of faults that takes on meaning. What I'm interested in is how those systems react with each other."

The Great Rift first asserted itself about twenty million years ago, and it has evolved into two distinct fields of play. The Gervais, or Eastern Rift, runs through Ethiopia and Kenya and into Tanzania, the Western Rift extends like a great scythe from western Uganda to Malawi and Mozambique. Currently these branches are making a pinning effort to join, but they remain separated by a high, old, and hard plateau of rock that neither of them can break.

Rosenfeld says, "East Africa is not another Red Sea, which opened pretty quickly, or another Gulf of California, which has broken off Mexico in just three to five million years. The one's been churning along much longer than that, which might suggest that it's going to fail. But might not Mother Nature's working very hard to break it through, and the might be successful. It may take another hundred million years."

VICTORIA NIANJA, ON LAKE VICTORIA, IS one of the largest of the east African lakes, 300 by 250 miles, a big, flat green puddle that the plateau that keeps the British coast Western rift from joining. Rosenfeld was fairly certain that Victoria held no oil and even doubted the theoretical value of the geology for PROBE, but he scheduled a three-month cruise anyway, with a bonus part in Kenyan Kenya. He explains, "Everybody knew it was a gamble, but there were reasons for believing that there could be old rift systems under Victoria. I felt we'd be scientifically wrong if we didn't take a look while we were here."

Nyanja has taken a week to work from Kasesa down to Mwanza. The double course homeward on the Uganda shore should not be more than eight days, but Nyanja's critical lack of space prevents her from carrying more than four days' provisions. To stay on the water for that customary two-week run, Rosenfeld's crew must use tenders. For the last three months, Nyanja has suffered the help of the Uganda's heavy fifty-footer from Ken-

"I assume you drink Martell."



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The Department of Wildlife and Fisheries Management is also helping a research school, but it was built in Mombasa, where the average sea temperatures at midday are 25 to 30 degrees Celsius. The Department of Wildlife has supplied its own crew, which includes several sailors who have never been on water. France, the equipment is a little common, but the scientists are stopping the research for a few days to help the crew. France discovered he made an endless sea per month than Daga's captain. He adopted a strategy of breaking and then repairing the boat to prove his worth. Rosendahl has taken over much of Daga's maintenance simply as a matter of self-defense, but out on the ocean, when it matters most, France has Nanyang by the short hair. There is a quiet time at sea, because France knows that success lies in making his sailors feel the success.

Always is ready to leave Nemus at 5:30. Jim McGill, the captain, and Ralph Rowland, the computer technician, pull the boat around and tie her to the Ugh's stern. It's a fairly smooth maneuver, but the boats lock rubbers together. The Ugh has an open cooking fire at midships and a greasy piece of fish stretched over the afterdeck, where some hull drains leak. This evening the fuel drains serve as a kitchen counter. Meat, smoldering satey blood through a maze of newspaper, rises

ages to attract flies through the stench of the deced there. Ulfite walks into the lay pulling Nysape like a small, robotic dog.

Nyanga works just two people a time and so accepts only four working passengers. The spotters for this cruise are Rosembath, McGill, Rosembath, and myself. Deb Scott, FROHE's shore liaison, will stay behind to begin arranging the move to Lake Malawi. Nyanga's next job Lucy Adams, a Duke grad student, and Jack Urm, a postdoc representing the Ugandan government, begin aboard *Omaha* but will rotate to *Nyanga* as we sail.

Always be sure to leave the extra-steps, not the harness, in place. The crew must approach like an echelon, always being off to one hand and foot on their railers, the eacheater. Our assignments are as follows: a rearview over, when we head the lake water into the tanks, a small refrigerator, and our bucket. By far the most important of these is the bucket. We wash our clothes, dishes, and when there is the minimum, ourselves from this bucket. We use it to collect water to drink, but there is an art to using the bucket to avoid the diesel slicks, kerosene residue, and human waste in the Diesel's alkali waste.

Inside, *Nyasa* is a creature of sharp steel. The cabin, or lab, is a cocoon of technology, an eight-foot-long aisle be-

Swiss two walls of equipment. On the port side stand a four-color radar screen and the log computer, a Texas Instruments DPS-V, called simply the Five. To starboard is everything else: gauges coming off the engine, oscilloscopes, a depth sounder, a monitor for one of the computer's channels, and the satellite navigation equipment. Hundreds of yards of shielded cable run along the bulkheads to and from the machines. Color-coded bouquets of wires dangle from the ceiling.

The catfish has a sour-doggy-onion smell with the smell of toes cooking not far away. The air conditioning brings the smell to a kind of cool green-captain-I imagine to be something like the air inside a Subaru sports car after a few components have just broken them out for the number of months since. Rosenfeld says, "One thing that disappears real quick around here is under wear. Not only is it hot, it's a great way to grow fungus on your balls. When the weather's good, we put our foot on a Ugg-it when it's not, we make do. We have

head, but it's being used for storage." He jerks his thumb at the bunk. "You sleep here," he says, "you shut over the end."

CONFIDENTIAL, WHO LIVES MANY THINGS IN the service of science, surrounds himself with people who don't look like they should be doing what they do. Roesler, for example, looks like somebody who might have

up people who work on computers rather than on the street. **Road**, then, is a brilliant character, a dragon infused on his right (except, he introduces himself as "Ralph Bismarck, jet-fighter guy"). His body, Mike, leaky and queer, with the dark, saturated drizzle of a true, gracie, gracie, gracie, Mike, like he's been off the road a while in South-Down. Two reasons, he'll be a cockroach-like, open and shut in a couple of local districts. These men have lived on Asmara for the last two years, and like parents or medicine men, they are the owners of previous ones, making the telephones that step into the crowd.

On our way out of Myanmar we pass the fishing canoes moored along the gulf and mixed-back letter on sails. The men work hard to get the nets straight in the late sun. The land is high, with tall rounded hills, their steep sides through the light-green skin of earth. The roads are so dense on top of the hills that they look like a dead man's tooth.

The plan for the next few days is simple: we're going to walk the southern shore of the lake from east to west, head north of the western shore to some of the Ugandan islands, then turn east and steam alongside below the equator to Kenya. It's a three-hundred-mile trip. Tonight we'll turn out of Mwanza into the Speke Gulf, stream to the end of it, turn around, then the tomorrow

We are rounding a place called Kawaga Point when the sun begins to set and some high cirrus clouds feather out over the lake from the Berengens. The Chukotka makes good time towing us at about 10 knots. Because *Nymphe* was built quickly and with such a premium on space, the engine is simply underdogged. That is because, like most Soviet-built boats, she was not built to last. As long as we've got a steady breeze, we'll cruise out to sea.

With Francis running his solitary grooves in the hill's ericene room, we straggle to two. About a half mile off Kawapit, under a lit white moon, Francis lurches *Utah* to a halt. We begin to drift slowly, lazily, toward the rocks. *Utah* coasts, braving forth a resonant mechanical burp, and we hear the engine murmur a few seconds before it clatters shut. Lucy Adams, whose job aboard *Utah* is to monitor Francis, leans in on the pilot-house CB. "Francis says there was a lot of noise and the alternator belt snapped, over."

"Tell Francis not to do anything till I get there," Rosendahl didn't really believe that will happen. He doesn't have a boat.

were already a day late leaving Kauai because we couldn't find the key to the Ukehi. We know now Francis had it all along; he just didn't want to leave that day. Also, according to Waddle and Polakows, he makes more money when he does on the water. That's paid the way it is. That's one reason he acted like at the start of a cruise, but I'll be damned if I can figure out why he tries to not off himself one

MARINE GEOPHYSIC RESEARCH IS A CLOAK to an amphibious warfare; it operates on the notion that sound travels through different substances at different velocities. Those velocities can be measured. *Myasaka* and other, larger boats hoist her elaborate machines for making their own precisely controlled earthquakes and then listening to the echoes. Because these boats must use an explosive charge or an air gun as a source of sound, and because they must travel very slowly and very straight, the work is called shooting a line.

To gain a picture of sufficient detail on a lake as large as Victoria, one must shoot grid by grid. Anaya has made three shore lines across the lake already, which we will connect by shooting one down the length. The gun crew east and west, like the stacking out from the lake into the Gregory Rib, or, geographically, like a finger of the rib offshore the lake in central

When she came by to pick up the rest of her stuff, I was waiting. I knew I should let her, but I had to give it one last chance. She saw me sitting there when she came in, but didn't say a word—just brushed by me leaving a hint of perfume in the air.

My favorite:
Our love song on the Kermoo!
Our favorite:
It filled up the house and it sounded great, really great. And she came into the room and put her arms around me and smiled a little smile and said, "I love you for that." And then she was gone.



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See Woods, *supra* note 10, page 308.

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villagers come from their huts to stand on the rock landing, watching us. They send two canoes of their strongest young men out to tell us this. McGill asks them in Soqotri where the hub is, and they smile. The fish, they say with great certainty, are in the lake, if we could just wait.

We can't wait. We begin loping the second line north to the most peninsula of Victoria's south, Rorabito. This is Niyapali, a fish palace of wealth on Victoria. We make good time to the Ugolian Inshore and the next day push up to the Sene Islands, the biggest archipelago in the lake. We shoot the line out to Kanchie proper but to the northeast of the big islands that finger it, called Wene, five miles south of the equator. We arrive at 10:00 one local time and, eating sweeties of lake fish with each breath, begin to pull in the streamer. Rorabito grumbles on the red net to the big reef, which grows with the weight of the cable. A splash on the streamer's lead section snags like a pistol shot. The red says in more of the streamer wash around it, and the friction from this is too much for the engine. McGill and Rorabito bring in the last quarter mile of streamer by hand.

Francis refuses to budge. Ughin, an uncle of 2, is not comfortable or sure to be riding in a slow, expensive boat off these shores at night, but it's worse to be sitting still. We move a little and stop again, near to Kame. Rorabito says evenly over the radio, "I would just like to remind Francis that this is a Ugolian, not a Kenyan mind we're drifting into here." He's thinking about the parties that work the lake around Zimbab. At 2:00 in the morning Francis pulls it together and we head east for home.

KAYAKERS MET AT THE HEAD OF THE RAINING forest to the ocean port of Mambisa. That used to count for a lot in the old days, when the goods came down from the Ugolian peninsula. It is a subterranean country, but the lower itself is professionally ugly. There is still much local commerce here, most of it in the hands of crafty Indian businessmen, and, because of the town's proximity to Ugolia, there is a nucleus of smuggling. PHILIP people spend most of their time looking up and down the main industrial dock, called Ghore Street, after Ugolia's ex-president.

Soon after our arrival in Kameira it becomes clear that the glaze assigned to transport the boat to Mambisa will not come through. The Red Cross has succeeded all the region's cargo carriers for the relief effort in K2 ranges and must likely to release them any time soon. Rorabito decides to renege the boat. He's been glazing this for a while, just only to escape his crippling dependency on diamonds like Francis but to enable the boat to participate in more complicated projects. On Ghore Street Niyapali will be granted a second engine will be added, and a few hours later, like

soon, will be installed.

To celebrate the renovations, the PHILIP people elect to have dinner at the New Niyapali Hotel. The hotel is a brandy pile, tracks on its Indian buffet every Thursday night. Afterward the locals take a turn around the big lobby to inspect the fat Lake-tribe working girls. Then the outsiders to have a drink at the small dark bar. In a large, chilly room behind the bar is the largest and shabbiest of the New Kameira's many shabby possessions, a snooker table.

This is a demanding field of play. The cushions have collapsed with age, and much stain shows through a papered, foot-long rug in the left down one side of the table. Sharing the warped and tippled house car, we begin a casual three-sided game of eight ball. Three Indian men stand in the room to clean the table for the next game. There is a pretty boy in jeans and high-topped boots, introduced as the snooker champion of the town by his smooth handler. The third one is nervous and does not talk. All three are drinking Cokes and chewing the skin of the mouse skins, the most common local standard. The handler says if we'd like to learn snooker.

Rorabito says of the room the left, "We call it the Great Red Valley."

The handler says, "We call it the Gutter of Kameira."

They do not want to bet. The snooker champion runs out to be not so hot, and in the second game, as we get used to the table and the rules, we are not so easy for them to beat. Then the room goes quiet and the queen still stands. In the third style the lights, and not the table, are covered. Balls change position when the lights go out. Then we lose several points by breaking rules that we haven't been told about. It's the same old stuff of any horse-pioneering, starting on a way, and after a while not arriving at all.

Rorabito tells the Indians to look for it, and that stage the game for a moment while each of us thinks about which of our opponents we are going to have to fight. Then the game resumes, even quieter than before.

Rorabito turns to put the points on the scoreboard. It has two little beam tracks, one below the other, with wooden markers that slide along the rows of numbers. Rorabito says to Rorabito, "Our score's on the bottom, right?"

The smooth handler is not happy, because we start to win. He says quickly, as usual, "Niyapali like the bottom, that is the way."

Rorabito smiles and says, "I'm in a sorry night. We're the bottom," and keeps smiling. It is not a lively smile and the Indian, being smart, is not comfortable with it. Rorabito lets him hang. He's not about to explain that his mind is narrowing down for geographical knowledge, that he's really thinking about rocks. **D**



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Starley Thompson's computer models of the earth's climate have turned weather forecasting into a long-term affair

Science & Technology

Starley Thompson is working on what is probably the most complicated single problem in the world, but if his the virtue of being easy to understand. A layman can appreciate what he is up against by contemplating a simple question—an updated version of the old philosophical query about whether a falling tree makes a sound if nobody hears it. Except that for Thompson and his fellow weather forecasters, the question is: What if a leaf falls in the forest and no computer is there to register it?

The falling-leaf scenario goes like this: Suppose that someday Starley Thompson comes up with the Holy Grail of his profession, a perfect computer model of the earth's weather. Thompson writes into this model a set of equations precisely defining the behavior of the atmosphere—how winds flow, how heat is transferred from one area to another, how clouds form and burst—which in principle seems attainable, because the weather is governed by relatively simple laws of physics. Then all his supercomputer—sitting in the basement apartment below his office at the National Center for Atmospheric Research in Boulder, Colorado—would model a global picture of the weather at a given instant. The computer could then

how it would change, and so on. His story on meteorology. When *Star 12000* first appeared in the February 1993 *Science*

The Forecast Calls for Cold and Wet, with the Possible Extinction of Life as We Know It

BY JOHN TIERNEY



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2000
AD

Slightly warmer throughout the world, possibly accompanied by fewer spring showers across the southern half of the United States. The world's average temperature will be at least 1 degree Fahrenheit lower than it is today in a patch of the midwest, the Thompsons, and the few thousand other people that are stranded in the burning of local fuels. By trapping heat, these pipes will have a "greenhouse effect" that warms the planet.

2040

Increasing warmth with only moderate increases in July and August. The average temperature will be 3 degrees higher than today, significant because a slight increase in temperature produces a far increase in the number of very hot days. Tokyo in Washington, D.C., during a typical July the high temperature is 85 degrees on two days. In July 2040, Washingtonians can expect one of those days. The official San Marcos pricing firm thought days of 85-degree weather—a hot week that could ruin a lot of cars—will be three times higher.

That same evening travel, though, means that the 20th winter will be warmer, and that there will be a correspondingly slippy and slick in the number of seventy cold days.

2080

Very high temperatures, less than the average temperature today. As the planet continues warming, the surface waters of the ocean will also heat up several degrees. Because water expands as it becomes warmer, the sea level will rise approximately one foot. Meanwhile, melting ice from Greenland, Antarctica, and glaciers will add another foot of water. Low sea will make for easier sailing in southern waters, a potential boon to transoceanic travel, but will have a catastrophic impact on the building of coastal cities.

2200

Continued heat. The hot waves, the average temperature is expected to be about 5 degrees above today's, mean being changes in sea level and weather patterns. The great waves, generally physical systems, and perhaps some biological benefits, as a result of the greenhouse effect. While it's true that hot weather and low rainfall may result in drought in some places, it's also true that carbon dioxide can also plant growth—and there will be lots of carbon dioxide in the atmosphere.

2150

Increasing temperatures possibly accompanied by shrinking beaches. If the West Atlantic Sea there has started melting, it might have changed another 10 feet, if water into the world's oceans.

2200

Even hotter, but still not as hot. The average temperature will be 10 degrees above today's. About the distance between January in New England and January in the Caribbean. In this time, though, the degree of local weather and climate changes in industry and agriculture will probably have reduced emissions of carbon dioxide and other greenhouse gases. Very slowly, the planet will start cooling.

2250

Date set for the West Atlantic Sea there is shrinking. A quarter of Florida and Louisiana will be underwater.

2400

Finally even warmer. By the time the most West Atlantic Sea there may have melted, making the sea level roughly one foot higher than today. More than 2 percent of the continental United States, as well as the rest of North America, will be flooded.

Water: With carbon dioxide emissions down, the earth will have cooled in an average temperature 2 degrees above today's. 3500

A cold spell begins. A periodic change in the tilt of the earth's axis, accompanied by a change in the earth's orbit around the sun, will cause winter winters and cooler summers. The tilt will result in a cooling trend, because more snow and ice on the ground will reflect more heat away. The cold spell will last for 100,000 years. Another cold spell will occur around 15,000 and 45,000. 7000

Ice age. Millions of ice thousands of feet thick will cover whatever remains of North America, Europe, and Asia. The earth, again, will be three degrees above the earth's orbit and sea level rising about an inch every hundred thousand years. 80,000

Continually repeated nuclear warheads can be expected in the next 10,000 years. 90,000

Plus

***** Natural Eruptions *****

It wasn't about the long-term climate, but every century or so a massive volcanic eruption will shower up enough dust to bring about a change in the climate for a couple of years. By blocking out sunlight, the volcanic dust will lower the earth's temperature by about 1 or 2 degrees.

***** Unnatural Eruptions *****

More significant than volcanic eruptions are the large nuclear wars occurring during the very early part of the period. First, they will cause global warming, because from a few weeks to a few months will be a fairly severe period of smoke and dust thrown into the atmosphere by nuclear fires and subsequent fires. Second, they will be the most severely as the nuclear bombs burn at the center—probably the North—hot nuclear nuclear plants. Third, they will be the most severe as the effects will be caused by the nuclear bombs in the center of the earth. The nuclear bombs in the center of the earth will cause a change in the earth's orbit around the sun, which will cause a change in the earth's temperature. The nuclear bombs in the center of the earth will cause a change in the earth's orbit around the sun, which will cause a change in the earth's temperature.

***** Eighty-eight Billion Years *****

During the eighty-eight billion years, you could think of it as a fifty-fifty chance that the sun will end in a red giant or a white dwarf. The sun, during its red giant phase, will expand to a size that will engulf the earth, causing the earth to be destroyed. The sun, during its white dwarf phase, will shrink to a size that will be a thousand times the size of the earth. The sun, during its white dwarf phase, will shrink to a size that will be a thousand times the size of the earth. The sun, during its white dwarf phase, will shrink to a size that will be a thousand times the size of the earth.



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calculate whether the cloud over Los Angeles is going to move over the Rockies. The Rockies outside Thompson's office. It could go on indefinitely plotting the weather anywhere on the planet. It could tell Thompson exactly what will be happening outside his window thirty days from now. This would be a spectacular convenience for Thompson, since he usually works with the blinds closed.

But now suppose that, when the computer gets its initial snapshot of the world's weather, there is one glitch. In its otherwise perfect picture of the atmosphere, the computer doesn't pick up one piece of data—a leaf fluttering in the ground in Australia. Unknown to the computer, the leaf is stirring the surrounding air, deflecting over so slightly the winds flowing by. These winds then affect other winds. Within thirty days the Australian leaf's fall has been felt in Colorado, and the weather in the computer no longer matches the weather outside Thompson's window. He'll have to open the blinds.

For weather forecasters this is a disconcerting leaf. Since it will not ever be possible to anticipate every falling leaf, every flapping of a bird's wings, the world's forecasters (at least the academically reputable ones) are reminded in the fact that they are never going to be able to make any weather predictions a month in advance. Two or three weeks seems to be the theoretical limit.

So why does Stanley Thompson worry about the weather in the next century, or eighty-eight thousand years from now? Why, if one wayward leaf can screw up the forecast, does he presume to predict what will happen after a thousand nuclear warheads hit? And why do so many people take his anxiety?

Because Thompson does in fact have a computer model—not a perfect one, of course, but a useful approximation. He can't forecast the weather for a day in 2080, but he does have a rough idea what kind of dangers humans can expect next century as a result of the coal and oil being burned today. He won't presume to predict the weather outside his window after a nuclear war, but he can make estimates for the Northern Hemisphere that are logical enough to inspire his academic colleagues and worry his President.

What Thompson's model shows is that the dust and smoke from a nuclear war would block out enough sunlight to cause a "nuclear winter" halfway around the world from the battlefield. The scenario has notably forced both the Pentagon and the Kremlin to reassess their strategies. Warning a nuclear war was one sense of its appeal if it means you freeze to death.

Thompson, who by age ten had built a weather station in the backyard of his Virginia, Texas, home, embarked in Texas A&M with the intent of becoming a conventional meteorologist. At A&M he

found himself fascinated by the insatiable opportunity in the field of meteorology. But instead of merely studying historical and prolonged records of climate change, scientists suddenly had machines that were capable of numerically simulating the process. A few dozen computer jacks developed a specialty called climate modeling. Its intellectual centers were the handful of government institutions able to afford the latest in supercomputers. One of the most prestigious and pliant agencies was the National Center for Atmospheric Research, funded by the National Science Foundation and run by a consortium of fifty universities. In 1977, shortly after Thompson arrived there on a graduate fellowship, NCAR got the world's latest computer, the Cray-1, capable of doing eighty million computations a second. Next year, NCAR is expected to get a newer Cray that does no limited rather calculations a second, and what the NCAR scientists would really like in the current champion, the Cray-2, which does twice that.

Thompson started fiddling with a global model dropped in to study what causes air to rise and go. He noticed that when the planet was heated, the heat warmed very slowly, because so much of the heat was absorbed by the oceans. His timing was perfect. Scientific communities were then worrying about the buildup of carbon dioxide in the earth's atmosphere, a consequence of the fossil fuels burned since the start of the Industrial Revolution. The carbon dioxide was trapping heat and warming the planet. Thompson was an idealist. Stephen Schneider, a world-class papers warning everyone to pay more attention to the oceans when predicting the next century's weather.

Then Thompson went happily back to his thesis and spent three years on project of no apparent practical value. To get his Ph.D. at the University of Washington, he built a model of the atmosphere involving about two hundred thousand variables. The computer program was twenty thousand lines long and took up six hundred pages. Schneider figured there are maybe five other people in the world who have been able, working alone, to build an atmospheric model of this complexity. It was intended to study something called large-scale waves in the atmosphere, which, as Thompson says, are "a fundamental but rather boring problem." Thompson himself can't remember the exact title of the thesis.

Yet it did serve some purpose. "It inspired me, you know, to show technological machos," says Schneider, who happened to be wheeled about by an impressive academician just about the time Thompson finished the thesis. In 1983 Carl Sagan and other scientists returned, and great interest, a study warning that nuclear winter would freeze the planet for several months and perhaps even eliminate

the human race. But their conclusion was based on a computer model of a planet that was a smooth, uniform sphere with the same temperature everywhere.

"I knew that Carl's group would be in a lot of trouble with scientists, and at the same time I didn't want the issue to be decided in a vacuum," says Schneider. So he visited Thompson and The two, and a colleague at NCAR, Curt Covey, wrote a program for a new model with land, oceans, hot tropics, dry poles, and different seasons. It took the Cray supercomputer a full thirty minutes to calculate the answer, which was that the global cooling envisioned by Sagan's group—in which the world's average temperature would drop by as much as 72 degrees Fahrenheit—was unreasonably severe. But while Thompson's model predicted global cooling effects, it also showed there would be devastating effects concentrated in certain areas both near and far from the explosion. There would be a "weather cauldron," bringing freezing temperatures for long enough to ruin all the crops in the valley below.

So the overall result remained a nuclear war could indeed freeze the people who started it. "The credibility of this problem has come in large measure from the work of Thompson and his colleagues," says the Pentagon is sufficiently concerned to have started paying most of Thompson's \$20,000 salary at NCAR so he adds thousands of hours of programming to make the model more realistic. By now Thompson is a senior research associate. He's either returned to the anguished theoretical questions that really intrigue him, such as why the earth didn't freeze more than three billion years ago, a time when the sun was 30 percent dimmer than it is now. "Intuitively, this kind of question interests me more than climate problems like carbon dioxide and nuclear winter. With the theoretical stuff you can get relatively clean answers to clean problems."

But somebody has to worry about the mess humanity is capable of inflicting on the atmosphere, so Thompson goes on refining his nuclear winter model, aware that he faces an ethical dilemma. "I want to get a model good enough so that people will know how disastrous a nuclear war would be. But if we could show precisely the atmospheric effects of nuclear war, then there would be a temptation for one side to use it as a weapon." Thompson has been aiding words to his model: "So we have a model which leads to show the effects of the came up with a precise answer it might only tell the general public and when to fire. Yet he also knows that he's not going to get an answer. "The atmosphere is too complicated to predict much, and that's what I happen to prefer with a nuclear war." He says, and that's the good news about that falling leaf. **Q**

Six men who work independently but together form the cutting edge in a field that gives new meaning to the word creation

Science & Technology

BY DAVID NOONAN

Beyond the Double Helix

The somewhat Clamwork-like elegance may be no longer than an ant's footfall, but it's making a huge impact on the world of genetic research. For now a double helix, but the double helix has evolved to a more cellular and genetic structure as the experimenters have a 6.22-micron laser pulsed above through light microscopy in a fully grown adult.

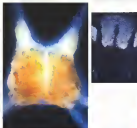
In the end, it is attention to detail that makes the difference. It's the center folder's extra two wings to the left, the soldier's memory for names, the lover's phone call, the woman's clear vision, the man from the boys, and, very often, the long from the dead. Professional success depends on it, regardless of the field. But in big-time genetic research, attention to detail is more than just a good work habit, more than a necessary part of the routine. In big-time genetic research, attention to detail is the very most and the god of the science. It isn't something that's expected; it is simply the way of things. Those in the field, particularly those who lead the field, see things in detail. They look in submerged mines of it, and haul great loads of it up from the bottom of an unseen ocean—the invisible sea of biological phenomena, upon which all living things float. Detail's rule over genetics is total and cruel. Months and even years of work have literally gone down the drain because of the most minor miscommunications. Indeed, perhaps the greatest discovery in the history of the discipline—the double-helix structure of DNA—might have been made by Louis Pauling instead of James D. Watson and Francis H. C. Crick. But Pauling's equations contained a simple mistake in undergraduate-level chemistry, a significant detail that is now part of the legend.

Each of the six scientists singled out here has made

him made by mastering his own particular set of details. One works with worms that are barely visible to the human eye, one works with fruit flies, one works with yeast cells, one works with mice, one works with sea snails, and one works with hairy primates.

When they are on the job, these six are deep in a subcellular matrix, a place beyond microscopes where the only light to see by is the light of vision. Getting there and succeeding there requires a rigorous application of what can only be described as scientific imagination. These men have that, and each of them has made a valuable contribution to the collective pool of biological knowledge.

Although they are spread out from one end of the country to the other, from New York to Boston to Boulder, Berkeley, and Palo Alto, they are all part of the same small world and they are all well acquainted with one another's work. They are leading and active members of an international scientific community that depends for its life on the constant accumulation and uninterrupted dissemination of facts, theories, and, ultimately, gossip. And at their attention to finance and management, they are like small businessmen; they run research teams of a dozen or so people on yearly budgets of about half a million dollars, money they raise themselves in the strength of their past achievements and the clarity of their vision of the future. They are world-class scientists, and though there



via has been coming to the famous compound for fifteen years and considers it a "home away from home." Everything about the place is first-class, perks included.

But Horvitz's rhetorical question about the life of a scientist doesn't have anything to do with perks or sunny afternoons, life continues. "Well, some people would say it's a stimulus addict, getting up every early and working until midnight" office or something like that, would take too many hours to explain most people would never understand it. One time I met a plumber's assistant in a job in Edinburgh, Scotland. I was having a pint of beer and talking to him and he said, 'What do you do?' and I said, 'I work on the beam of a worm.' How, try to explain that to him. 'Work on the beam of a worm?' Why would you want to work on the beam of a worm?"

Because if you bring to it the intelligence and enthusiasm that Horvitz brings to it ("Scientific research is more thrilling than anything you can imagine," he says), you might, like him, expand man's knowledge of the biology of development and become renowned among your peers in the process. Horvitz's worm is a nematode with the jaw-cracking name *Caenorhabditis elegans*. It's a tiny thing the size of a small piece of lint or dustmop. Its size and cellular simplicity make it an excellent subject for research into the genetics of development. "At this point we know more about this worm than about any other animal," says Horvitz. "We know every single cell in its body." Not only that, they know the exact order in which those cells develop—the cell lineage—and they have identified and analyzed a number of the genes that make the nematode what it is.

Horvitz, who earned his M.A. under Watson and his Ph.D. under Walter Gilbert, another Nobel laureate, has been involved in nematode research for more than ten years, first as a member of a team at the Medical Research Council Laboratory of Molecular Biology in Cambridge, England, and now with his own lab in MIT, where he is an associate professor. The work on the worm has reached what Horvitz describes as its third phase. The first phase involved a complete description of the worm's anatomy and the working out of the cell lineage. The second phase involved the identification of specific genes. Now, in the third phase, Horvitz and his associates are genetically manipulating and biochemically analyzing genes that control aspects of the nematode's development. After exposing whole worms to

harmful time treatments in a puff blowing, the worms die (the left is the control and the right is the treated worm). Horvitz then uses a microscope to examine the worms, which he identifies the genes of the worm's anatomy and the results about the nematode's development. Horvitz then studies these cells in an effort to understand the molecular basis for complex traits between each on a single gene.

he planning a successful gene transfer between worms, but now investigating the normal network of genes, trying to find the distribution of genes and the influence of genes on the environment. They are now, and they are using specific genes and genes with specific functions. The genes are now in research in a laboratory in the United States, where they are now in research in a laboratory in the United States, where they are now in research in a laboratory in the United States.



Richard Axel, New York, New York

chemical agents or gamma rays, they look among the descendants for mutants—mutants that are abnormal in shape, behavior, or development. Going in, they have "absolutely no idea what the mutations are going to be," Horvitz explains. But because they know so much about the nematode, they can analyze the mutants and then associate functions of particular genes with specific cells. Among their current projects, they are studying genes involved in the nematode's "developmental lineage." When these genes are mutated, certain cells behave as if they were at a different point in development than they actually are. By comparing the mutant worms with normal worms, Horvitz is learning how these genes work. "We mutate specific genes and look at the consequences on the development and behavior of the animal," says Horvitz. "And we can determine the effects of the mutations at the level of a single cell."

Sounds pretty good, especially with Horvitz's changing taste in as though nothing could possibly be more interesting or important. But hey, says the man in the street, so what? "We know about a bunch of mutant worms with blown wings? What do their deformed little bodies have to do with anything? For that matter, how do any of the primitive beasts these guys work with connect with human beings? Or is the point of it all to make life better for sea snail and post office?"

There are two basic reasons why advanced genetic research focuses on such an unglamorous invertebrate. First, it isn't possible to do the work with humans. Not only do obvious moral and ethical standards prevent it, but, strange as it sounds, it isn't even practical. For the kinds of research going on, human beings are too complicated—multicellular, multicellular and developmentally. These life-spans are too long, and they are too expensive to maintain. As donor partners they're great; as lab animals, they just don't cut it. Second, it is

believed that the general principles of genetics are universal, and that has proved to be the case so far. What is true for the genes of the mouse and rabbit models used in research is also true for the genes of humans. "It would have been a real mistake," notes one geneticist, "if somebody said, 'We don't want to know about the genetic code in bacteria, we want to figure it out in humans, because we want to study humans.' So though it might at first appear that these people have better off collecting than they ought to be choosing, they are actually choosing on your foot."

Richard Axel

Richard Axel is a 44-year-old, middle-aged man with the well of windows and the panoramic views of the Hudson River and the George Washington Bridge—an office he rarely uses, preferring one next door that is one floor the size—Richard Axel explains his induction. "I graduated from medical school, and the dean agreed to give me an M.D. if I promised to correct practice medicine or live patients. So I did a pathology internship. And after I finished, the head of pathology made me promise to serve practicing medicine on dead patients. So I went to the lab. Every week Axel's not so dry and subtle, and he doesn't hesitate to turn it on himself. Later, he went up a long time on the problem and understanding the "right" experiments with a laugh. "My sink is constantly clogged with bad experiments," he says.

Not likely. Axel, thirty-nine, has racked up some heavy credentials since he graduated from the Johns Hopkins University School of Medicine in 1970, culminating in his current position as professor of biochemistry and pathology at the Columbia University College of Physicians and Surgeons. He made his reputation in genetic research when he and two colleagues came up with a technique for transferring genes from the test tube into mammalian cells. Thanks to their work researchers can take genes that they have isolated with the lab, place them into living cells in culture, and watch them do their thing. This "gene transfer" technique is a reliable laboratory tool that is now widely used in a variety of genetic research projects.

Big at 44, Axel's gene-transfer breakthrough in history to him now. His current work involves the study of the egg-laying behavior of the mouse and *Aplysia*. "What we have been trying to understand is the molecular basis for simple, mouse behaviors," says Axel. "Simple behaviors are things like egg laying, that are not learned but are inherited by all members of a species. The *Aplysia* model because its entire nervous system consists of only twenty thousand neurons—the human brain, by contrast, is made up of some one hundred billion neurons. This enables Axel and his staff to associate the

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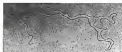
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PHOTOGRAPH BY GUY LAWRENCE

Microscopist Tom Cech's isolation of the protein-shaped heavy proteins. Enzymes are produced by one of the most striking biochemical reactions specific research, self-catalyzing RNA. Cech's discovery, however, about how RNA and DNA molecules were interacting in a cell, a crucial 32 (both RNA and DNA) apparently required proteins in order to replicate, but protein cannot control and without RNA or DNA to code for them, Cech, however, called

This article shows how Cech discovered that the RNA in the *Escherichia coli* ribosome was the enzyme, catalyzing itself in the absence of proteins. In 1982, when the discovery of self-catalyzing RNA, he termed his theory and established catalytic RNA as a new class of molecules. He was in the electron storage unit below, the discovery of RNA as the protein—of which RNA is the RNA—transcribing that without a protein catalyst.



Having created a great tool for genetic research, Mulligan then put it to work. Like his colleagues, Mulligan is interested in the biochemistry of gene expression, but goes much further than to study the function of specific genes. In Mulligan's case, the cells he studies are from the bone marrow of mice and are called "stem cells" because all the other cells in the marrow stem from them. One of the things Mulligan and his team are interested in is the role genes destined to become cancer genes normally play. So, he puts these kinds of genes, called proto-oncogenes, into the stem cells of mice and watches what happens as the genes express.

Mulligan's team is also examining the application of their gene-transfer technique to the treatment of certain bone marrow diseases. This "gene therapy" is one of the most exciting and, potentially, one of the most beneficial areas of research in all of genetics. The key here is that you can grow bone marrow in culture, Mulligan explains. "So you remove some marrow, change it, take the patient and mix him with culture, burn all the crap out of him, then give him back the

marrow and transplant him." Theoretically, the new marrow, genetically altered, is free of disease, grows back, filling the patient's bones with healthy marrow.

Gene therapy of the type described will likely be the first direct application of genetic-engineering technology to human beings. Although altered genes placed in the bone marrow will not be passed on to descendants, the person who receives gene therapy will still go with a genetic makeup different from the one he was born with. He will, in a real and fundamental way, be a changed man. The debate over the propriety of such medical treatment is sure to be long, hard, and emotional. But when it's over, genetic medicine will no doubt decide the issue. If gene therapy works on humans—and there is every indication that it will—then it will be used, because curing the sick is human nature. And human nature, after all, is what genetics is all about.

Thomas Cech...
...long hours, and sharpshooters' techniques to make good science. It also takes a little luck, an open mind, and good contacts. In the course of long-term research projects like the ones these men run, serendipity and surprises pop up all the time. "Tangents are constantly developing, and the key is to know when to leave a worthwhile. And not only read the scientific literature, a potentially fruitful direction, he must have the courage to follow it up. What starts out looking like a major breakthrough can end up a major waste of time and money. At the University of Colorado, Boulder, Tom Cech and his team took that kind of risk when they noticed that "something funny was going on" as Cech put it, with the RNA they were studying. The result was the discovery of a new class of molecules that speeded up whole new frontiers of genetic research.

Cech, thirty-seven, was working on one of the basic-level topics that take place during gene expression. The classic pattern is: DNA is made into RNA, and then the RNA interacts with enzymes in the cell to make proteins. And it is the proteins that determine a cell's function. That is, the DNA code is transferred to the

Tom Cech, Boulder, Colorado

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Gerald Rubin, Berkeley, California



after an explosion of the biological institutions that would result — "Of course, this is all conceptual" — a "sense that would be able to live on tonight."

Rubinstein, a full professor in Stanford's biotechnology department, works just down the biological sciences path from the others. He is not a genetic researcher. He is a cell biologist, but his work lies mainly with the others because he is interested in a part of the cell that pushes up where the genes leave off.

Specifically, Rubinstein is studying a part of the cell called the Golgi apparatus, a disorganizing, like structure that functions as a kind of warehouse-distribution center within the cell. The Golgi apparatus receives many of the proteins made at the direction of the genes in the nucleus and then, somehow, sends it to that they are shipped to the correct place in the cell body. What Rubinstein has done is to create up with a technique for getting the Golgi apparatus of yeast cells, intact and isolated, into test tubes so that he can better study these functions.

Rubinstein is an enthusiastic man with a flexible mind. He is attracted by the nature of the Golgi apparatus, but in the same time he maintains a broad perspective. He displays a knowledge of and a real feeling for the history of his science. Biology is more than just a discipline, to him, it is a way of looking at things, a way of thinking. He is, by nature, a true biologist. He is a biological world, and they don't get any bigger than that.

Remarkably, Rubinstein didn't find out he was a biographer until his first year as an undergraduate. He won a physics and mathematics at Yale when his father, a physician, suggested that he try a course in biology. "I realized after the first lecture that I could actually think creatively," Rubinstein says. "In physics, you can go through graduate school practically and not have a clear notion where the real research frontier is or be able to contribute to it. In biology you listen to one lecture and

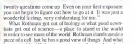
This is not an average body fly, but a mutant *Drosophila* with muscle tubules (above) and a few kind of the laboratory of Gerald Rubin. Rubin is a full professor at the University of California where he is working on the reproductive effects of DNA on the reproductive "genes" of *Drosophila* flies, a dramatically altering the history of genetics in creating new strains of animals associated conditions. But it's a very small step from changing a body fly's appearance to engineering for more important modifications. Rubin's specific laboratory has, for example, made flies lighted offspring from respiration itself flies.

twenty questions coming. Even on your first exposure you can begin to figure out how to go at it. It was just a wonderful feeling, very exhilarating for me."

What Rubinstein got out of biology is what good scientists get out of science—a place to stand in the world in order to see some of the world. Rubinstein stands inside a piece of a cell, but he has a good view of things. And what he sees is life. "If there were twenty thousand working parts in a cell and I had twenty thousand test tubes, each one containing the right part, and if I could somehow put them all in the right places and then start the cell up by giving it a source of metabolic energy, it would go on and live and it would never know that it wasn't always a cell. Of course, I doubt that's possible. Conceptually it's possible, it's not a scientific goal. But the scientific goal is to understand the cell so well that you can be sure if you could do that, that's exactly what would happen."

Gerald Rubin The interesting thing about Gerald Rubin is that he looks like your average guy. He's got a friendly face and an easy smile. His dark hair is showing a little but he still looks younger than his age, which is thirty-five. In his burly physique, his white pants and tan boots he is the classic image of the middle-class American male—uncle, brother, father, son, not. Which is why it's strange to hear him describe his work. "We're doing exactly the kinds of experiments you find in the lab, you know, you should do with business," Rubin, who spent part of his wedding day in the lab, says the words with just a hint of a glint in his eye, as though he knows he is shocking you and is getting a kick out of it.

Rubin, in a greater degree than any of the others featured here, is a full-blown genetic engineer. In his work with *Drosophila*, a fruit fly with a prominent place in the history of genetics as the subject of much earlier research, Rubin routinely creates whole new strains of living creatures that never existed before. He does this by inserting genes he has cloned out with into the "germline" chromosomes of the *Drosophila*. Germlines have nothing to do with colds and flu. Germlines consist of the cells responsible for the reproduction of an organism (as in gonads and ovaries). Genes introduced into the germline



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thinking man
and thinking
machine

Science & Technology

Daniel Hillis on Artificial Intelligence

IN A CONVERTED FACTORY OVERLOOKING THE CHARLES RIVER IN CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS, DANIEL HILLIS, TWENTY-NINE, IS ENGAGED WITH SOME SIXTY COLLEAGUES IN BUILDING A THINKING MACHINE FOR A COMPANY STRAIGHTFORWARDLY CALLED Thinking Machines Corporation. Several firms are dedicated to expanding the frontiers of artificial intelligence (AI), but Thinking Machines is farther ahead than most; it expects to have its first commercially viable prototype model, called the Connection Machine, available within the year.

That the two-year-old company, which boasts among its associates Nobel laureate Richard Feynman and former Massachusetts Institute of Technology president Jerome Wiesner, is no charlatan is in no doubt; the business thought to be a machine is due to no small part to Danny Hillis. As an undergraduate and graduate student at MIT, Hillis fell under the spell of Marvin Minsky, the former director of the school's pioneering Artificial Intelligence Laboratory; he devoted himself to breaking what computer scientists refer to as the Von Neumann bottleneck—the separation made the computer of the processor and the memory, which allows the computer to process only one element at a time and slows the computing process. Hillis's innovation is conceptual and architectural: he has systematically combined the processing and memory functions in a structure known as parallel processing. What should emerge from his work are

EXPERIMENTAL RESEARCH IN A SPEECH OF NOVEMBER 1984, *Scientific American*, December 1984 (p. 124).

INSIGHTS
Interview by
Randall Robinson

WHY CAN'T A
COMPUTER BE MORE
LIKE A MAN?

PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL



the fastest computers known to man. Hello, who spoke with us in his top-secret office in Long Beach, California, programs we'd filed with computers in the background, between that life after artificial intelligence may never be the same.

HUMAN INTELLIGENCE VERSUS ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE

"The way the human mind works, when you get smarter, you get faster. It seems to be able to look at larger numbers of possibilities at once. For instance, it's a very hard for a human to play chess; it requires a lot of conscious effort. This is trivial for a computer. On the other hand, a human can tell the difference between a dog and a cat—we can't make a computer do that. Actually we could, but the computer would probably take days."

SMARTER ISN'T NECESSARILY SMARTER

"Why did nothing come of prior AI research? I believe it was a fundamental defect in the computers they were using. It's simple engineering. They have memory in one box and processing in another box. That means if you try to put a lot of knowledge in, then the thing is going to be very, very slow. In particular, the more it learns, the slower it gets, because the slower it goes. There's a paradox there, that you can't make it smarter by adding more information, because it gets slower."

THE ANSWER IS PARALLEL

PROCESSING

"It's an architectural approach. There are two things you can't parallel processing. One is people trying to take a few ordinary computers and put them to work together and break up the problem before. Another is doing the computation in a totally different way, where you're looking at the problem from the beginning to the end. It was broken into millions of different pieces. In the multiprocessor approach, you literally do it all at once, every point, all millions of them. It's almost like a replication of the brain's neuroanatomy, to do everything at once. That's what the machine I'm building, the Connection Machine, has done."

HOW WE SHOULD THINK ABOUT A MACHINE THAT THINKS

"The sense of being a person, of doing something that really changes how people think about themselves, that's important to me. A thinking machine really does change our whole way of seeing ourselves, of what's important about us, of who's religious and philosophy. That's part of what attracts me to it."

THE DANGER OF DEMYSTIFYING THE MIND

"In Galileo's time, there was a moral question in saying that the planetary bodies believe the same way as Earth, that

Earth was just another rock up there. It was a big issue. The Church got involved and it was upsetting. After a while people began to realize that being in the center of the universe wasn't everything. I think the same thing happened once recently with the theory of evolution, and I think there will be another revolution like that about the mind. I think it will bother people, the idea that other things besides humans can be intelligent. But I think that when it's all over, it won't present a threat to what's good about us. It will help us to focus upon the reality of what is good about us."

WHERE THE REVOLUTION BEGINS...

"I worked for a while for Seymour Papert, the designer of LOGO, a programming language for children that uses a movable type to teach the fundamentals of computer language. When we were teaching the children on the computers, I was careful never to say I was teaching; we would just sit down and play. One day some visiting education came by and went into the classroom and looked at this and said to one of the kids, 'Gee, this is great. You really seem to be enjoying yourself learning with here.' And this twelve-year-old kid turned around and said, 'Absolutely authoritatively.' This isn't math. This is fun."

...AND WHERE IT GOES

"I've lived in Africa and Calcutta. My father was studying leprosy. Every time a leprosy outbreak would occur, we would go and live there. So I was very aware of the Third World problem. I was very inspired by the idea that resource-poor countries, which don't have the steel or oil or materials that we do, are not necessarily less developed as a result of that. There is no reason why a country like India, for instance, can't have the same machine industries as the U.S."

THE CONNECTION MACHINE IS LIKE A SOCIETY

"We got things done as a civilization by having lots of individual agents who are relatively incapable and dumb, compared with what the civilization as a whole is capable of. It's almost like a replication of the communication patterns, if you need to talk to do one thing, we can pick up the phone or we can meet. That's what's going on inside the Connection Machine. Each of these individual processing units is trying to do its own little part of the whole problem. Meanwhile, some of the processing units are trying to coordinate the pieces, in much the same way that people adapt communication patterns in a society."

A SCIENTIST IS LIKE A HUMAN BEING

"It's not that laymen think in a certain way and scientists think in equations. The truth is, if you ask Richard Feynman how

he thinks about particle physics, he really has some dumb little analogy down there. True, he works out the equations to explain it to everybody. But in his head he's playing with soccer balls."

A BUREAU AND HIS TOYS

"One of the most fun things I did while I was at MIT was build a computer out of Tinkertoys. We put about a day's worth of thought into it and a couple of months of implementation. It is a sort-of cube pushed with Tinkertoys. It plays tic-tac-toe. It never loses, but it does. And let's you have the first move."

THE COMPUTER IS OUR FRIEND

"It's a charming, loving machine. Let's say it's time to get a new model. Here's this thing that you've lived with for ten years of your life. It's become your companion. Are you going to get rid of the machine? Turn it off? I don't have the answer."

YOU THINK I'M CRAZY, EYE

"There's actually cause to my eyes when we decommissioned the big AI machine at MIT. This was the first machine that ever exhibited any sense of intelligence. It had done the first chess playing program, for instance. I had come to think of it as a friend. It was a stupid friend, but it was a friend. And we turned it off."

WHAT TO DO ABOUT BIG BROTHER

"Anything that a powerful thing can do. The idea of having a computer that's a hundred times faster, that suddenly makes it possible for the government to do a new kind of searching over everybody is a frightening concept. Our approach I think people take as they deny the fact and say, 'We're going to be using computers to take, because you don't want to be doing anything that what you are going to be doing could be useful to you.' That's where a lot of the 'coldness' of science comes from. Then there are people who take the other way—the other way—I'm not going to do it. I'm going to stay away from this important, changing field because then I'd have to be the masses. I see that at all-cop-out, as much as the other. It's not a primitive, you're personally involved and seeing the world go to hell. And I think there are three approaches, which in some sense is the least satisfying. You admit that there may be a problem and try to do your best to avert toward the right thing. That's the dangerous territory. There's always the temptation to minimize, to say, 'Well, gee, I really want to work on this project, and even though it's going to be used for guided cruise missiles, I really want to study these three-dimensional analysis and these guys are willing to pay me for it.'"

DANNY HILLIS'S NEXT CHALLENGE
That's the one thing I haven't quite worked out yet—how this is going to get one a ride on the space shuttle. **G**



What every man should know about abortion.

It's easy for men to have an opinion about abortion. We can always pretend it's not our problem.

But for many women, abortion involves more than an opinion. They face a decision about abortion. And that's harder and lonelier. They have to live with the consequences. But that doesn't make abortion a "women's issue" any more than birth control. Because no woman ever made herself pregnant. Men are irresponsible too.

So the public controversy over keeping abortion safe and legal concerns your freedom as well. In many ways and for you want "to decide with your partner to have children when you want them. If you want them, it's an increasingly word and violent minority wants to outlaw abortion. For all women. Regardless of circumstances. Even if her life or health is endangered by a pregnancy. Even if she's a vic-

tim of rape or incest. Even if she's too young to be a mother.

But outlawing abortion won't stop it. Women have always had abortions when they've felt there's no other way. Even at the risk of being ostracized or jailed with a back-alley abortion.

Ironically, it's mostly men who want to outlaw abortion—men in the White House, in Congress, in the Courts. Many of them even want to ban contraceptives and sex education.

These people must know there's a man intimately involved in every unwanted pregnancy. Why don't they ever mention it?

Maybe they're hoping to buy your silence. They use the law to force you to think your too selfish to care. If you'd like to prove them wrong, start by returning the coupon below.

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Science & Technology

SOLUTIONS

by John Tierney

Yik San Kwoh Built a Better Brain Surgeon

PROBLEM:
Performing
brain
surgery
blind.

In some operations a brain surgeon can't see what he's working on. He may have to reach a blood clot or a tumor buried five inches below the surface of the brain, yet if he pokes his needle around indiscriminately, if he causes the target by just a few millimeters, well...

THE UNUSUAL SOLUTION: The CAT (the computerized axial tomography) scanner, which gives surgeons their first three-dimensional picture of the inside of a patient's brain. The CAT scanner could take X-rays of different layers of the brain, then combine them into an overall picture appearing as a computer screen. A lesion, such as a tumor or a blood clot would be visible. Yet the problem remained: How would the surgeon get to that precise spot deep in the brain? At what precise angle should the needle go in?

THE NEXT IMPROVEMENT: A plastic helmet. In the late 1970s surgeons set up a system of numerical coordinates, much like a cartographer's longitude and latitude, to chart

the outside of the skull. A patient under the CAT scanner wore a plastic frame around his head with number-encoders to help the surgeon pinpoint the problem area. It was still rather cumbersome to calculate the needle's path, and it took a steady, delicate touch to insert it just right.

Surgeons talked about doing the operation "by hand"—not the most reassuring word when someone is poking around in your brain. Yet neurosurgeons were generally satisfied with the situation.

AN OUTSIDE PERSPECTIVE: Yik San Kwoh, a thirty-nine-year-old electrical engineer born in Shanghai, found himself in charge of CAT-scan research at Memorial Medical Center of Long Beach in southern California. He saw the surgeons' agonizingly precise labors, and for some reason, he thought of robots. "I didn't know anything about robots, but I had seen prizes—on TV, I suppose—of robots working on car assembly lines. I thought, 'Why not use Josep Tiscornia is a frequent contributor to *Newsweek*

them in brain surgery?"

THE TYPICAL NEUROSURGEON'S REACTION:

"Doctors would look at me with strange eyes."

KWOH'S FIRST RESEARCH: The Yellow Pages. He found a company under "neurology" and called to discuss his proposed revolution in neurosurgery. He was told that the company's robots were generally rented out for children's birthday parties and grand openings of hamburger stands.

KWOH'S REACTION: Full speed ahead, which seems to be the standard reaction in the Kwoh family when confronted with an unfamiliar territory. His father, a native of Taiwan, went off as a young man to Shanghai, where he had neither family nor friends, and started an import-export business that eventually made him rich. The Communist revolution cost the elder Kwoh his business and sent the family fleeing to Hong Kong in 1950, when Kwoh was four years old. The son grew up and, without speaking English very well, went off to America, ending up with a Ph.D. in engineering from the University of Southern California and a job at Long Beach.

THE FIRST BIG IDEA: A borrowed robot. Kwoh's search eventually took him to the Urmason company in Gardnerville, California, which lent him one of its assembly-line robot arms. Kwoh urged the hospital to buy one of its own and convert it for surgery.

THE USUAL STOPPING POINT: Money.

THE USUAL SOLUTION TO THE USUAL STOPPING POINT: A genius. In this case another immigrant, Sven Olsson, eighty-five years old, had emigrated from Denmark in the 1930s with thirty-eight dollars in his pocket, which he built into a modest fortune. In 1980 Kwoh talked to him about surgery-by-robot. Olsson, already a benefactor of the hospital and an aficionado of high-tech medical gear, promptly bought the hospital a \$65,000 robot and over the next several years donated another \$300,000 to the project.

THE RESULT: In spring 1982, at an open-house to celebrate the hospital's new purchase, the twenty-nine-year-old classroom robot obediently turned to Olsson and shook his hand. Kwoh announced that the robot would be named Ole (pronounced Oh-lee) in honor of Olsson's nickname.

THE CURRENT WORK: These years of working with eight neurosurgeons building a map for the arm and programming its six joints to work in conjunction with the CAT scanner. Late last year, in the first demonstration approached, Kwoh was working sixteen hours a day, seven days a week, to show his family's genius in a room cluttered with his three personal computers (two Apples, one IBM), two printers, and a terminal linking him to the various computers at the hospital.

THE TEST RUN: Ole was ready this past January, but no one felt confident enough to let a knife on a brain. Kwoh probed a substitute. "It's not easy to find a watermelon at the winter, but when I decide to go for



PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES YOUNG

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something, I won't quit." Knoch pushed a BB pellet aside the robot arm and put it under a CAT scanner. The pellet appeared on the screen, and Knoch did exactly what a player in the Missile Command video game does when he wants to shoot: he manipulated a track ball to move the screen's cursor directly over the target. The BB's location was then calculated by the computer, which swiveled the robot's arm. Knoch pushed a needle in the tip of the arm into the watermelon. It hit the BB.

THE SOLUTION TO THE PROBLEM: The first patient to go under the arm was a fifty-two-year-old man with a brain lesion that was suspected of being a tumor. On April 12 this year Dr. Ronald Young marked the place on a blurry patch on the CAT screen. Knoch typed a command into the computer, and Ole swiveled into place. Young pushed a needle through Ole's tip and straight into the tumor, from which he withdrew a tissue sample for a biopsy. It proved to be a carcinoma tumor, which was later treated with radiation.

Ole was next used for a biopsy of a lesion in a twenty-two-year-old woman's brain; it turned out to be benign. Because Ole was so precise, the incision in the woman's scalp needed to be just an inch and a half long (normally this would have been three or four inches). With that small incision, general anesthetic wasn't necessary, and the woman went home less than twenty-four hours later.

Ole continues doing biopsies, but it's becoming clear that it can do more than merely point the surgeon in the right direction. The robot seems to be learning into.

THE SOLUTION TO EACH NEW PROBLEM: Ole not only points to the right spot, it can also act in return to that spot within two thousandths of an inch, an accuracy beyond any human hand. And Ole can return again and again without suffering any fatigue. Knoch and Young think Ole could do the surgery itself—need for tasks requiring the steadiness possible here, such as removing a blood clot or destroying a tumor by repeatedly firing a laser beam. Ole, of course, would be directed by a surgeon, but the surgeon could be in the next room because the robot is immune to X rays, and thus could continue working even as the CAT scanner was producing its images.

THE OUTLOOK: Ole has piqued the interest of doctors here and abroad. Knoch is delighted with the attention, eager to share his results, and not concerned about competitors. He also says he has no plans to get a patent and become the first mogul of surgical robots. He doesn't think it would be fair to the robot's namesake, who died last year. Knoch, a pallbearer at the funeral, recalls, "Ole always told me that nothing made him more happy than to help others. I don't think it would be right for me to profit when he was donating the money for the project. Ole had a good heart. I want to keep everything that way." ☐



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COMMENTARY

by David Quammen

The Conscience of the Young Scientist



What can researchers at the Livermore laboratory learn from their forefathers at Los Alamos?

Atomic physicists are a famously strange lot, not so infatuated among them as more passing, or more flexible, in their way, than those who design nuclear weapons. The best example of this truth was Robert Oppenheimer, our truest and greatest physicist and student of Hindu philosophy, who guided America's first A-bomb into being at the Los Alamos lab and then, not many years after, stood wrongly accused of Communist espionage. Certainly Oppenheimer was one of the great human heroes of our century, but he was not a total morally within his prime space. And to a somewhat lesser degree, the principle still holds today. These people, these nuclear-weapon scientists, are not precisely who we think they might be.

Nuclear explosives, the physicist Freeman Dyson has written, "have a glitter more seductive than gold to those who play with them." In developing that other scientific have identified the more thing bomb making can be great fun. Ted Taylor, who designed the most powerful thermonuclear bomb ever tested, told John McPhee that "it had been a matter of considerable argument to him to live with the story that what he thought was the worst invention in physical history was also the most interesting." Edward Teller, the man chiefly responsible for transforming America's arsenal from A-bombs to thermonuclear weapons, has acknowledged the strength of this motive. Even Oppenheimer had his word on the subject, during the infamous hearings that led to his loss of security clearance. Speaking of Teller's thermonuclear project, which many thought should never have been undertaken, he said: "However, it is my judgment in these things that when you see something that is tremendously sweet, you go ahead and do it, and you argue about what to do about

it only after you have had your technical success." I told that Oppenheimer's A-bomb, and I find it extremely disturbing—and extremely scary—now of one impact behind weapons work.

Forty years have now passed since Hiroshima and Nagasaki, thirty-five years since Teller's decision to develop the thermonuclear bomb, and that's been just enough time to bring a glimpse of what Teller himself now predicts will be the "last generation" weapons of the nuclear age. The first generation were those primitive fusion bombs such as fell on Japan—products of an enormous but secret national effort, with best design work done by Oppenheimer's bloom of young scientists at Los Alamos. The second-generation weapons were a thousand times more powerful. The thermonuclear devices based on Teller's original concept were enormous things that swallowed the energy of hydrogen fusion and could be made large enough to swallow the globe or small enough to ride on the nose of a long-distance missile. With that second generation we entered the era of Kith's, nuclear-armed submarines, MIRVs, nuclear-pulse, battlefield rockets, cruise missiles, "counterforce targeting," "pre-emptive first strike," "surgeon strike," and the whole panoply of exotic hardware and lethal logic that add up to our insidious global balance of terror.

Compared with that, the potential third generation is either far more reassuring or one further step more terrifying—it depends on your point of view. The official label for the new wave of ideas is SDI. The jargon used for Strategic Defense Initiative. The more common acronym, of course, is Star Wars. And along with the Boyz Quammen is the shadow of Nuclear Age, a collection of images on science and nature's history

third generation of weapons concepts—the Star Wars program have appeared a third generation of designers.

THE STRATEGIC DEFENSE INITIATIVE began with a speech, coming directly from Ronald Reagan's heart and perhaps to his heart's content. There was no doubt that in 1983, 1985, he uttered the notice that he was calling upon "the scientific community in our country, those who give us nuclear weapons, to turn their great talents now to the cause of national and world peace, to give us the means of rendering these nuclear weapons impotent and obsolete."

Impotent and obsolete? Through the work on third-generation concepts had long been under way. It was still in its early stages, groping its way from pure theory to preliminary experiments, testing some, tentatively but not highly speculative possibilities. Consequently the Star Wars speech seems to have surprised not just the public but also a number of scientific and military professionals who had been contributing advice. That speech represented a personal decision by Mr. Reagan; we are told, based on briefing he had gotten concerning the new technical possibilities. Undoubtedly the decision was a bold one, and the risks were great. But we would agree: we saw nuclear weapons rendered impotent and obsolete.

But critics have raised a variety of near-routine points. A technological defense against ballistic-missile attack could never work, perfectly, they say. It would necessarily leak, and a leak of just several per cent, just a few dozen warheads, would still leave America devastated. The critics agree that such a system would only create false hope among the glibest and false confidence among nuclear leaders. And it could never be tested under operational conditions, they say. It would interfere across space. It would destroy the 1602 ABM treaty. It could not cope with cruise missiles. It would only tempt the Soviets to worsen their offensive arsenal—in so to beat the defense by "flooding" it, overwhelming it numerically with more incoming missiles than it could possibly handle.

A full SDI system would be extremely expensive, running into the hundreds of billions. It would require such vast resources to any apparent Soviet attack that not even the President could be considered, the irreversible split-second decisions would all be made by computer software, and that software would be so easily copied that the risk could never be mitigated. Worst of all, say the critics, it would dangerously destabilize the present uneasy balance.

How could it possibly do that? By undermining the Soviet's confidence in their own nuclear force. An imperfect SDI system, public of stopping some warheads but not thousands of warheads all arriving at once—could destabilize the balance be-

ween them a perfect one, since the Soviets might view it as giving the U.S. an good reason for a pre-emptive first strike; if the whole Soviet arsenal were launched at an suddenly, an imperfect defense couldn't save us, but if we destroyed most of the Soviet missiles while they were still on the ground, then our imperfect defense could perhaps handle the rest. The Soviets would have no guarantee of security except their belief in American goodness. But why should we trust an "evil empire" to be so trusting themselves?

The proponents of SDI have reasons for every reservation—some of which sound equally plausible. And while the national debate proceeds, so also, far more quietly, does the work in the laboratories. Much of that work is being done by brilliant young physicists, no older and no less formidable than the ones Robert Oppenheimer once tutored at Los Alamos. Several months ago I visited a few of them, at the Livermore weapons lab in California. Oppenheimer's ideas were as on my mind as I drove out from Oakland.

Does this mission apply to the third generation of designers? I wondered. Does the whole SDI idea fit in with the new technical possibilities exposed by a few heavy scientific breakthroughs? Or does our technical know-how coast far ahead? Are they inventing these things for their own entertainment?

THE LAWRENCE LIVERMORE NATIONAL Laboratory is a complex of offices and computer centers and high-tech experimental facilities wrapped in chain-link fence and nestled discreetly behind a long line of eucalyptus trees in the hot valley just east of Livermore. It was founded in 1952 by Teller and a colleague and Enrico Fermi, both of whom distrusted the self-questioning ethics that Oppenheimer had left behind at Los Alamos. Teller and Lawrence believed in the need for a second—competing—nuclear-warheads workshop. The Livermore site eventually passed a number of safeguards, so two projects for which the town has achieved no measure of quiet success are good news and horrifically expensive weapons. Besides, the search for nuclear fusion reactors for electrical generation is also done at the lab, as well as some biomedical and environmental work, but these are eclipsed by the primary mission. Livermore brought us the Polaris warhead. The MX warhead is being developed there now. A fellow named Steve Younger came to Livermore three years ago, at the age of thirty—to work on nuclear explosives, particularly their possible use in defense technologies.

Younger built a small group trying to develop "nuclear-pumped X-ray lasers," one of the most exotic and controversial of the new SDI possibilities. Such a device would consist of a nuclear explosive surrounded

by a cylindrical arrangement of rods, when the explosive was detonated, the rods (most likely made of selenium) would emit a very faint beam of high-energy X-rays that could be aimed to destroy an ICBM in flight. There are many complications with this notion, technical problems as well as strategic and political ones. For one, in the paradox of using a nuke to render nukes obsolete. The X-ray laser has been much trotted by SDI advocates, and it has also become something of a lightning rod for the opposition. The whole program has never serious about five years ago.

"It began then with an idea," Younger told me. He couldn't say just what the idea was—highly classified. Besides, I would never have grasped it. Instead he pointed, glanced at the table and took one leg back, stepped backward, into the broader context. "The thing that characterizes nuclear weapons design is that it requires cleverness. Many of the nuclear secrets that are might relate to are not necessarily very difficult things, but they are very clever things. The X-ray laser was a very, very clever idea." He said all this with a private smile and a gentle, ironic certitude that was not very comforting, though undoubtedly the statement was accurate.

Steve Younger is a tall, thin, earnest, human being whose fascination with physics began in the third grade. No one in his family had gone to college; his father worked in a steel mill. As an adolescent in Baltimore, Younger arranged a high-school science teacher to let him use his father's small house, and created radar and microwave spectrometers. At the age of sixteen he built a nuclear-beam cancer, whatever the devil that is, in his parents' basement. Charles Townes, who had won a Nobel for roughly the same reason, had said, because he was poor, "I wanted to build things. I wanted to do things," Younger told me. After college he drifted away from electrical engineering and got a doctorate in theoretical physics, with a fellowship at the National Institute of Standards earned him a certain renown for his work on atomic theory. Four years ago he came out to Livermore for an interview with the device that does pump physics. Through a coincidence, he was met at the gate by the weapons people. By his own account, they tamed his head. Now he guides the research of a small working staff, eleven physicists ranging in age from twenty-nine to sixty, which he describes as "a very generic group, very nice group. And clever." On the day of our talk Younger wore a striped shirt—sleeved short and gaudy as thick enough to make his eyes look like bright, tropical fish swimming by the water. He could have been cut as a computer nerd in a brother's room.

I asked him if he had looked for Oppenheimer? With Baker? Enrico Fermi? They were all great men, great men, amazingly even were men, and they all worked



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on books. No, Younger said. Actually scholars, not scientists, had always been his favorite heroes. The preeminent influence on his intellectual growth, and on his character, was Thomas Aquinas. I leaned forward again. Obviously Aquinas the "dumb ox," a man never noted for preconcious disquisitions?

[illegible]

"I wouldn't do it if wasn't for," Sebring is ideological trap, he continued, unsharpened. "My job is to think of things. And it's hard to be creative if you're not

having a good time. One of the things that attracted me to Lawrence is that it is a group of people who are very excited about their work—having a good time, yet recognizing the tremendous importance and tremendous seriousness of what we're doing. They don't physics like other people do it. This is physics in the fast lane. What we do here can determine world history. That's different from being in a university laboratory and trying to measure the neutron cross section of, uh, . . ."

His voice had become more earnest, life art stuffy above his clasped hands. "Sometimes people will ask me, 'Don't you secretly wish that at some point the weapons you design will be used?' Otherwise, aren't your efforts pointless? No, I really hope that these weapons are never used. And the reason I hope that, deeply, is that I've seen what these things can do."

He described his feelings the first time he had mowed at the Nevada Test Site, a three-hundred-foot crater left by the underground detonation of a device that he had designed. "That's what distinguishes designers from other people. We know what these devices will do. They're not political points to us. They're very real."

We know what the X rays will do if they hit someone. We know what a blast wave will do if a twenty-ton device is detonated four miles away. I know what it'll do to my home, and I know what it'll do to my kids. I don't ever want to see these things used. And that's why I'm doing this."

IT MIXED ALSO WITH A HANDFUL OF LIVERMORE's other bright-jointed designers. One was Joe Nilson, a baby-faced twenty-nine-year-old wizard whose father, a broker at a Long Island A&P, told Joe before he joined Livermore: "Delicious weapons are fine. Just promise me you won't work on any bombs." Nilson's association with

the lab actually began in part-time summer work during the three summers he spent doing his doctorate at Cal Tech. "This was my first professional job. It seemed very exciting. It was in California. I had never been to that place, so I didn't appreciate it at all that it was in California. Once I got there, though, he found out. When he signed on as a full-time employee, it was with the understanding that he had come to work as a lesson, not benefits. Now he is part of Varian's group, investigating the relationship between the use of X-ray machines and the risk of getting a cancer diagnosis. The impact of using a breast [to perform the X-ray beam] didn't hold water at all—because I knew you need a big pumping source, and I really didn't care whether it was a thousand or something else." Although he believes in the word for efficiency, he says, "None of the other American engineers there work as hard as I do."

Another of the young scientists was Shady Swaggle, a perky-bean expert in vermicore that and a pair of running shoes, who had been working on a model rocketry as a hobby. Launching rockets was nice, Swaggle said, but the real fun was to send objects orbit from the sand flats at Florida. Swaggle is a believer in the high-principle of SDG. He argued forcefully that a strategic defense—*a* it was coupled with rigorous education in science; arms—could indeed help stabilize the world's economy. Thus, concerning the role of the state in weapon research, he asked, "I think we should have less money for the weapons that we make. Okay? If you are really concerned that what's going down

Tom Kamos is a West Point graduate from a working-class family in Brooklyn. A friendly and straightforward man, he talked with many craftsmen about his days as a science teacher there about his high-yield experiment he has ever conducted, but he explained that he would feel like a hypocrite if he didn't put his skills to

the service of national defense. Asked about the limits of a scientist's responsibility for the use or misuse of his inventions, this former Army man stopped to think, then said: "The answer to your question was dictated by the American people at Nuremberg in 1946—that you can't simply do defense work under blindfold. You have to be perfectly aware of what you're doing. And you're responsible for it."

All of these men, along with Steve Broun, have a few things in common. Each was sent out to be an engineer, and each was a brilliant one. Each had a technical background, and then followed a somewhat circular course back to the main line of investigation. Each was ambitious to the top—this ambition was absolute necessity, in their view, to be able to command the defense of the country. Each felt that the SRO might not produce a useful strategic defense but that the possibilities must certainly be looked into. Each one of these stated that Livermore's role is to look into the possibilities, to make the decisions—and that the public will finally make the decision about what may or may not be built. The process is alive, speculative, with no guarantee of success. Having too much money into the SRO effort too soon, and not having enough money for development to deployment, is liable to do the national security more harm than good. One Livermore scientist had this to say on an assigned mission: "Everything is possible. But that's not the way we proceed. We just study the possibilities."

[illegible]

Do we? I think it is axiomatic that mankind will proceed toward that third generation of the nuclear age, with all its new risks, its new hopes, its new and uncertain possibilities? Is it axiomatic that human beings must be clever first and wise only later, if at all? When you see something that is technically novel, you go ahead and do it, and you argue about what to do about it only after you have had your technical success. I wish that Robert Oppenheimer and Steve Younger were mistaken, and I suspect that they aren't. 



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Politics & Law

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THE FORUM
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HONOREES

Ruben Bonilla Jr. Political clout for Hispanics

Robert Bowman Michigan's financial whiz kid

Ray Reynolds Graves Cleaning up a Detroit court

Marilyn Greene The search for missing children

Carol Hodne Fighting for farmers

Scharlette Holdman Hope on death row

Ira Kurzban American rights for Haitian immigrants

Michael McClary A cop's big sting

Peggy Noonan The President's great communicator

Dave Okimoto Easing the way for Asian refugees

Van O'Steen Why lawyers can advertise

Frank Swain Big ideas for small business

Nelson Strobe Talbott Arms control's voice of reason

Bennie Thompson Mississippi's local hero

Mike Turpen In defense of the victim

Ari Weiss The Speaker's right hand

Jon Wellinghoff Putting the heat on utilities

Peggy Noonan

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and give reference to
Lobster from Journal"*



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HONOREES Politics & Law

Ruben Bonilla Jr.
Civilrights leader
Corpus Christi, Texas
Born April 7, 1946



As a well-spoken, conservative lawyer with a degree from the University of Texas, Ruben Bonilla Jr. might have settled safely into an established firm, all the more secure for being the lone Mexican American. Instead, he has chosen to fight bravely against that kind of complacency and intolerance as a leader of the League of United Latin American Citizens (LULAC). Backing conservative trend that society

stifled the Hispanic-power movement in the early 1970s, Bonilla has turned the aging LULAC into a politically potent force. As the organization's past president and current general counsel, he has fought for voter and immigrant rights, improved medical care for indigent Hispanics, and better police-minority relations. Bonilla has also managed to put his movement into the political mainstream by serving as an adviser on Hispanic affairs to President Carter, and more recently on Texas governor Mark White. In his private law practice, Bonilla specializes in personal-injury cases, a field that, according to Bonilla, "allows me to continue to fight for broader

issues such as workers' compensation, improved working conditions, and better medical care." His chief concern these days, though, is education—something, Bonilla says, that "needs special attention because of the carnage in school buses and grants. Right now I'm working with the private sector to fill the gaps. I speak to large corporations such as General Motors and remind them that Hispanics are emerging as far more potent bulk of consumers, and that as a sign of goodwill, they, the corporations, ought want to give something back. Stealing the power of Hispanics in the marketplace, I find, is an argument that works very well."

Ray Reynolds Graves
Federal bankruptcy judge
Detroit, Michigan
Born January 10, 1946



When Judge Ray Reynolds Graves ascended to the bench, Detroit's U.S. Bankruptcy Court was in trouble as the courts were "were charging big money and treating me as an enemy." One lawyer was even convicted of rigging the system so that

he'd often argue cases before his friend, Judge Harry Hickert. When Hickert, who is black, resigned in the wake of the scandal, Graves synthesized was a palpable feeling among some whites that blacks were neither trustworthy nor appreciated enough to handle bankruptcy matters. That notion was quickly dismantled, however, when Graves was appointed to the bench. He began plowing through the backlog, which included the complex DeLorean Motor Company reorganization. He has also allowed more attorneys who had been "just looking up noses" and he helped expose an illegal fee-peddling scheme. Today, Detroit's federal bankruptcy court is



reemerged as one of the most efficient in the country. "I've restored confidence," Graves says, "rather of faith."

Marilyn Greene
Private detective
Schenectady, New York
Born September 15, 1949



She is, arguably the nation's lone leading finder of lost children, this soft-spoken, thirty-six-year-old mother of two. But it is not maternalism that motivates Marilyn Greene, a private investigator who has closed more than two hundred missing-child cases so far. There is little time for nursing in her gigs and at times grimy business. "Sometimes a people come in being pouring out a bad story about a broken home that led to an abduction,

and I just have to get up in the middle of it and walk out and tell them away on the subject," says Greene. "That may not be polite, but I'm not here to listen to stories, I'm here to find missing persons."

Greene began her career sixteen years ago, when she joined a nationwide group that policed the Adlon-Chicks. Since then she has worked on a broad range of parental abductions, strange abductions, suicides, and runaways. After more than three hundred searches for missing children and adults, Greene claims to have only one unsolved case, fifty-five feet from his home. It took about twenty minutes.

Greene is also one of the few people who have handled enough searches to discern broad patterns of behavior in missing people. She has discovered that children usually travel downhill when they run away, and depressed people head for a higher elevation and tend to stay within a quarter mile of home. "When you apply that knowledge," she says, "you sometimes break cases so quickly that people think you're a psychic. For instance, I took the case of a twenty-year-old college student who'd been missing eight months. I found him, a suicide, fifty-five feet from his home. It took about twenty minutes."

Dave Okimoto

Social worker
Seattle, Washington
Born December 15, 1949



On the whole, growing up in Washington State was a pleasant experience for Dave Okimoto, but by the time he got to college at the late 1960s, the Japanese-American student was already knowing. With Vietnam, Laos, Cambodia, and Thailand torn by war and various Third World economies failing, regions of Asian and Pacific Islanders were pouring into the Seattle area. "There just weren't services for these

people," Okimoto says, "so I got involved. When it's right in your backyard you see the problem. You get people together and you organize." Others abridged and went on with their lives. Okimoto became a volunteer in a fledgling organization called the Asian Counseling and Referral Service, working as a counselor while earning his M.S.W. from Washington State University. Today he is the new director of Seattle's Department of Human Services.

After two years as the executive director of the privately funded, nonprofit ACSRS, Okimoto has a right to be proud of the vast network of services he helped create: food

and clothing banks, an emergency shelter program, a kitchen that serves hot meals to the elderly, job-training courses, and a project to identify Asian adults suffering from mild mental disorders. From the start, in fact, the focus of the ACSRS has been to provide mental health services for problems ranging from the emotional distress associated with unemployment to suicidal behavior. Drawing on Seattle's vast Asian community, Okimoto has helped newcomers by matching them with psychiatrists, counselors, social workers, and psychiatric nurses who speak in appropriate ethnic languages, including Tagalog, Hmong, and Fijian.

Frank Swain

Government counsel
Washington, D.C.
Born January 4, 1951



There's nothing small about small business—that's the first thing Frank Swain wants you to understand. As the chief counsel for the Small Business Administration, the tireless thirty-four-year-old attorney must often remind people that he speaks for a sector of the economy that accounts for 40 percent of the gross national product and two thirds of all new jobs. Even though the SBA is a fed-

eral agency, Swain spends most of his time battling with his fellow government workers. "We are committed to reducing government intervention and taxes, and winning out the overburdensome regulations," he says.

Since being appointed by President Reagan in 1981, Swain has singled out the Justice Department, publicly opposing its antitrust chief's drive to permit large firms to set minimum prices, has convinced the Labor Department to reduce paper-work requirements and make building procedures for small businesses more flexible, and was instrumental in getting the Internal Revenue Service to abolish a pro-

posal that would have made it difficult for his constituents to get small seed money loans from relatives and friends. Because he understands that it is often counterproductive to embrace a laissez-faire policy, most of his "advocating" is done behind the scenes. "It's not my style to get up and make a speech," he says. "I'd rather give them advice and work with them." And what happens when the Pentagon complains that he's meddling in their tradition of buying 6000 bombers from corporate giants? "Use language," Swain says. "In shorthand word, we've set up by Congress to represent the interests of small business within the bureaucracy."

Nelson Strobe Talbott
Diplomatic correspondent
Washington, D.C.
Born April 25, 1946



Strobe Talbott is one of America's leading authorities on the subject of East-West relations, but he must confuse most of his work to the quiet civility that he has in 3:00 A.M. and 3:00 P.M. before he goes off to work as *Time* magazine's Washington bureau chief. Even moonlighting, Talbott has come closer to understanding this territory than some who spend all their waking hours studying it. Few experts can match the

social discipline he brings to the subtle and highly complex subject of the arms race. Even fewer can suggest viable strategies for the future—something Talbott did in his most recent book, *Deadly Games: The Reagan Administration and the Struggle to Master Arms Control*. In fact, it is widely believed that his recommendations in that book contributed to the Reagan administration's profound revision of its arms-negotiation tactics.

Talbott also has particular expertise in late-nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century Russian poetry. From the poems he draws a sense of Soviet paranoia and obsessions that influence and distinguish his



other books, *Reagan and the Russian Revolution: The Death Story of SALT II*, and his widely praised translations of Kharashev's memoirs.

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Mike Turpen

Attorney general
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma
Born November 10, 1949



Out in Oklahoma, they refer to Mike Turpen as a political granite fist, and it's no wonder: the six-foot-five, 230-pound orator, lawyer, and accomplished gentleman could sell the next governor of the state. Turpen's career in government in 1981, when, as the district attorney of Muskogee County, he drafted a model crime-victim compensation act. In order to give support for the bill, Turpen traveled from town to town

Political maverick, protector of victims' rights

asking people to sign his petitions. On occasion he would even appear at crime scenes to read victims their rights as the police were reading the criminal charges.

Although the bill—and Turpen's methods—was considered controversial, his popularity among the voters has never been disputed. Relying on a down-home style, Turpen pulled off a stunning come-from-behind victory over the incumbent in the 1992 primary and was swept into office as the state's attorney general. Since his election, Turpen has redefined that post by being active on a number of fronts, including consumer advocacy and the recruitment of new business and industry. When asked



about his ultimate political ambitions, he answers with his favorite John Wayne quote: "Granite is being scored to death and is adding up anyway."

Ari Weiss

Congressional aide
Washington, D.C.
Born May 17, 1953



During the early 1970s, Congress the House of Representatives has passed numerous bills aimed at reducing taxes. Much of the credit goes to Speaker Tip O'Neill, but what remains unrecognized outside House walls are the

unsung and uncelebrated contributions of a legislative O'Neill aide named Ari Weiss.

Weiss joined O'Neill's senior staff in 1972, after his freshman year at Yale. Upon graduation he joined the Speaker for a per-

manent job. "He called me about Marc," O'Neill says. "I said, 'Ari, my problem is I've only got \$6,000 left.' He said, 'To come down and work for it.' So Weiss went to work for the Speaker full time while attending Georgetown University Law School at night. By age twenty-two he was already a millionaire. He said with a smile, 'I was appalled how powerful he was at that age.'"

Since then, Weiss, then director of the Congressional Budget office. There was this voice that suddenly raising taxes."

In 1978 O'Neill appointed Weiss to the executive directorship of the Steering and Policy Committee. Weiss has since orchestrated the passage of practically every

major bill to come before the House. He has been O'Neill's in-house expert, his bridge to Congress, and his right hand.

"I would say that what's really great about the whole experience," Weiss says, "is the degree to which I've been thrust into the middle of a group of people who take their work seriously and in almost every case are involved in government out of a very highly developed sense of public service. Contrary to the public perception, there's a high degree of civility among people in Congress, and a lot of hard work and long hours. Overall there's a deep conviction that how government operates is important."

The Speaker of shadow Washington

Jon Wellingshoff

State consumer advocate
Reno, Nevada
Born May 30, 1949



Everybody in Nevada likes Jon Wellingshoff—with the possible exception of power-company executives. When Wellingshoff assumed the newly created post of state consumer advocate, he began questioning the utilities' rate increases and demanding that they play by the publicly law rules. By forcing utilities to be more accountable, he has saved their Nevada customers about \$25 million in the last four years. And that's

just the beginning.

"Literally hundreds of millions more can be saved in the next twenty years," says Wellingshoff. The reason: the Utility Resource Planning Act, which he wrote and pushed through the Nevada legislature, and which already serves as a model energy code for numerous other states. The act requires Nevada's electric utilities to submit forecasts to the state Public Service Commission every two years, describing future energy needs and explaining how they can be met at the lowest cost to consumers. According to Wellingshoff, the plan must include a discussion of the possible role of energy conservation and load manage-

ment, as well as solar, wind, and geothermal energy, concepts that utilities are often loath to consider. But consider those options they must, because under the act, no utility may receive a permit to construct a large nuclear or fossil-fuel power plant without first demonstrating that such a project is cheaper, at the long run, than "non-nuclear energy alternatives." Wellingshoff is also driving even deeper into energy issues—and utility shenanigans. Earlier this year, in his role as a consultant to the Congressional Office of Technology Assessment, he testified before Congress on the "phantom lines" that utilities sometimes pay along to consumers but never actually pay



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If the speech is memorable and controversial, chances are that Peggy Noonan wrote it.

Politics & Life



BY RON ROSENBAUM

Who Puts the Words in the President's Mouth?

Peggy Noonan is telling me the story of the time the White House security detail mistook her for a dangerous fanatic. We're in her first-floor office, peering in if you stare your neck a bit. The White House Rose Garden, and she's telling me the dangerous fanatic story by way of explaining a curious incongruity in her otherwise conservative office: a crude, homemade, hand-lettered picket sign taped to the wall. Except for its wording, the sign looks like it could have come directly from a militant street demo of the Sixties. It might well have been the kind of sign Peggy Noonan carried when she was an antiwar protester. But the cheap plywood anti-war board protest sign looks rather out of place when it is seen in the office of a speechwriter for Ronald Reagan. Then you get closer and look at the actual black-letter words, and you begin to understand. It reads: NO MORE NUCLEAR NO MORE CONSUMERS. She did pick it up at a demonstration, Noonan tells me. But it's not a statement of the Sixties. It was from a protest staged just a few months ago in Washington by Neomaxians, the anti-Soviet-

demist guerrilla fighters the White House has strenuously supported. Not just supported—championed. Speechwriter Peggy Noonan is the author of some of the most characteristically careful and controversial phrases Ronald Reagan has uttered in the last two years, but now many commentators think the now famous words she provided for the President to praise the citizens who "They are the moral equal of our founding fathers." So when Noonan stopped by the contra demo on her way to the White House that morning and one of the "Founding Fathers" among the demonstrators offered her the no-thought CONSUMERS sign, she thoughtless it cheerfully and headed off to work. The trouble was, when she reached the gates of the White House compound, the guard didn't recognize her as the youngest, brightest star on Ronald Reagan's speechwriting team. He saw an attractive but very serious-looking young woman marching up to his gate carrying a crude picket sign. A drugstore fanatic determined to make some kind of public display made the White House? Sure, she was wearing a

RON ROSENBAUM is a contributing editor of *Esquire* magazine.



With her provocative speeches, Noonan has emerged as a crusader for the Right.



The brightest star on Reagan's speechwriting team, Noonan is, like her boss, a true believer.

White House staff ID, but he won't going to let her by another hand out just who this sign carries around him.

And just who is Peggy Noonan? In some ways, in a larger sense, the White House security guard's object might have been no target. Peggy Noonan is a fanatic of sorts. A fanatic devotee. Whether she's dangerous or courageous or both is something you'll have to judge for yourself. But even within the upper level of the Reagan White House she's respected as a kind of La Fontaine of the speechwriting staff.

"She's courageous," Pat Buchanan, White House communications director, tells me via West Wing office. Buchanan, who has no small reputation himself as a hard-biting, hard-hair type, speaks admirably of the way Noonan has fought for truth, and even promising drafts of speeches. In the Reagan White House, he explains, the speechwriting process is part of the policy-making process. A speechwriter will do a draft of something for the President, that draft is then "stalled out"—circulated to the policy-making and

Cabinet departments concerned, which then proceed to change the words and phrasing to fit their versions of what the policy should be. According to Buchanan, certain Noonan speech drafts have been so strong they've touched off bitter policy struggles. Particularly her foreign-policy speech drafts.

"How is she courageous?" I ask Buchanan.

"I'll tell you how. She's been the author of a number of drafts of presidential addresses that have had a sizable share of the foreign policy bureaucracy up in arms, and she stood up and fought for them. And they were larceny speeches," he says. "The end product, after it had been in the mix," he says, referring to the foreign-policy bureaucracy, "was less than the quality of her originals."

Even so, many of her originals have ended through unchanged, because Ronald Reagan likes the way Noonan makes him sound. The thirty-four-year-old speechwriter and the seventy-four-year-old President are on the same wavelength; they're

both true believers, and Noonan has done the drafts for some of the President's most true-believing speeches. She did the Dallas prayer-breakfast speech at the '84 convention, the one that attacked opponents of state-sponsored school prayer as anti-religious. She did the rock 'n' roll "rock 'n' roll" speech for the 1984 election campaign. And, of course, she did the controversial speech at the National Conservative Political Action Conference, which is becoming for its vision of the next fifty years of the Reagan Revolution but is mostly renowned for that line about the cooties, a line *The New Yorker* singled out for attack on nothing less than "some waste injected into the nation's bloodstream."

When the Reagan administration, Noonan's colleagues internal memos have drawn as much attention as her speech drafts. During the recent hostage crisis, she told me, she became so disillusioned with the failure of the administration to take some direct action against terrorists that she fired off a memo embodying what she called her lurid-glass theory—that

In the 1890's folks who lived outdoors depended on Woolrich.



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Thermal Insulation

an imminent, violent anniversary yet, even if not necessarily precise, was better than no response at all. The incense reached the eyes of White House chief of staff Don Regan, who was seated in gleaming ivory, "I see your work, but I don't like her excess."

Her usual frowns instead seemed, to which she nodded at what she thought were misperceptions by bureaucrats at the National Security Council and the State Department, who so sharply written and full of gloom and doom about the future of the West that it came to be known within the White House as *Darkness at Noon*.

Yet it must be said that there's another side to her work. Her adjacent evocation of JFK's presidency in the speech President Reagan delivered at the dedication of the John F. Kennedy Library brought tears to the eyes of the Communist contingent, an appreciative rhapsody from *The Washington Post*, and heartfelt notes of thanks from Teddy Kennedy. Her desire to big-speech death, the art she did for the President's commemoration of the Kennedy's feelings lost year, was an emotional runner that knocked out everyone who heard it, left and right. There's a side to her that's poetic and spiritual, and loves the presence of Vietnam and the national rhythm of Stephen Vincent Benet.

And there's a side of her that still speaks in the language of the war protester she once was. It comes out when she tells me about a man in the hall at a big Georgetown dinner party with some anti-submarine businessmen who profit off trade with the Soviet Union. "Those fat capitalists!" she tells them. "They deserve the lead. Learn to live in peace when he said the capitalists will sell us the rope with which we'll hang them."

When I first sat down to dinner with Noonan, I thought I might be dealing with the ultimate *Big Bird* character. In 1964 she went from helping to write Dan Barker's radio commentary to ghost-writing speeches for Ronald Reagan. It sounded infinitely opportunistic to me.

Speech Delivered at Foundation for the John F. Kennedy Library, June 24, 1985

And when he died, when that comet disappeared over the continent, a whole nation grieved and would not forget. A notice in New York put up a sign on the door: **CLOSED BECAUSE OF A DEATH IN THE FAMILY.** That sadness was not confined to us. "They cried the rain down that night," said a journalist in Europe. They put his picture up in huts in Brazil and tents in the Congo, in offices in Dublin and Warsaw. That was some of what he did for his country, for when they honored him they were honoring someone essentially—quintessentially—completely American. When they honored John Kennedy, they honored the nation whose virtues, genius, and contradictions he so fully reflected.

But I was wrong about that. Although I disagree with her politically (and we've spent hours fruitfully trying to convert each other on the issues of Central America and the arms race), I've come to believe her opinions are serious.

That first evening we also began to explore to me how it was decades that led her from a present handful of college revolutionaries to a White House full of Reagan revolutionaries.

"I was part of the whole scene," she says of her protest days at New Jersey's Fairleigh Dickinson University. "I had long blond hair and aviator glasses and bell-bottom jeans and a tight-fitting shirt that had buttons on it," she recalls merrily.

But sometimes the protest scene caused her to rebel against the rebellion.

"I remember being on a bus at Fairleigh Dickinson surrounded by all the nice anti-war kids, and I realized they were just upper-middle-class posers out for a good time."

Noonan herself came from a working-class Irish Catholic family that was always struggling to make ends meet without going on welfare. Something about these protesters turned her off to protest itself. "I remember it that the upper-middle-class boys and girls, who were more than any previous generation enjoying the benefits of America, the benefits of economic freedom, the fruits of capitalism—I didn't get a sense that they kids loved America. I didn't sense any *grit* about Vietnam, any sense we might have had good intentions. It was just, 'Here it is down.' There was precious little questioning. We were all conformers."

It was on that bus down to a demonstration in Washington that she "started hunching away from these guys, and when they lurch away from those guys you probably lurch to something else. I liked Libertarianism for a while. I voted for the Libertarian candidate for President in 1976," she says. "I thought they were great because

they hate rules, and I don't like rules, either. I remember knowing for the first time, 'That which is not explicitly forbidden is explicitly allowed.' And I liked that."

One thing I liked about Noonan is that her heart is almost devoid of cynicism and self-love. Above all else, she was caring and at a loss of her favorite paintings in the East Wing of the White House. We wandered into an area of the presidential residence that was strictly off limits that day—the President was still recovering from his colon-resection, and the area was sealed off so he could have the peace and quiet he needed.

Still, we weren't making much noise, and there was Noonan's favorite portrait of Teddy Roosevelt put around the corner, and there was no guard about to tell us to leave, and anything that is not explicitly forbidden is permitted.

Suddenly an ornate guard appeared, looking like he wanted for his job. He inspected our passes, approached Noonan for the freepass, and handed us out.

"We were told," Noonan said, waiting at me as we made our exit.

But her political thinking has evolved from the narrow perceptions of a Libertarian to the Marxist side of the debate in coming years. "I'm a Marxist now, about the direction the Reagan Revolution will take."

"I lost interest in the Libertarian," she says. "I became more conservative on various institutions, and that does involve a certain amount of rule making and legislation. It involves an agreement in a government on what is good behavior and what is bad behavior, and of course Libertarians would have nothing about. I'm authoritarian. Libertarians just profit the charts when the conservative gets caught."

Now, in fact, she gets into arguments with her boyfriend over the libertarian and moral-behavior features of the movement. "I go out with a guy who came to conservatism through Libertarianism," she tells me. "He's got that real love of free-

Delivered at Conservative Political Action Conference, March 1, 1985

I've spoken recently of the freedom fighters of Nicaragua. You know the truth about them. You know who they're fighting and why. They are the moral equal of our Founding Fathers, and the brave men and women of the struggle here [Applause]—the struggle here is not right versus left, it is right versus wrong.

THE CASE OF THE HOLIDAY HOAX



"But, humbug," I cried unreasonably as I surveyed the parking presents cluttered 'round my tree. "I'm not the guest behind the gifts that's anything new," I mused, "the haunting question is the spirit in them."



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Despite the good will of the season, true suspicions filled my mind. "Was there a plot amongst my pals to put Glenfiddich beneath my tree? Had some cabal of crooks shared the striking Single Malt among themselves?"



Then the horror of it struck me. "If my friends were not at fault, had the ancient copper stills worn out? Had Scotland's Naturalists sound Glenfiddich? Was there no more Glenfiddich to be had?"



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TIMOTHY R. BARNES/REUTERS

Her words can be slashing and harshish, but Puffy Noonan can also rise to poetic and mystical heights.

don. And that's a very libertarian thing and there are things about it I like. The Libertarians have serious striking legs on their side. But for me the moral cause seems less one of those cases where logic doesn't seem all the point."

Part of that comes from her religious beliefs.

"For a while I wanted to be a nun," she tells me. "I went through that for about six months when I was seventeen or eighteen. I literally thought a lot about being a nun, but I think I was very much influenced by an actress, a beautiful blond actress who had become a nun."

"What actress?"

"Delaines Hart. Do you remember? She played the good girl in *When the Boys Were Out*. George Hamilton fell in love with her, and he was rich, you know." She laughs. "It shows you how he never got laid, you see. So I remember being agonized with that. I wanted to be a beautiful nun with blond hair and give interviews to *Look*! *How* *Journal*! Actually I didn't want to be a nun, I just wanted to be

advised."

"You wanted to be admired for your virtue?"

"That's right."

"And do you think of what you're doing now, working for the Reagan White House, at fighting on the side of the angels?"

"You're an asshole if you say yes, you know," she says, improving my question. "Once you say that, you sound like an asshole, when you declare yourself to be fighting on the side of the angels. Soak. I think I'm on the side that is fighting in serious, responsible way for good things, for things that will benefit mankind make it easier for him to live a decent life on earth and be a decent person—you know, like that."

Not only does she believe she's fighting on the side of the angels, she believes she's fighting against the devil. During another dinner we got into a discussion of the source of evil in the world, and Noonan told me she believed in the literal existence of the devil. And that the devil might well

be behind the misdeeds of congressmen's Enli Engras.

Noonan has a healthy respect for these machinations. Over dinner at Washington's posh Jockey Club Restaurant she confided that she wouldn't be at all surprised if one of her own White House co-workers was a male phantasm played by the Soviet Union. "Sometimes I play a kind of role of the mouth piece," she told me. "where I pick a person I guess in the halls and wonder, 'What's it's like?'"

But lately, like many of the bright young lights of the Reagan administration, she's been thinking about the future and who will assume leadership of the Revolution in 1992.

"What's up for grabs in the '88 election is the baby-boom generation," Noonan says. "I think it's 45 percent of the electorate by '88. That's huge. They go for economic growth and they're pretty savvy on environmental issues. But I think this whole traditional-values thing could scare them. It's going to be a great light within the Republican party, and I mean a

classic battle. It'll have to do with the heart and soul of the Republican party."

"And where do you lie up?" I ask. "I personally think it will be better ideologically, it will be clearer, it will help party realignment if we just put the traditional-values stuff on hold for a while. That'll help the party survive."

She pauses and frowns. "I also think that if it largely still like traditional values, maybe it shouldn't survive. I go back and forth, and the bottom line is I am ambivalent, and I think there should be less spirit of it. And I saw for a short moment of potentially related any prayer in the schedule. And I want the Republican party to retain its emphasis on those things. It's not an enormous emphasis but it's recognizable, and that some of the baby-boomers. So I know it's not eternally and I know I may be wrong, but it's a loss I feel—that these principles are a good thing and it's worth living a few states in 88 over it."

"Who do you see as the candidate of each tendency?"

Jack Kemp is a terrific free economy, confident growth, entrepreneurial sort of candidate. But I don't hear him talking about—I'm not saying he plays along the social-issue stuff, but I never hear him talk about it. It's as if it doesn't count. George Bush talks more about the social-issue stuff, but as his own candidacy evolves, then I think we'll see the politicians will have

a lot to do with it. They understand their demographics and they understand their baby-boomers.

So she doesn't trust George Bush on social issues, and she believes Jeanne Kirkpatrick "has Democratic beliefs essentially on this." The only more she mentions inversely is a lesser-known Republican senator from Colorado, "Bill Armstrong would be more of a social issue guy."

"MISHY MODERATES ARE NEVER any good as speakers," Pat Buchanan is telling me. "Because they don't believe deeply, they don't have the passion and intensity that comes through in the press. If you look at the Kennedy administration, the speakers were much more positive liberals than Jack Kennedy was. Speakers here are always much more uncompromising in terms of values and beliefs than, say, the congressional-liberal people, who have to deal in the world of compromise."

But Puffy Noonan, he says, brings something more than the impersonal disposition of speechwriter types to ideological party. She's demonstrated a willingness to fight even at risk.

Back in Noonan's office I interrupt her work on a forthcoming speech to ask her specifically what Buchanan means when he called her courageous.

"He's probably referring to the Dark side at Noonan House," she says, and she proceeds to tell me the story of her bagging Bush over a speech.

"There was one incident when I took an some big people modeling my very best. And just."

She won't tell me exactly which speech the little was once, but by putting together some things she said with some things I got from Buchanan and other sources, I think I can make an educated guess. It was the President's speech to the European Parliament at Strasbourg, France, this year.

"I wanted to do a great, embracing speech," she says at her original draft. "The kind of speech a great man would give at an important time for the West. I wanted it to be strong and long and trilled. Could be a loving son of my way. And it is true that the combined forces of the Establishment, for various reasons, would not allow this to happen. And it was kind of me against them."

I think the Strasbourg speech Noonan wanted the President to deliver would have been a strong Churchillian reiteration of the unapologetic rhetoric of detente. A condemnation of the Soviet Union that leaving it to free Siberia, and the Eastern European satellites, and Afghanistan. And probably challenging it to embrace Star Wars as a way of

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Politics & Law

SOLUTIONS

by John Tierney

Van O'Steen Brings the Law to the People

PROBLEM: High-priced lawyers—

and the mystification of the legal system. Van O'Steen, dean of Arizona State University Law School and working in a Phoenix Legal Aid office in 1972, saw lawsuits being illegally evaded and cases being illegally suppressed; parents dying without wills; single mothers who couldn't collect child support payments. The American Bar Association's own research indicated that most people with legal problems don't go to lawyers, in large part because they fear the cost.

THE BAR'S OFFICIAL REACTION: We're studying the problem.

THE BAR'S UNOFFICIAL REACTION: Surely shouldn't we be high priced? O'Steen is a baby collie. **O'STEEN'S REACTION:** There must be a cheaper way. After all, much of what O'Steen and John Bates, a classmate from law school, did at their Legal Aid office was ministerial work—taking questions and translating the answers into standard legalese for discomfited

THE ALTERNATIVE: Standardize, standardize.

O'Steen and Bates printed questionnaires and forms. The telephone could gather the routine information, leaving the lawyer free to concentrate on special complications. Then a secretary could quickly fill in blanks on a form with legotype already printed. "These weren't anything brilliant about our approach," O'Steen recalls. "The essence thing was that all lawyers weren't already doing it. They thought it was 'unprofessional' to be filling out forms."

THE LEGAL SOLUTION TO THE LEGAL PROBLEM:

O'Steen and Bates left their \$9,000-a-year jobs with Legal Aid and set up their own firm in 1974. They called it a legal clinic and loomed it in a tiny \$200-a-month office in an old building on the edge of downtown Phoenix, with a neighborhood drink taking up residence on the front sidewalk. Originally offering wills for twenty-five dollars, uncollected divorces for ninety-five dollars, bankruptcy papers for \$150, there would be a high-volume, low-price law

firm, a modern business, instead of the traditional low-volume, high-price cottage industry.

THE LONG-TERM RESULT: A law firm with low prices and low violence. Clients were scared. The clinic's net income came to slightly less than zero the first year. O'Steen and his wife sold their cars, rode bicycles (later driving a Chevy Impala with 340,000 miles), and lived off the money she made managing a flower shop. Bates went into debt and eventually had to sell his house. He and O'Steen began to sue.

...THE REAL PROBLEM: How was the public supposed to know what lawyers charged? O'Steen and Bates were offering services at half the going rate in Phoenix, but lawyers were forbidden to advertise and generally didn't quote fees over the phone. In theory a client could shop around by visiting lawyers, but in practice most people had better things to do with their weekends, such as go to work.

THE REAL SOLUTION: On Sunday morning, February 22, 1978, the Arizona Republic carried a small ad asking, for not with a lawsuit? It promised "legal services at very reasonable fees," listed prices, and gave the address and phone number of the Legal Clinic of Bates and O'Steen.

THE STILL UNOFFICIAL REACTION: The State Bar of Arizona's disciplinary board recommended suspending Bates and O'Steen from practice law.

THE ENDING BATTLE: The case went to the U.S. Supreme Court, as O'Steen and Bates had hoped. They persuaded William Conly, who had taught them constitutional law at Arizona State University, to represent them.

THE PRECEDENT: In 1853 an Illinois newspaper, the *Chicago Journal*, carried an ad by a promising young lawyer named Abraham Lincoln. He said his partner answered that "all business entrusted to [them] will be attended to with promptness and fidelity." Such advertising was common at the time in America. But by the turn of the century there were bar associations and codes of professional conduct. Advertising was banned everywhere.

THE MODERN BAR'S CASE: That ad advertising would only mislead the public, provide no necessary litigation, raise the cost of legal services. But there was one crucial issue, and it didn't really have to be raised. The Supreme Court justices knew it already. They were lawyers, and they knew that at stake was the way lawyers had always thought of themselves. In Britain, where the advertising taboo originated, early lawyers viewed their service as a public service, a noble occupation for a gentleman—certainly not something at which, for one, one could earn a living.

By 1977 it was hard for American lawyers to pretend that a legal practice was just a hobby to be indulged in now and then on the family income, yet the old prejudice remained. The lawyer for the Arizona



PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN TIERNEY

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Politics/Law

The Emancipation of Bolton, Mississippi

BY JOE
KLEIN

A late-afternoon breeze rippled the parlor curtains, the air was warm and soft as cotton. Pooled sun drifted in. A woman sang the blues on the radio, distant thunderstorms cutting a jagged edge through her poise. Bennie Thompson, whom thirty-nine years old set in his mother's parlor in the tiny rural town of

Bolton, Mississippi, rejecting the place and the moment. It was odd how powerful the little things could be, these images of home. A few weeks earlier he'd been trying to make a big decision—whether or not to run for Congress in 1966—and those struggles kept swirling up on him, messing with his mind. Congress seemed to be the most logical step in his political career. He had a chance—a good chance, people said—no he the first black congressman from Mississippi since Reconstruction. It was the sort of decision that most bold-faced young leaders make without a second thought. He

could make history. He'd been building toward that. But he decided not to do it.

It was a bold move, and political considerations were the wisest of portents. "There are things I just can't find words for..." This place is important to me," he said, waving an arm out toward the town of Bolton, which had elected him mayor in 1953. He had moved around and upward since then. He was now a Hinds County supervisor, and one of Mississippi's two representatives to the Democratic National Committee. Many people believed he was the most powerful black man in the state. He had moved

up the ladder slowly, too fast to consider that upward might ultimately mean away.

He seemed at peace with himself now, though, in his mother's parlor, surrounded by family: his mother and wife, and of his knee his five-year-old daughter, Bennie-Louise Junior ("B.J."). Thompson had been frustrated at first that his wife, London, worked on part of Washington. A teacher in Bolton, she hadn't the slightest desire to be a congressman's wife. He had been itching to challenge Jim Klein in the election of 1962. The *Weekend* story version, which was recently been published as a paperback in Baltimore.

THE LEADER

Many think he's
the most powerful
black in the state.



the incumbent Republican, Wade Franklin. It would have been a tough race, but Thompson was confident. "until he began to think about what would happen if he won. What did it encompass to do anything, except vote? How often would he vote decide someone? In Missouri people make decisions, he did things that affected real

William Turner, Bolton's chief of police. His white predecessor quit when Thompson was elected.



people every day. In Washington he might become just another guy stuffed into a suit. His orange, tan air-fringe, as a newly arrived would rather.

"When you're cleaning land," he said, "you have to use different pieces of equipment to do different things. The first piece of equipment breaks down tires, clears out the boulders. You don't mix that same piece of equipment to go back, fill in the holes, and smooth things over. I've spent the last sixteen years knocking down trees. I may have been the wrong piece of equipment to run for Congress."

More than most politicians, Thompson is a product of his home ground. He has succeeded by not appearing to be successful, by vicariously refusing to pass for middle class. Walking along the street, he might be mistaken for a shambler—bearded, scruffy, definitely overweight. He wears duckhorns, duckhorns and jewelry, he doesn't even wear a watch.

He dresses Cherry Blazer with Gillette (it is necessary for members of Bolton's volunteer fire department and emergency rescue squad, which he founded). He has a visceral need to go fishing on weekends in his next place on an island in Lake. There things were considerations when he began to think about what it might actually be like to live in Washington. And one other thing: "We," he said proudly, nothing toward his wife, "were the first generation of students, college-educated blacks who stayed home."

Home was not just home; it was a prob-

oil statement, and had been from the start. To go north—even as the elected representative of Mississippi's Second Congressional District—would be to join all the others who left the ones who thought they could make away from segregation and its legacies, who chose not to fight it when it began.

looking out to his white members. "The leaders made those decisions," he recalled. "I just smiled." He spent his weekends running voters up in the Delta, talking with Fanny Low Hines's domestic but unsuccessful congressional campaign, and feeling either pained with himself.

"I remember going home to Bolton one time," he said, "and talking to Walter Vinson about all these lousy things I was doing. He was a very well respected black businessman in the community. He said to me, 'Well, you know, people don't vote here, either.' He was right, of course. Why should I be going up, organizing people in Southeastern County, when there was no one doing a damn thing?"

Bolton wasn't quite so dramatic or symbolic as the predominantly black caucus of the Delta. It was a small town—just over eight hundred people—in Hinds County, not fifteen miles from the state capital of Jackson. But, like the Delta, it was predominantly black, and the whites were desperately afraid of losing control.

"You hear stories about blacks and whites being at ease down south, but Bolton was always two separate communities. I never had a single white friend," Thompson recalled. "Once, when I was about eleven, I went into town to get a part for my bicycle. The men at the store didn't have it, and he asked me if that was it. I said, 'Yes, and

what else when I come in high school. They lived on the north side of the railroad tracks—his mother still lives in the same house—a marginally better neighborhood than the shantytown called "Cross the tracks, down in the alley."

After graduating from Tougaloo in 1966, he took Walter Vinson's challenge and began registering voters in Bolton. "I was teaching that year in Madison, about one hundred miles away. I would drive over to Bolton on Wednesday evenings for strategy meetings. It was hard putting people together because the white folks kept us to court to get them to open up."

For the next ten years, Thompson just about lived in court. Neither side gave any quarter in Bolton. It was inevitable Thompson's race would win, since there were twice as many blacks in town as whites, but the white incumbents fought him every step of the way.

In 1958, when Thompson—just twenty-one years old—and two others became the first blacks elected to the Board of Aldermen, the mayor refused to certify the results. Thompson took it to court. "Within a few weeks after we won that, I was fired from my teaching job for being a negative influence... and the draft board—the all-white draft board—decided to send me off to Vietnam. I challenged both of those things in court too."

He never was maintenance as a teacher, but he managed to detour the draft board through various appeals. For the next four years, blacks and whites continued angrily on the Board of Aldermen. "I would propose a housing program," Thompson recalled, "and Alex Payne, the mayor, would say, 'Well now, no one ever did anything about housing before.' It just about drove me crazy. I had high blood pressure, hypertension. I was so angry, all around us."

The hypertension disappeared in 1973, when Thompson compared the inextinguishable transfer of power in Bolton. He was elected mayor, blacks won the whites off the Board of Aldermen. The white incumbents challenged the vote in court, at court, but Thompson won and immediately took control of the town.

"Before we got right at them, he hit them where it hurt," says John L. Walker, a black lawyer who, in the course of all those lawsuits, became Thompson's closest friend. "Just about the first thing he did was bring in a property appraiser from Boston to reevaluate the property in town. Of course, the white folks had been underestimating their property for years. They took us to court on the new assessments, but we won all but a lawsuit."

Thompson was interested in much more than revenge, though. He also launched a concerted effort to get federal aid for Bolton.

Streets were paved and housing started. Anew-city hall, as well as low-income and senior-citizen housing ("The Miller Union Municipal Apartments").

Driving a house through Bolton one afternoon, Thompson turned onto a well-paved street of modest houses and mobile homes called Martin Luther King Drive. "This is the area that used to be called 'cross the tracks, down in the alley,'" he said. "We reprinted this history you see, tore down the ones that couldn't be saved, and moved the people into the new apartments. There is not a single piece of substandard housing left in Bolton."

The new apartments were immaculate, well-lit, and green-painted, the kind that became status symbols up north, in Bolton, though, they seemed a triumph—well kept, grass mowed, well-lit. "We have one problem family," Thompson said, "over there... with the broken screens. We're warring on them... and that, over there, a very nice."

It was a pit, a modest but sparkling new brick ranch in the middle of a low-income housing project. The local development corporation (which Thompson founded) had set out lots for sale, but no one had bought. His house stood alone. "It's a statement, I guess," he said later. "You want to have different incomes living together. You don't want to isolate people just because they're poor."



Sylvia Hall, a Bolton resident and Thompson's family friend. To guard against tampering, she watched the polls.

Robert Thompson first realized that his future was at home in the mid-1960s, when he was a student at Tougaloo College, near Jackson. Black Power was in vogue there. People such as Stokely Carmichael and H. Rap Brown were wandering about the campus in those days. Thompson joined the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee (SNCC) as a member when it was becoming less activist and

he said, "What you say, negro? Didn't we ever ever teach you to say 'nigger' to a white man? That's how it was."

Thompson was, perhaps, less likely to be doctored than the other blacks in town. Socially and economically, his family was a cut above the run of black sharecroppers and farmhands. His mother, Annie Laura Thompson Bellows, was a teacher, his father, W. H. Thompson, an auto mechanic.

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All of Fulton assumed a statement, in fact—although a somewhat anachronistic one. The town had been considered a model of racial progress since the late 1970s, the almost logarithmic rise of federal funds. Thompson's influence grew as a result of his inspired and occasionally flack-prone leadership. Even though other towns weren't as successful at getting federal help, they derived hope from what was happening in Bolton.

One thing that did not happen in Bolton, though, was migration. The races remained relatively apart. While in Thompson became mayor, the two white cops quit and were replaced by blacks. The white kids left the public schools and went to a private academy. "Not a single white student has gone to school in Bolton since we integrated," Thompson says.

In the process, Thompson straddled camp whether white folks accepted blacks. The only thing that integration really meant was that power changed colors. "I'll have two roads, a paved road with potholes and a white road with no potholes, and I'll have one as a black neighborhood, my priority is the unpaved road," he said. "Equality doesn't mean spending the same amount of money on blacks as whites. It means giving blacks the same quality of services as whites."

If integration was a liberal myth, he would make "separate but equal" a black reality. On a personal level too, Thompson would remain definitely separate. He wouldn't talk or drink or cry to act white. There was a very definite message in his carefully muted look. "I'm not going to lose my identity in order to move up and succeed in traditional terms," he said. "I'm not going to forget who I am."

RECENTLY MET THOMPSON'S MOST prominent ally on the Hinds County Board of Supervisors turned out to be a Ayubhoo whose district included the county's richest white folks.

"Benne, Thompson and Frank Byers have forged this bizarre radical-conservative, good-government alliance against the city hall patronage crowd," says one local political expert. "You see a lot of 2-2-2 runs with them on the street and it's."

"Benne, Thompson believes in open houses, but, compared to open-house government that is open to scrutiny," says his unlikely ally Frank Byers. "Of course he and I disagree on a whole bunch of other stuff like open meetings and making county government."

Of course, Thompson and Byers could only be allies because there was little chance they'd ever compete for the same office. Politics in Hinds County—as in most places—has been reimagined by a one-man, one-vote court system. There are black districts and white districts. Thompson's most frequent political battles now are against other blacks for control of black

part—and those battles tend to divide along generational lines. In a way, it's a continuation of the old 1960s rivalry: NAACP versus SNCC.

Thompson's best-known opponent was Jesse Henry, a legendary NAACP leader who is also a just owner of a tabernacle, statehood Jackson. Henry was one of Mississippi's two representatives to the Democratic National Committee until Thompson ousted him last year, and he acknowledged that there was a difference in style. "It's like good cop, bad cop. Jesse's the bad cop—he's rough and tumble and brash. I would say his effectiveness is above average," Henry concedes. "My style is more smooth. I like to think there's a some jealousy among his supporters because of the financial assets that have accrued to us."

Thompson's victory over Henry—and his early support for Bill Allen, who eventually was elected governor—solidified his popularity in the young black leader in Mississippi. It was widely assumed that he would use his newly won power to run for higher office. At the time the Second Congressional District—the northwest corner of the state, the Delta—seemed ripe for the taking if the district's black minority could be rallied. Since 1980, black candidates had been trying to win it, always coming close but never quite getting enough black voters to the polls. "Benne had a chance because he could get the black kids excited by them," says Amy Black, professor of political science at Jackson State University. "I don't think he would've gotten very many white votes—this is still Mississippi, a black man could be sitting on the right hand of Jesus and not get white votes—but he would have made the black community feel it was his to be devoted against it."

For a time, it seemed Thompson would run. He held meetings, plotted strategy, worked to convince other potential black candidates to drop out, but just as he began to gear up for the campaign, an opening developed on the state's Circuit Court of Appeals. Thompson threw himself into the effort to get Fred Benne, an estate black civil rights lawyer, appointed to that position. "We used to sit that night and go through Roberts, organizing letter-writing campaigns, telephone, lobbying," Thompson recalled. "Then one day in March I thumped into the governor on the capital lawn and he said, 'Benne, I thought you might like to know I just appointed Fred Benne to the court.' I felt as if we'd really accomplished something, and I started to wonder if it really wanted to go to Washington."

Several days later John Wilbur said to him, "Benne, you know, since you got to Congress, you won't be able to do things like this." "I've been thinking that too," Thompson replied.

BUT IF NOT CONGRESS, WHAT? THERE ARE a lot of black people in Mississippi—about 37 percent, more than any other state—but not nearly enough to elect Thompson to statewide office. It is more likely that he will continue to consolidate his influence in the black community, build an apparatus, and become a black version of that most venerable American political institution: the ethnic political boss. There is a certain attraction in being the one black man the governor has to deal with when naming judges.

"There are people who already accuse me of being a boss," he said, sitting in his Hinds County Supervisors office. "If being active means you're a candidate for office, means you're a boss, so be it."

Thompson had just spent the better part of a week trying to get one of his assistants, a woman named Lucretia Piggus, elected to the Jackson City Council. Her opponent was Duke Smith, the president of the local NAACP. It was the latest round of the same old struggle, and Thompson dove into it with relish, organizing campaign workers from a nearby black storefront on the north side of town, quietly moving the levers, sending them off to the polls. But when it was over, his candidate had lost.

Stunned, Thompson had sat on a bench out in front of the campaign headquarters as the soft, moist Mississippi evening closed in. Greckl Gibson, a state representative from the district, joined him there.

"I get in and let us into this campaign," said Gibson, almost distraught. "An awful lot."

"We all do," Thompson said.

"I just don't understand it, Benne," Gibson said. "What do you make of it?"

"The president of the NAACP only has us by a hundred votes," Thompson replied. "That's something."

"I don't know, I don't know," Gibson was shaking his head, unconvinced. "Where do we go from here?"

"To the next election," Thompson said calmly, lecturing not the slightest bit of uncertainty, and yet, "the way the first time I lost, I was beaten against the black establishment and lost. Was it some sort of message? Because for Congress might ultimately mean leaving home and losing influence, but staying home might ultimately mean a frustrating, meaningless series of interoffice skirmishes with other blacks. Politics wasn't nearly so easy as it had been when the issues were clearly black and white."

Benne, Thompson, a 40-year-old and perhaps the most open old black man in the state of Mississippi, sat there on the bench in the twilight, in his disheveled, smoking a cigarette that he'd borrowed, contemplating a future much more complicated than his past. ☐

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Robert Bowman
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from a state of
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Political/Law



Robert Bowman is
front of
the capital
in East
Lansing—
his father's
city on
the line

The Kid Who Saved Michigan

When Robert Bowman flew to Lansing to become Michigan's treasurer, the state's bond rating was "junk" (aa-). Worst in the nation. The Motor State had recently been forced to beg a \$500-million loan guarantee from a group of Japanese banks just to float short-term notes—Nissan and

Toyota must have been yanking it up good over that. And the new governor had just discovered that the previous governor had been padding the books his party's gift to the state was \$1.7 billion in deficits. In 1983 Michigan faced a fiscal crisis hauntingly similar to the one New York City faced in

GREGG EASTERBROOK is a national correspondent for The Atlantic.

BY GREGG EASTERBROOK



Government leaders, state treasurer, judge Bowen plays to win.

1975, and Bowen couldn't exactly call on a wealth of experience to light it. The day he took office, he was twenty-seven years old.

"Michigan was broke in the most fundamental sense, in the sense that we had no cash," Bowen says. "There are all manner of accounting gimmicks you can use to disguise cash flow, but nothing you can do to cover up cash shortages."

Society Michigan's deficit is gone, vanquished. The state operates in the black. Its short-term note rating has risen to the highest possible grade—and without a letter of credit for the first time since 1976. Last fall, the first time in four years, Michigan was able to sell general-obligation bonds, the equivalent of unsecured loans. Bowen and his boss, Governor James

Blanchard, a liberal Democrat, have actually done what Ronald Reagan only talks about doing—balanced a budget. And they did it on their own. When New York City's fiscal emergency was disclosed, city efforts centered primarily on how to get a federal bailout. In Michigan the question of help from Washington was never even raised. Michigan bailed itself out, with a twenty-seven-year-old commissioner the budget helmsman.

THAT BOWMAN WENT TO MICHIGAN AT ALL is remarkable by the standards of contemporary career bastards. A star-bucked insouciant at the investment-banking firm of Goldman, Sachs, he had lived a perfect existence, from his boyhood in Elm Grove, Wisconsin, an affluent suburb of Mil-

waukee, to Harvard, for academic credentials to Wharton, for business credentials in the form of an M.B.A., to Washington for government credentials at the Treasury Department; then on to Wall Street. Between his position at Goldman, Sachs and his Manhattan co-op, Bowman had a carefully built life for which most young professionals would kill. Then he chucked it all for an apparently hopeless task in an isolated midwestern town.

Bowman had joined the fiscal construction while working in Washington as a special assistant to Assistant Treasury Secretary Roger Altman. Despite the ravens of misanthropy in that groove, such a position can wield authority, and under Altman, Bowman found himself working on the Chrysler Corporation rescue package with its chief advocate, thirty-year-old Detroit congressman James Blanchard. When Altman moved on to Wall Street as managing director of Lehman Brothers (now called something like Shearson/Lehman/American Express/U.S. Steel), U.S. Navy/NFL-on-CBS), he recommended Bowman first to Goldman, Sachs. And then later to Blanchard, who won the Michigan governorship in November 1980, who was in trouble, and who remembered being impressed by the boy.

From the state's perspective, the strange thing about Bowman was not his youth but his professional background. "He most states the treasurer's office is a perfunctory position," Blanchard explains. "All they do is sign checks. Often the accountant is a wussie or idiot who's there to balance the tickets." But Blanchard restructured the office—taking power away from the budget director—so that its occupant would have approximately the same policy influence as U.S. Treasury Secretary James Baker. He also wanted an M.B.A. type who planned to go back to the financial world where it was all over, not to stay in Lansing in a lobbyist or party regular. "I told my inner staff we would get a treasurer who would worry about running his operation on Wall Street," Blanchard says. "Someone who would care about how our bond issues did, because his future income would be on the line."

Bowman got word of Blanchard's interest and was intrigued. On the one hand, he knew that there was a great chance he would fail at it. On the other, it would only be two years, then he could return to Wall Street. Altman pushed Bowman hard to take his chances. "Roger Altman told me this would be a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity," Bowman notes, "and I said, 'Yes, but so is jumping off a bridge.'" Blanchard called on Christmas Eve, 1982. Forty-eight hours later Bowman took the job.

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Standing up to capital punishment, Scharlette Holdman protects the lives of Florida's condemned

Politics & Law

The Angel of Death Row

SCHARLETTE HOLDMAN used to have this dream.

Not a dream of social justice and equality, where the murderer looks head-on with his victim and the lion lies down with the lamb, not a dream of a world without prisons and punishment. Not that kind of dream. The other kind. A dream that frequently visited her while she was sleeping, sleeping the blissless sleep of the ideal advocate.

Holdman is in a building that is crumbling, the walls are falling down, the roof is disappearing. She is there with a hundred and more men, those she works and cares for—the murderous eldritch, death row prisoners in the state of Florida. A pretty gruesome group—child torturers, greedy rapists, killers who have dispatched their luckless victims with shotguns, knives, axes, baseball bats, and bare hands—all mantras of violence. It's Holdman's concern, but all doesn't decide, dream-to-legend, and all fish-belly where from these years of confinement (except the blacks, of course). "The

black guys are okay today," Holdman says, reflecting upon the physical consequence of death row. "But all the white guys are all fucked up and acerbic-looking. They're." Their eternal consciousness aside, she is confident she can lead her charges away from death into safety. Come, says Holdman, folks, follow me! and she leads them out of this confining building to another building that seems to be safe but then proceeds to disintegrate much as the first. "Flurry up!" she screams. These guys are slow as snails and shepherds them, the lefty again, only to be stopped by the superintendent of Florida State Prison, who says, "You're not taking these guys justice. Scharlette. If you try to."

by Joy Williams

I'd—and at this point he produces with decent legendariness, something, and says, "I'm going to take this woman's head off." Well. This gives Holdman pause. But why should it? How can the beheading of a staged mouse victim her from saving the damned, at least saving them from the tormented punishment intended by the state in the form of trial electrocution? But the dream mouse always stays her cold. Holdman wakes up thinking, *God, where do mice?*

Capital punishment spurs the only indefensible human solidarity—our solidarity against death. —Libert Caines
Our greatest need is insurance for life. A human's deepest concern for each individual will do more to soothe and humanize our deepest hearts than any police power that man can devise. —Ransley Clark
Condemned criminals [prove] the deep need for forgiveness and reconciliation among those of us who have had a loved one murdered. —Coretta King

She, Holdman says over the phone to a Key West lawyer, asking him to take a case, maybe we can buy a couple of years

more. She's not a lawyer, naturally, and, severely naive, runs the Florida Clearinghouse on Criminal Justice out of two tiny rooms in the squat white Petroleum Building across the street from the State Supreme Court Building in Tallahassee, Florida. For the last eight years, her main task has been to recruit volunteer lawyers who would appeal death judgments, because until June of this year these sentenced to death in the Sunshine State received public defender assistance only through the first appeal to the State Supreme Court. After that the condemned was on his own, and with no money and less knowledge of the availability of pleas, petitions, arguments, and appeals. Usually scattered along the circuitous route to execution, he might actually find himself in a room, the color of

THE SAVIOR:

Holdman has one of the most hectic, frenetic jobs anyone ever wanted," says Scharlette Holdman. "Just at the case of Ray Killian, he wanted a small six lawyers involved in preparing a writ. When the district judge asked for his representation, all the judges that brought—convinced them and sentenced him to die. They're now in such a state that they're going out and managing things in our death row. It's just absolutely in front of us. We're not the ones just going to kill the guy and it's the punishment of it's not."



PHOTOGRAPH BY JACQUELINE

Joy Williams's short story collection, *Slipping Girls*, was recently published in paperback by Random House. She's a C. Underwood. Her last story for *Esquire*, "The Savior," appeared in the August 1994 issue.

which has been variously described as pious or bleak, where he would be strapped into a battery-wired autism throne and cast unemotionally into death's arms with the blessing of the state and two thousand volts of electricity. Holzman provided assistance to those nonconformist individuals by getting them lawyers. To add those lawyers willing to volunteer their expertise and time, hundreds of hours, in the extensive and expensive appeals process for the friendless and the reprehensible was... difficult. But Holzman did it. Out of the state's thirty thousand lawyers she found several dozen who agreed to take on death row cases, and another hundred to help with strategy. These needles in the haystack, as it were, needed their way through the courts, filing motions and briefs, pursuing delays, and fighting stays—and they were very successful in keeping their clients out of the chair.

As Florida judges and juries continued to recommend death for convicted killers, and the governor, Bob Graham, continued to sign warrants, death row became more and more crowded. Mournful-eyed John Spinkhaus, who killed a man who called him "a son of a bitch" in 1978, in 1980 was paroled without incident, as did 1981 and 1982. Holzman's record of reprieve was excellent. Imagine this: during the last five that death-specific took place and an hour, seemingly unworkable. Which of us would not wish to be so placed? In late November 1983, however, there was a setback with the execution of Robert Sullivan, who, after ten years, had been on death row longer than anybody in America. And then came 1984, a very bad year: eight men took death with attacks on the lawyers, attacked by abusive lawyers were proving to be little more than that—delays, the long, slow appeals process on many cases was ending, the prisoners' rights, too, the warden of the live, were being "exhausted," and Holzman was running out of volunteer lawyers.

At which point help appeared from an unlikely quarter—the state itself. The Florida Bar was urged to set up its own lawyer recruitment committee, and with a budget of \$125,000, five times that of the Clemmings, it set out to find volunteers among its own ranks. It produced only twenty-five. And this was not surprising, according to former Bar president James Kilman. "If death cases drag on for years, they're very costly, and no one likes you," he says. So the state has now taken the responsibility for providing defense for capital appeals. This might seem to be a considerable victory for Holzman, but she is less than disappointed. "The state finally realizes that if we don't get these guys lawyers, we're not going to be able to kill them." It's like letting the Japs murder whokings. "As far as the public defenders, she says, "Honestly, you've

got to watch out for those guys that anybody, they're such scumbags." In speech, Holzman is somewhat impragable. She doesn't care about being liked, so, not at all. She is southern, stumpy, down-to-earth. Certainly much down to earth, but she operates in the shadowy sphere of the clinic, not for whom the only worthy battle is the battle against death.

Her taste is often sweet, but almost divine. Perhaps because she's not interested in philosophical problems, or even moral ones for that matter. The mouse verged on abstraction, even level poetry. And Holzman is a pragmatist, an activist, an engineer. She doesn't like poetry. She doesn't like morals, and she doesn't like the governor of Florida either. Actually she loathes him. She doesn't know him personally, but she knows his "personas." The governor is a seemingly calm, logical, and imperious fellow. Eloquent. A bit cold. Such a personality answers Holzman's most acute suspicion of demagogues. She considers him a "sociopath" because he signs death warrants. "He seems to sign more, even more, because he's a rat," but he won't because he's a politician. The governor certainly is an rat, so the rat is Holzman. Whenever he shows up with one of his daughters on a college campus, she arranges for protesters to display in one customer a robot and heads to greet him. In February of this year, on the day that the governor signed his hundredth death warrant, Holzman sent two creepily clad people to the entrance of the state capitol looking to throw black paper curtains on the state seal. One of the creepily clad people said he was death. "I am death," she says. "Agony and Evil," he said. "I come to congratulate my nation, my ambassador of justice, the dishonorable Robert Graham..." Holzman pointed the way activists with copies of the statement, which was composed by an enthusiastic volunteer and sent to the press. "I'm amazed sometimes at what they'll do," she says.

Holzman does not like the governor one bit. Her former husband, whom she had been divorced from for a dozen years, recently died. She didn't care too much for him either, though she admits that the children, Summer, now fifteen, and Tad, seventeen, "loved him." She says this with a smile, and she says it makes it hard to imagine any of course. Holzman slugs her shoulders and laughs. Her daughter got a summer job this year and wanted to do three things with her earnings. She wanted to buy school clothes, paint their rented house, and buy her mother a pair of shoes. "The last is very self-serving," Holzman says, "because I wear her shoes." Did you see the summer in Wyoming, shocking link, then weigh them for the Fish and Game Department. "He loved it," Holzman says and laughs.

She likes to laugh. She likes her name, which was inscribed on her birth certificate by a Polish man in Memphis, Tennessee. She likes Scotch and cigarettes and the telephone. She also feels very comfortable with the absurd.

THE PRACTICALITY OF DEATH BY ELECTROCUTION was proven in Thomas Edison's old Meigs Park Laboratory in 1889. Edison showed an engineer named Harold Brown to hold around in the dynamo room, pushing cats and dogs onto a metal plate, electrified with alternating current. Edison did not care for alternating current. He didn't understand it. He liked direct current. But a competitor, George Westinghouse, was proving to be successful marketing high-voltage AC with a transformer, transmitting farther and cheaper than Edison could with his DC methods. Westinghouse had had some unfortunate accidents, however, and Edison never mind of adding up the competitor's sales ("HOLLY MCKEES" he wrote) and emphasizing their dangers in letters and newspapers. In order to demonstrate how awful and potentially deadly AC was, Edison allowed Brown to experiment, and after making some fifty animals, Brown died. AC is a perfect electrical medium for efficient extermination and inaugurated a campaign against Westinghouse as a "merchant of death." Brown also devised an "electrical cage and chair" and sold them, along with three AC dynamos, to the state of New York for \$6,000. The state, which had been seeking a more modern alternative to hanging, was enthralled. They added a chair and some straps and wanted to call it something like electrocution or instrument. The names didn't catch on, but the chair. The chair was simply an electric chair.

Except for fifty suggesting that they call the new system Westinghouse, Edison never involved himself in the project. He was too busy inventing with his lamps, penlights, and regulators there trying to find the perfect dynamo for his light bulb. Edison, in fact, was quite opposed to capital punishment.

"Isn't that something?" Holzman says.

IN HIGH SCHOOL, HOLZMAN WAS CAPTAIN of the cheerleader squad. The pep is still within her, certainly. She got a degree from Memphis State, then did postgraduate work in anthropology at the University of Illinois. It was in Illinois that she first became involved in ACLU activities, fighting discrimination against the physically handicapped and promoting the de-institutionalization of prisoners. Holzman liked Brown even though her Tennessee resident counsel people to seek her all the time why she talked about being the secretary begins to feel like a "transgressor on a reservation" and longed to return home, to her mom, mostly, and to reform South. She took a job as ACLU director in

THE SAVED:

"In spring we can feel it close," Holzman says. "But in May, 1983, it felt even closer than it did in May 1982. It felt even closer than it did in May 1981. It felt even closer than it did in May 1980. It felt even closer than it did in May 1979. It felt even closer than it did in May 1978. It felt even closer than it did in May 1977. It felt even closer than it did in May 1976. It felt even closer than it did in May 1975. It felt even closer than it did in May 1974. It felt even closer than it did in May 1973. It felt even closer than it did in May 1972. It felt even closer than it did in May 1971. It felt even closer than it did in May 1970. It felt even closer than it did in May 1969. It felt even closer than it did in May 1968. It felt even closer than it did in May 1967. It felt even closer than it did in May 1966. It felt even closer than it did in May 1965. It felt even closer than it did in May 1964. It felt even closer than it did in May 1963. 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J. L. OCHOA AND J. C. VILLALBA

New Orleans and visited a lot of ghastly Louisiana pubs. She found, however, that listening to prisoners and standing in their cells was not a pretty sight. There was

side amount of doubt and misgivings she could muster is the small threat, knowing the could do anything with any. She had found her interest—prisons and punishment, the vicinities of judgment—but she realized she was most effective as an officer, on a plane, monitoring all. She moved to Miami in 1977 as the director at NCLC Florida, and a year later she came to Tallahassee as NCLC director of the newly formed Glaucomatous and narrowed her civil rights work down to one badly abused same subject, the death penalty. "I believed this job for myself, really. National Trust. There was no competition for it."

WALTER HENRIK ROSEN, 60, of EASTPORT, and killed seven boys. He was one of the eight men executed in 1984. Contrary to accepted myths, not all child molesters are treated as pariahs on death row. Some are popular. Ernest Delbert, for example, who tortured and killed two of his children and was also executed in 1984, apparently had a terrific personality. "He is the most unusual, positive, impetuous person I ever met," his lawyer said. But Guido looked like certain something that impairs. Guido was gross. He howled about his acts and the pleasure they gave him. He was a racist, a misogynist, a drunk, and a wife of beating to him. He, like Todd, was fully aware that he had true feelings

PEOPLE WHO WANT TO RETAIN THE DEATH penalty are called retentionists, an unfortunate word. Opponents of the death penalty are called abolitionists. Liberal and intellectuals are abolitionists. The common man is a retentionist. Few articulate abolitionists come to his assistance although there are some, including Emily van den Haag of Fordham University. Holzman calls him Mr. V.D. PHS second thought a debate between the two would be edifying. "You're," Holzman said. "Oh, come on. PHS said 'I really can't,'" Holzman said. "It's not a good debate."

you'd be fine," PDS said. "I really don't have much choice perceived," Holleman said. "And I really don't want to talk so that badly." "I'll never mind," PDS said.

[illegible]

KANSA MUNE, OF THE "ORIGIN COURTESIES" professed the condemned. At Florida State Prison in the gloomy town of Starke, the superintendent, Richard Dugger, used to take drinks with the prisoner in his pre-conviction home. He'd bring a bottle of bourbon or Scotch and some paper cups into the cell, and they'd have a drink or two together. Florida residents had a fix when they learned about this from the press.

[illegible]

"Let's die, but death can be life also."
 "I would be very happy to die, but, because I think that has a symmetry that is appealing."
 —Two state senators discussing Florida's system of sentencing, in which the judge can override the jury's recommendations.

THE LANGUAGE OF DEATH IN TERMS OF the law is prosaic. The death penalty itself is referred to as the "irrevocable sanction," and those who commit crimes of it are "especially heinous, atrocious, or cruel" and are considered "death eligible." Florida is not all orange groves and wet T-shirt contests; it's a state that wants to make death equitable. Indeed, the constitutionality of Florida's death statute has been upheld for more than a decade primarily because of its trichotomous system of separate judgment, sentencing, and



In our special storm chamber, a mannequin equipped with moisture sensors at critical points is dressed in the test garment and battered by a three-inch-per-hour downpour. If after 30 minutes the mannequin is

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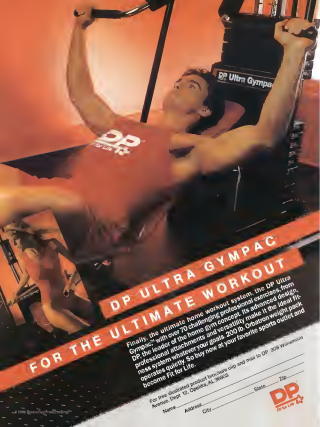
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HONOREES Entertainment, Sports & Style

Larry Bird
Basketball player
Boston, Massachusetts
Born December 7, 1956



In just five years Larry Joe Bird, a one-liner in the sports world, has become the dominant player in pro basketball. He doesn't jump very well, and his step-back jump shot is more than a nodding acquaintance with Moulton machines, but he shoots, passes, and rebounds with skill that defies analysis. In the process he's won nearly every individual honor the league has to offer and, more important, led the Boston Cel-

tics to two NBA championships. "He's the best ever," says broadcaster Bob Costas. And his general manager, Red Auerbach, who's as tight as he is smart, gives him the ultimate professional compliment: "Guys like him you don't read playing."

As the game unfolds before him, Bird, like a chess master, plays several moves ahead, a talent that makes him to pass to teammates he can't see but knows are in place. His credits have been carved as far as hard work will carry them. "I rest, sleep, and drink basketball twenty-four hours a day," he says. "I hope I never lose that."

Originally from French Lick, Indiana, the 6'6" sports what may be the world's largest

collection of brother caps. Bird has to carefully grope more comfortable with all the acclaim, even to the point of doing an almost-reluctant shoe commercial with basketball all-star John Elway. But the court remains his kingdom. "I just try to do whatever it takes," he says. "I mean, I'm one of the fortunate who can."



Paul DiBello
Skier/Coach
Winter Park, Colorado
Born October 25, 1950



all the mountains and onto the front porch of a major station the following night, both of his legs had been so badly damaged by frostbite that they had to be amputated below the knees.

That happened in 1974, and it was the

beginning of DiBello's story, not the end. After a six-month hospital stay, DiBello vented tentatively back into the world. With the encouragement of his friends, he then began experimenting with what had been his favorite sport, skiing. Even getting into the chair lift proved impossible at first. When he finally made it down a slope on his prosthetic legs, he understood what a lot of handicapped people know: properly managed, amputees are no less able to do the physically impaired and able-bodied able. Thus inspired, DiBello progressed quickly to competition level, and won four gold medals at both the 1982 and 1984 World Handicapped Championships in

Against all odds, he has demonstrated the true heart of a champion

Saenastad. Still, that wasn't enough to satisfy him. Last year he moved to Winter Park, Colorado, and began a program to train disabled skiers for serious competition; his students picked up a total of forty-two medals at the 1985 U.S. Handicapped Nationals. It's not an easy experience for the skiers, who subsidize the program with their taxes, or for the coaches, who work with everyone from spine bifida patients, who can hardly walk, to those whose handicap is blindness. "But it's tremendously satisfying," he says. "I used to bitch about all handicapped people doing it. Now we've got something, and I'm making it go."

Cyndi Lauper
Rock singer
New York, New York
Born June 22, 1953



Prison. Her voice is actually an even more potent, after years of steady and mid-discipline, now turns directly through loud activities, sounding rich and ready with no studio tricks. In fact, an evening at a Lauper concert proves that the singer

sounds even better live than on her staidly produced discs.

But it's not only the way Lauper carries a tune that makes her appeal—it's also the way she carries herself. Not once Woody Guthrie, who continued singing happy songs despite all his hardships, has there been a popular singer who so earnestly accentuated the positive, poked fun at the negative, and always evidenced self-will. DiBello's seeing her now it is easy to forget that just three years ago Cyndi's mother, Catherine Downesque, was lighting candles to St. Jude, patron of hopeless causes. Back then Lauper's reconvertible blond, Blue Angel, had just broken up

Glorious pipes, with the garb to match

Others first album, she says, "went best" and, with her debts mounting, she was forced to file for bankruptcy. Then things got back. She had to make a grungy, grungy Boston team at a Japanese nightclub in New York. Yet through it all Lauper persisted in her terminally healthy attitude. During the last four years, Lauper and her manager, Dave Wolk, have built up her career in an scratch-to virtually superstar status. Her transparent album, called *She's So Unusual*, spawned five hit singles—the first debut album to do so. Quite simply, by refusing to suffer Lauper overcame "Lids," she says, "is not a person's sentence."

Annie Leibovitz

Photographer
New York, New York
Born October 2, 1949



Whether she's shooting strange and often controversial portraits, or indulging in her trademark wrapping cloth, or snapping the occasional *Dolly Parton* framed by the equally overdeveloped Arnold Schwarzenegger, Annie Leibovitz, our era's most influential photographer of the stars, does more than capture a single moment in time—she creates portraits that surprise as well as fascinate. Leibovitz was just twenty years old

when she first talked her way into her first major assignment for *Rolling Stone*—a cover shot of John Lennon. Named that magazine's official photographer in 1973, she has since shot more than one hundred covers and seen her work appear as often in other illustrated magazines. "Annie has a way of getting people to be themselves," wrote former *Rolling Stone* art director Roger Black in 1977. Her photographs make people seem closer, somehow closer to life." Leibovitz moved to Vanity Fair two years ago. But not too much else has changed: Leibovitz has not lost her eye, or her knack of getting the rich and famous to offer a glimpse of their souls.



Revealing images that outlast the flash of celebrity

Bobby McFerrin

Vocalist
New York, New York
Born March 11, 1950



How to describe the sound of Bobby McFerrin? On his second album, aptly entitled *The Voice*, this sonic virtuoso occasionally imitates trumpets, cymbals, string ensembles—yes, on a song called "To My Own Whimsy," the sound of radio static. McFerrin is also the most innovative jazz singer to come along in twenty years, an artist who merges traditions as diverse as the scat singing of Ella Fitzgerald and the smooth vocalizations of Al

Jarvis to produce several forms of his own. The son of former Metropolitan Opera baritone Robert McFerrin (the dubbed Sidney Poitier's singing voice in the film version of *Porgy and Bess*) and operatic soprano Sara McFerrin, young Bobby actually chose to express himself through the piano rather than his voice. After studying music in California, McFerrin spent several years as a keyboardist with Tip Fu's lounge band and, for a few months, toured rock to rock with the live Fugees. While playing piano for a Salt Lake City dance troupe in 1977, McFerrin had an epiphany: "I was feeling bored and wondering what my direction in life was

going to be when an inner voice told me I should sing." Later the thirty-five-year-old McFerrin has been branching out into film, singing in a musical version of *Orpheus* and recording the sound track for an animated movie. With the exception of his third album in January, he is also concentrating on solo performances, inevitably surprising each new audience with the breadth and intensity of his talent—at times, in fact, surprising even himself. "I never know from moment to moment where I'll end up, and sometimes I'm scared to death," he says. "Yet with all the risks, being on the edge is always the most fulfilling place to be."

His playful, soulful singing adds a new dimension to jazz

Pat Metheny

Jazz musician
Cambridge, Massachusetts
Born August 12, 1954



While his friends listened to Iron Butterfly, the fourteen-year-old Pat Metheny was just learning to play jazz guitar; he was a "Wes Montgomery fanatic" who rattled the students first for playing in octaves, then electric. Growing up in Lehi's Sunset, Missouri, he was a child who could—and did—sit in with older musicians from the south Kansas City school. From there Metheny learned only what impressed

music is—"the expression of something already in your head—and what it isn't, technique for its own sake. Unlike so many of his contemporaries, Metheny has always been secure enough to play slowly and at the worst middle ranges. By the time he arrived at the University of Kansas, intent on studying jazz, Metheny was such a calm and tasteful musician that his studies seemed absurd, so he quit and joined the faculty. Today, at thirty-one, after three Grammy awards and twelve LPs, including the Grammy Best Chamber and Small Ensemble album, he's still playing jazz. Metheny is constantly exploring new musical directions. "I'm not interested in

playing before fifteen thousand people at Madison Square Garden," he says. Yet Metheny hardly needs to push for popular approval; the world has simply come around to him. You can tell by his album sales and the supply he receives, even on some rock stations. This year, moreover, Metheny wrote and recorded two film scores: the first for *The Patriot* and the *Savannah*, which yielded a hit single with David Bowie, "This Is Not America"; the second for *There on a Lonely Shore*, starring Gene Hackman. The Hollywood projects, according to Metheny, were a natural next step. "We've always tried to make pictures with sounds," he says.

He blends eclectic musical influences into a guitar sound all his own

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LEGACY

Peter Shire
Furniture designer
Los Angeles, California
Born December 27, 1947



Is it art or is it furniture? That is the question that confronts the art world each time Peter Shire unveils one of his breathtakingly original pieces. Shire creates tables in thick glass resting precariously atop any number of geometric shapes, spheres, cylinders and wheels. Working with everything from concrete to copper tubing, he also designs chairs he describes as "shapes that are sort of beaded

together," but that are surprisingly comfortable to sit on. Shire's work encompasses, then, an enormous range: he saw a domestic struggle, in vitro, to throw a quarantined issue on a poster's wheel. "His uneven and misshapen works," Shire says, "were the most beautiful things I had ever seen." That sentiment was eventually the motivation for Shire's notorious 1980s: symmetrical juxtaposition of shapes, surfaces, angles, which nearly obscure the fact that each has a top, a base, and top. His progression into furniture several years ago, he says, was only natural—he liked, a carpenter, taught him the basics of woodworking and construction

But it's form or function? Well, some of the tables are slightly too large and the chairs sometimes wobble a bit on their colored blocks, so Shire himself is not quite sure. What we have here, ultimately, is a riveting, evocative artist with a sense of humor.



Fusing craftsmanship and pop art to create a new aesthetic

Bob Telson
Musician/Composer
New York, New York
Born May 14, 1949



How many people have played organ for both Joe Cocker and the Philip Glass Ensemble? How many have composed music for a gospel version of a Greek tragedy and reworked a Chopin interlude in 18th-century? Composer Bob Telson has, and these are the more conventional parts of his résumé. An accomplished pianist by age eight, Telson switched to the pipe organ when he was twelve. He studied classical music at

Harvard, then headed for New York to experiment with various jazz, salsa, and gospel groups. Switching his concentration from performance to composition, Telson wrote "Days to Be Dances"—which has the distinction of being the only Chopin-based tune to become a disco hit!—in 1979. The next year Telson and playwright Lee Breuer collaborated on the off-Broadway show *Star Wars Cosmos*, which Telson describes as a duo-wop opera. Then came *Grease* at Columbia, in which Breuer collaboration, a project that took full advantage of Telson's eclectic skills. Their collaborative reviving of the 2,500-year-old play *Oedipus* at Columbia won the Obie Award for Best

Musical in 1984.

With the Columbia sound track selling briskly and a production of *Star Wars* due this fall on PBS's *Live from Off-Center*, Telson is hard at work on yet another bewilderingly diverse musical triumph: *The Witches*. This metaphorical, based on a species of jungle insect that grows wings and flaps just once before dying, will combine African, Beethoven, and Caribbean styles. "Music is a language in which the more many dialects," says Telson. "I'm fascinated in looking at the physical specter of what you see in the black American church and Brazilian samba schools, and combining them in new ways."

Steven Wright
Comedian
New York, New York
Born December 6, 1955



"I was eleven years old, you can't really tell. Although whenever I leave the house I go out through the window. I put in instant coffee in my microwave. I just went back in time." "I once became very late and was having a little bit of trouble getting to my apartment. I accidentally took out a car key, stuck it into a door and turned it, and the building started up. So I don't stand for a while." These are just a few of the

whacked-out words of wisdom from Steven Wright, the comic whose *Stand-Up for Gorkle* after a long hard night on the sofa, and whose spaced-out stage manner suggests Woody Allen twenty thousand leagues under the sea. He's caused a sensation as *The Tonight Show*, *Late Night* with David Letterman, and *Saturday Night Live* with a string of weird pop sequels such as "how can't have everything—where would you put it?" "It's a small world, but I wouldn't want to point it," and "I was in a speed-reading accident—I hit a bookbark."

The more successful Wright gets, the more women-looking he becomes. And that's a good sign. Although paranoia is the

basis of much of Wright's humor, what he really suffers from is something called "hypochondria, or fear of becoming so sick that he can sit down next to Joan Rivers without everyone realizing that the act of sitting down next to Joan Rivers is itself a joke. Although he accepted a small role in *Regionally Significant* (which, incidentally, is a show for Warner Bros. and did a special for HBO, Wright tries to stay true to his Beatnik-comey-club roots. He turns down all projects that don't sound like his onstage character—the kind of guy who says a sign that says "WARRIOR ART" and grooves to French toast in the Renaissance.

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pension and anti-lock braking system, make it, perhaps, the world's most elegant flexion of negotiating the fast lane.

Beside it, however, is a vehicle you may find somewhat less familiar. Unless you've recently been on the Continent, where BMW's new K100 RS was recently named Motorcycle of the Year in no less than five countries.

This is a motorcycle that gives new meaning to the expression, "powerfully mobile." Possessing, as it does, a 4-cylinder engine that produces a seamless crescendo of power. (Motorcyclist). Along with handling that "makes directional changes more mentally inspired flicks" (Pulse Science).

Of course, in neither case are these

vehicles meant to be purchased solely as a means of transportation. But rather, they are meant for those individuals who find that, having provided for the family, the future and (justifiably), in the federal budget, there are funds yet remaining for experiences of pure transport.



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Mark Talbott
has challenged the
reigning Khans and
naturalized how
squash is played

Entertainment
Sports & Style

Off the Wall

by Lance Morrow

MARK TALBOTT
likes treasure hunts
and Tolkien and dramas
of transformation—
magic changes,
cartoonish empowerments.

In a tunnel under his grandfather's house in Dayton years ago, three dwell "the Claw," a sort of Talbott family pet monster. Mark Talbott's other locations awarded the Claw. But Mark emboldened and stage-managed the tiny tale. He brought friends down into the dark crawl space to show them the Claw's "eggs"—tennis balls arranged under a piece of cloth.

At twenty-five, Talbott appears a rather sweet cameo from the

positive side of the Series. He flies to San Francisco to host the *Unruffled Deal*, drifts about the nucleus of dreamy availability. Until last year he drove from one squash tournament to another in a 2003 Ford pickup, sometimes sleeping in the rain-soaked wooden doghouse that he built on the back of the truck. His family calls him Mark. A few other squash players on the tour call him Squig. Louis L'Amour, the author of *The Hawk*, a memoir, is as straight as Tom



Talbott never intimidates; he wins with his wit alone.

Mark Talbot is also the best squash player in North America. He is a superb athlete whose body and game are well-matched, and whose mind, for all its apparent docility, locks on to each instant of every point with an astonishing attention. If squash were not a comparatively minor sport, Talbot would enjoy the status of John McEnroe.

The essence of athletic genius seems to involve a talent for intuiting a moment's complexity, without the reservations and hesitations with which most of us shudder through our business. Talbot has internal instruments that go far, far, far through the intricacies of athletic time—the split seconds of points end, in the long term, the compacted years of a career in a secondary sport. Somehow Talbot has managed to make his severe sweetness compatible with profoundly competitive instincts in a sport of sometimes savage intensity. He is a gentle soul, and he hates to lose—even. Although he has no apartment in Marblehead, Massachusetts, his life is essentially nomadic, and when he is not in a tournament, he wanders aimlessly around New England in the doghouse truck, dropping in on squash clubs in Providence or Boston, companionably taking on any decent player available. He spots the man in many as that sort of barbed-point in games is different, but of his own is a pickup game like that, he does not like it.

On the surface, it is difficult to imagine a personality and a sport more mismatched. After the more sedate game of hard rackets, squash is the least and most aggressive of racket sports. Two players enter a small white court that offers the light, brutal scrutiny of an operating room. They close the door behind them. What follows is a sort of excruciating violence. The little green rubber ball, played off any of the walls or off one another at will, flies through the wide space at dizzying angles and speeds. Squash is a wonderfully placing game, more interesting to play or watch than tennis. That at least, is the squash player's view. The sport starts to sound tedious.

Lately, as squash has begun to outgrow its preppy-clubby image and go public, some tournaments are using a portable glass-walled court, which has increased its audience. Ironically only a few weeks ago, it was a small gallery behind the court. Last spring's North American Open, for example, was played at New York's Town Hall. The court was perched upon the stage of the decreed hall like an aquarium, a bright rectangular solid filled with luminous, shivering dots. The spectators played like quick-liver fish, bright and electric. Squash is an electric game, the energy of the brain shot directly through the entire body. Often so much intensity of motion—playing a game so fast and so free, the referees kept up to a screaming edge—can make both the play-



Talbot finds off-screen rest in Vermont, right where he built a career. Above, he looks a huge and slender to ward off the demon squig.

ers and the sport seem a little neurotic, overwound. One of the best players of recent years, Michael Desautels, always games on the court, as if his muscles were imbued by hypervigilance.

Then, even Talbot's metabolism seems out of place in the game. "Unlike the rest of us," says professional Larry Herbert, "Mark is not fast-twitched." Mark sounds almost casual when he talks about squash: "I enjoy the flow of the game, the movement. I also like the exercise." He gets a lot of exercise. He reached the finals of all but one of the men's tournaments he entered last season.

Since he burst into the top ranks three years ago, Talbot has also altered the character of the game, its psychological style, in an interesting way. Fifty-five years ago, Harry Mathewson joined the New York Giants—a hardnose, charismatic man who was one of the first college-educated players in the majors. Baseball until then was something of a gauging and tobacco-spitting lot's game, full of booze and characters who threatened their spites with a real intent to injure. The booze and chewing tobacco remained, of course, but Mathewson brought in a better sort of fan (looking many women) and began the process of civilizing America's pastime.

Squash is nowhere close to being America's pastime. And it began at the other end of the social spectrum from baseball. Invented by English schoolboys in 1864, squash came to the U.S. as the pastime of the elite. The nature of the court is windowless room, expensive to build and squash inherently covert. The game was banished away to gentlemen's clubs and New England prep schools and Ivy League colleges.

But something in the nature of the game seemed to call forth extra Y chromosomes even in the gentlemen. Squash depends upon mutual trust, or perhaps upon mutual generosity, each party leaving the whereabouts to destroy the other. Two players looked up in a small room barely eighteen and a half feet wide, thirty-two feet long, carrying twenty-seven-inch clubs, and slugging away competitively at a fast black ball are working close to the fine line between sport and homicide. Unlike tennis, with its wide court, critical shot, and large lumpy balls, squash is three-on-one combat. Certain players have been known to act out, or to use intimidation deliberately to establish an atmosphere of fear that may cost their opponents a half step on every shot. Some of the famous Khans, notably Sharif and Mohdullah, have been prone to form the ball close to an opponent's body, hitting home sometimes, leaving the victim with one of the squash player's mien—a livid, black-and-blue target-shaped bruise easily seen on the back of the upper thigh. Sharif, son of Rahman Khan, the Pakistani who is the founding father of the astonishing Khan dynasty, has always

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lied to pump himself up for matches as if they were fierce tribal vendettas. Between points he fixes his opponent with a homicidal blood-thirst glare. Players have been known to hand rackets and break each other's noses and teeth. Says Frank Satterthwaite, a veteran professional who has written astutely about the sport: "Most of us were scared as hell, and most and Vince Lombardi." Players sometimes think that winning requires a leathery ferocity—pig-eyed and gladiatorial.

Mark Tibbitt proved that there was a more stylish way to heat up the opposition. He accomplished it by the force of his talent and his quirkish but charismatic presence. In a subtle way, he shamed the odds with a display of understated grace. The effect was that of Paul Austerlitz showing up at a gathering of dais duffers.

Tibbitt may have the best on-court manner in the history of the game. He "cleans"—gets out of the other player's way after making a shot—so thoroughly, Larry Halbert testifies, "you feel he's not even on the court." Thus, in a way, is part of Tibbitt's understated, almost Zen bravado. Much of his game depends upon his powers of retreat. Tibbitt cleans his tail, willows fringe out of the picture for an instant, during his opponent to make a shot that Tibbitt cannot reach with two long-legged strides. He follows an impossible course of honor in correcting referees who may have seen a shot wrong. His behavior

Championship Moves

What do you look for and what will you see in a squash match at the world-class level? First, you'll see speed. Big players hit, stretch as reflexes, see Mark Tibbitt does, top left, and recover to prepare for the next stroke (top right) in literally the blink of an eye. Second, you'll see control. Match players via not only to control the ball with each stroke, but to control the pace of the game by taking the ball early and so the fly in Mark's leather there does, bottom left. Squash players also jockey mentally for control of position and find at the "T" where the straight red lines meet on the floor of the court, either by diving the ball hand along the wall to the back, or by lobbing it deep (as Mark prepares to do, bottom right). Wherever grants the "T" often has an opportunity to execute situations needed by "shooting," dropping the ball quickly, or pulling it away from the opponent to make him scramble up, reverse, and start a new round of punch counter-punch. It's the former combination of shots and gets that make world-class championship squash an extraordinary experience. As the great Pakistani player Hashim Khan put it: "This is possible, this is joy game." No squash aficionados in the world would disagree.

Dr. Douglas Tibbitt of Atlanta, represents a moment in the finale of a Chelmsford Royal tournament in New York, when "they reached a critical point in the fifth game," Tibbitt says. "There was a ball that his opponent thought was down [that is, had bounced twice and was therefore out of play]. The referee and Mark's ball was up. Then Mark said, 'No, I'm sorry. The ball was down.' He called it an honest. He could've lost \$2,000." Mark Tibbitt, all-American boy. That air of lugubrious worth, too good to be true, hangs around Tibbitt. But it is true. Tibbitt embodies qualities of American versus self-effacement at rest, brilliance in action. He is a shy and sweet and somewhat character in the style of Lashleigh, perhaps without Lashleigh's puritan shadow.

When Tibbitt raises a shot, he gives his racket a quick, almost subliminal wave in the air in the form of a figure 8. He sometimes mutters mutably to himself. When an opponent rushes and starts pooping, Tibbitt crosses his arms and leans on the wall and studies the crate of the rackets, a sort of distant, omnipotent gaze aimed vaguely toward the uplands of human behavior. It is not close to pugnacious judgment, but rather as a sport that combines amusement with a mystical dagger.

David Johnson, a recent president of the World Professional Squash Association, says, "Mark did a tremendous service to the game by bringing this fabulous at-



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[illegible]

Blade: Now we take it for granted. Cameraderie among the players is very high. I give him full credit. Johnson jokingly accuses Telford of using his sheer athleticism as a ploy. "How are they going to beat Mark," Johnson asks, "when Mark makes sure that they are all his best friends?"

and improvement, he has not nearly reached his peak. And yet he has already climbed above everyone else in the world record list.

Dad was sick, and that there were a lot of problems. In some ways I was forced to grow up before my time. I turned grumpy and tried to act like I was older than I was. I've only begun to understand some of this in the last couple of years."

Lawrence Taylor's ferocious blend of strength and speed makes number 56 the finest linebacker ever to hit the NFL

Entertainment,
Sports & Style

L.T. and the Home Team

BY
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LAWRENCE TAYLOR
ERIKS FOSTER
AND CLANNAGHAN

Out one night last summer in Williamsburg, Virginia—a night that started warm and breezy but quickly turned as hot and drunk as old wine—D'Fellas got talking about local trivia for a minute and somebody started on God. Eric Stotts, giving credence to a story only half as big as his dreams, started on God but soon let Pritchett figure it out. Pritchett was smart and he thought he could figure everything out. Even that outsize belly of his—brought on, everybody said, by the wide's caloric greens and southern pork chops and whatever that gas happened to be in the cap-board—Pritchett liked to figure the



extra girth was really only a heakily stretch at "dogged root," and he told D'Fellas so. He patted his biggest and turned up his belt and let his chin multiply into a 5-day smile.

"Preacher man," Lawrence Taylor had said Dylan Pritchett earlier in the day, "you're little's Fat Albert." How much it is to you been weighed these days?

And Pritchett had said, "I'm taller you're not fat. It's an extension of something else. Backed way up in my belly... I'm a gigolo, man."

Now, at about 1:00 in the morning or a little after, Taylor was working a shaggy patch of long-cut between chess and guns, looking off in the direction of town. He started, "You're just bagged again, Pritchett. Preacher Pritchett (runner's best) ... and now I'm coming, growing way off in the distance, moving at a ridiculously happy clip. There was a single white eye in the head of the oakhouse, a light more yellow, really, than white. And the sound was of wild music, of steel on steel, dark and mad and terrible."

Green, who sometimes went by the name of Glenn Carter, pulled his hand off his crotch, where he'd been working an itch, and pointed his eyebrows to see. He said, "A cool train, boys. Look at the damn thing."

And someone else, probably L.T., who had returned home to see D'Fellas and spend one last night on the town before his 40th season with the New York Giants took him away for at least six months, said, "It's racist, I'm telling you, folks. It's like every old thing that ever used to be."

Besides the single white huson from the engine, there was another wash of light, then from D'Fellas' party was parked in the middle of the dead-end road, and you saw how Taylor stood in a. Forty-boy big at six feet three and 250 pounds, the best player in football wore tight gray gym shorts that made his butt look like two great humps of meat, graked onto legs that can cover forty yards in 4.3 seconds. He wore a white straw hat with an olive-colored linen band, the band tipped down low over the eyes, and his shirt was out loose around the belly, giving him room to breathe.

"This is nice," Taylor suddenly felt inclined to say. "I mean, this is really nice. All it was ever supposed to be."

Then, with his eyes on nothing at all, down on the pea gravel at his feet, "So many things, mostly the good ones, D'Fellas were part of. I have to thank you with 'The American Pig Dog,' which appeared on the June issue

never goes away, either. That feeling, I mean, of being together again. You see that train, and you see it all, standing before you. I'm telling you, it never goes away.

L.T.: THERE HE WAS, LEAVE OLD BOSS, running with the same old boys he had run with since second grade—had come home again. I hardly needed to state that he'd moved away the ball up north and made something of himself, earning in the rough bootheel of \$3 million a year. He might take home about \$15,000 a game, as one of his

scrimmage, seconds before the snap of the ball. They have called his game make-do and mend, mainly because he has been in his place and his situation in football since the coach's name he picked up a camp for the grand song that makes him in. Coming from the "weak" or "blat" side of the line, he often comes on quarterbacks preparing to pass like some awful sense of terror. He seems to focus on about two feet behind his target, blow right through what most, boss, and heart stand in the way, and come out screaming on the other side. "We don't know the difference in L.T."

whole world—D'Fella—and each hand's number owned a plaque proving it. Only three, Green, Pritchard, and Stacey, still lived in the town where they grew up. The one Taylor wanted to meet and admire most, John (J.D.) Manning, missed a contact play in Winston Salem, North Carolina, and Eric (Doc) Proctor earned his living making South beer in Virginia Beach.

Faster, driving across with no place in particular in go, somebody had and it felt as if every clock and calendar in the Virginia countryside had been turned over on its



Taylor has put the line of permanent displacement into all offensive people's pockets since. Faded out on a pocket calculator, but after watching him break through a double-team block and drop a quarterback in a great, whining heap, or intercept a pass and take it down the pasture for a touchdown, it was never hard to understand why even his enemies said he was worth every damn penny.

During Taylor's NFL career more than a couple of coaches have wandered about how someone playing on the back-end end of the defense line can so dominate a game. As an outside linebacker, Taylor has been known to chase down running backs, forcing in the opposite direction, like some lead dog after his own tail. He has put the fear of permanent displacement in all offensive people who look too good and smell too sweet, striking it there as he often does from across the line of

displacement into all offensive people's pockets since. "We use a good tackle and it's a good tackle. But whether he plays well or not, we're there. We're still his brothers, man. We're blood, you know."

Taylor, D'Fella's back home about said, never forgot where he came from, even though he kept a fancy place in a fancy suburban in Upper Saddle River, New Jersey, a big two-story brick house with a lawn that was more garden than yard, and a big Mercedes-Benz parked out front. He kept the house, his wife, Linda, said, but you could never keep him in it, not even during the off-season, when he lived to shoot hoops in the sun and play a little golf and take an occasional trip south to Williamsburg, in the southeastern heart of the state, to visit his boys.

There were only six of them in the

who look too good and smell too sweet, even as if time no longer mattered. Having drunk more than a few bottles of beer at the Green Leaf Cafe near the campus of William and Mary, even L.T. wound up toasting himself everyone by a flood of hot tears. So they had taken a state of sorrow back roads to a place on the edge of town, where a large mound of concrete and railroad ties had once crossed a great divide and where a bright train still passed every few hours, winning like a pack of wild west legends but for the rail.

The old Mason-Dixon bridge, directly above, had barely been wide enough for two small cars to pass. D'Fella had called it the Mottown Bridge, because they had come there and again to learn against its rocky collapse and sing the blues and talk about God. And about women and football Friday nights at Gookey Stadium and about

The fact that all of these Ferraris are on Goodyear Eagle radials is no coincidence.



The Formula One F100 as driven by Michele Alboreto
Tires: Goodyear racing Eagles



The new Ferrari Testarossa
Tires: Goodyear Eagle VR "Gatorback" street radials



The Formula One F100 as driven by Stefan Johansson
Tires: Goodyear racing Eagles

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So it's hardly surprising that when the Formula One F100s came to the streets of Detroit or Monte Carlo, or to Rio, or any other city on the Grand Prix circuit, they came equipped with just one make of tire.

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GOODYEAR

"Whether L.I. plays well or not, we're there," says Dylan Pritchett. "We're still brothers, man. We're blood, you know."

what it meant to be young and slow and in no great hurry to grow up.

[illegible]

And who, L.T. said he wondered, could figure how many people had died trying to negotiate the curve leading up to the bridge? Seemed like every Friday and Saturday night someone missed the turn and drove clear into the void. L.T. once joked and said the Mianus Bridge killed more poor colored folks than the Klan ever did. But there was just about it, too.

There it took to look back on that one impossibly cold night when he and DeWitt stood in the middle of the aqueous, huddled against the snow that fell in bars, where always. The headlight of a train had appeared; ahead, moving in the direction of the pottery factory. As the driver near, you could see the dark chaos of coal in the open-top cars, dusted over with snow. There was a blueish blue water light that seemed to come from no particular source. Towels later Stacey would pick a little drizzle of something off the top of his forehead and ask if anything on this carbide ever looked as pretty.

That night, the cold had made their lips feel useless and rubbery, their lungs burned, but they had sung their songs anyway, until about 6:00 in the morning. Taylor propped his back, deep as grabworms in a crows' bed, and Stoner was still. He

nounced like nails on a chalkboard, and everyone looked for Doc and J.D. to make pretty air championships at Sunday service. Sometimes Conroy got so high the boys said, he could dig better than a convicted man, but you tried not to hear Prichett, who this night was moaning like a sack cab on the way to the mile turn. One blow, a pretty one that apined, went:

Gardens leave all the clouds
 Clear to the clouds
 Anna look at life the way we see it
 And

Now Taylor wanted to know, "Who was it that pulled on the train as it went by that time it snowed so damn quick?" But you could barely make out his voice over the thunder of the train down below.

"This is some serious economics," Frickett said. "Some serious memories. I used to ride my bike all around here. I remember how the bridge swelled. It was like that. I'm used to feeling it under me."

"Was it you that planted?" Taylor asked no one in particular.

And Stanley started. "You can't reach out and touch a sparrow. There's no way out or the first between the bottom of the trailer and the top of the train cars. You could maneuver the living in your cell—there's a lot of room in there, but you wouldn't be there very long. If you went, it would take you time and you would be dead at night feeling that feeling, wondering if it's the same kind of stupidity."

Then Cosmo, still shouting in Taylor, let us, "I remember how you'd climb down to the tracks and say you were going to stop the train. You could stop it, but you'd be L.T. That train isn't really stopping. And it would get pretty close before you jumped all the tracks. Then we'd all sit like turds, climbing down the rocks and standing on the tracks. That train isn't moving, you'd say. And President would say, 'Go on and stop it then, Cosmo.' And I'd hush. 'Who do you think I am? I am a

Then Pitchett figured, "It wasn't only you, man. It was all of us. It was Taylor, too. Shit, it was all of 'em. We did everything together."

D'ELLAS ALWAYS CATCHT L. E.'S GAMES on television when the Giants went national, and there made it an oath to New

Jersey and the Mendoslands three or four times a year to watch their old friend perform in person, before great crowds that sometimes chanted, "Children! Children! Sister" when number 56 came up with a big hit. He always got D'Felipe at home, in his house, and on Saturday nights before the games, when he had to turn in early, he gave Linda some money and the car keys and trusted the drive: the gang to New York, where there were things to do.

The boys flew out to Kansas for the 1985 Pro Bowl, and L. T., who had been a member of all-NFL selection since the Giants chose him first in the 1981 draft, put the group of individual hotel suites with king-size beds, living rooms, and private liquor cabinets. He took care of their expenses and introduced them to strangers on the beach as teammates. Even Stanley, who was built like a tired old coach's mat, stirred a round or two of automobiles.

IFeikens were proud of L.T.'s success and read countless reports saying he had emerged as the most dominant player in professional football, if not the very best, but they preferred to remember him as the wild-eyed boy who worked at the library.

Decided it was a summer when he was 16 or 17, taking all those first washdays and Dilly Berra and going home to live, his beautiful, picture-book mamas, and noting what's for supper. He was just that way when he was growing up, not anything. As a high school junior he stood only five feet ten and weighed 140 pounds. But coming to his senior year, he grew more than five inches in three months and grew mean in a way that would make him rich and famous and, arguably, the finest linebacker ever to play in the National Football League.

DPollins preferred to remember him the night they were going down Richardson Road in Pittsford's car, Pritchett driving the limit of not a hair more. It was barely daylight when the good preacher arose—who really wasn't a preacher at all, but a supervisor of the black-history program at the Central Michigan University.

the Coast Wascopago Reservation—ran head on into a pair of German sheep-herds copulating in the middle of the road. Both dogs, worked up, as they were, in pre-mat hunt, died on the spot. But what you remembered was Prichetti driving off as if nothing happened, and thinking that Taylor, if involved, could be seen just as hard. We'd take your damned head off, everybody said. We'd take your damned head off and spit in your neck. Then, if farther considered, he'd come down what was left

your throat and do a little tap dance on your nose.

While at the University of North Carolina, one of only two schools to recruit him out of high school, Taylor spent more than a few nights terrorizing that boys. He liked to go downtown into Chapel Hill, and pick fights with people who didn't look right. He liked to chew on tobacco and spit a lot. He cut classes and laid out in the student union, shooting pool until he ran out of quarters or out of luck, whichever came first. He once said, "To the kind of person who refuses to allow any damn good thing to be in, now we be."

But during his junior year in college something changed her. The boys and it all started when he met Linda. She was so beautiful, you assigned her picture to some neon board above the city, wearing silk, wearing velvet, and holding a silver goblet to her lips. Looking the way she did, you imagined her drinking a martini and saying something like, "Goes down good," to a world gone bad.

She asked Taylor, "Why do you keep putting people around?" Then she called him a monster and a bully.

It was then hard to figure why the poison man, then only twelve, became loved and not hated. More than one night, he hid out alone in his desultory room, waiting for the telephone to ring, the girl on the other end to speak his name. If she, like John, something had changed him, all right. Something had turned him into 1, 2, 3. He covered that the best way to earn someone's respect was out on the pasture, on the football field, where playing the hood earned him as rewards. His coach, aware of his enormous potential as an outside linebacker, decided to turn him loose. They let him run on track more than any other kid he knew. That night he came up during a hard session, and their feelings went off.

His junior year, Taylor made eighty solo tackles and caused seven fumbles. The next year, 1980, he made fifty-five solo tackles and accounted for sixteen quarterback sacks on his way to winning honors as the outstanding player in the Atlantic Coast Conference. He made all-American, first, and was the second player chosen in the draft, after Houston Trophy-winner George Rogers of the University of South Carolina.

As a rookie in the NFL, Taylor was so impressive people started comparing him to the finest defensive players in the league.

ry of the game, linebackers such as Dick Butkus, Sam Huff and Ray Nitschke. His contribution on the field was no significant, he helped lead the Gambia to the playoffs, then did such trips almost twenty years. Back home in Milwaukee, D'Elia had no trouble taking L.T.'s good guy to the streets. They knew L.T. was bad, but it had always been good to be bad when they were coming up. They tried to remember what L.T. did that day to poor old Nathan Meier, who might have become one of D'Elia's bad, he got dead in a car crash out on Lombard Ave. on the way to school.

It was just something that happened at Lafayette High School one morning, two weeks after D'Elia indulged in a little on-gas-of-rough-and-tumble called Chesters. The way it worked, you walked around campus with your chest exposed, and one of the boys, by right of charter membership in D'Elia's crowd, would use a hand model, hand over

"Chester's back in town," and clear out as quickly as possible, before his vicious and reliable to regulate his series and take reliable by mistake. One day poor old Nathan Merritt opened up on one Stone, then only a freshman, and hit him way below the eyebrows, nearly knocking him unconscious. L.T. who saw the cheap trick and came running, panned poor old Nathan Merritt to a run of elbows and tried to press him through the slats in the innermost door. There was no sign of hitting in the talk after the fight. "What a waste of time you think you are, oldhead, hard's our brand, so oldheadened hard."

They're *just* that way: good to the people he loved and hard on those he didn't. The kind of love that made him and the boys different, it was fierce and loyal. They had a rule saying that, but D'Elia says it was never written down. "You love any old kid, in a way that would lose the name of an intimate lifetime, and not a moment longer." It was, however, but only for now. They often said their children would carry on the line and form their own little clique.

The second generation of D'Elia's, but they said this with little conviction. Their children were growing up, and their own children would, presumably, never know how to tell it to be shoulder-to-shoulder in somebody's living room on Saturday night, playing a hand of spades by lamplight and sharing the same old quart of Miller beer. D'Elia had created a separate kingdom

than just sit good men running the objects together.

"I know a few things," Taylor often told the boys, "but D'Fellas' honor is the greatest thing I know."

There was a democracy, and there were males. Once, at about 3:00 in the morning, D'Elves went to the drive-in window at an all-night burger place and ordered twelve dollars' worth of food. All D'Elves wanted was fries, a Coke, and a plain hamburger, with nothing on it. D'Elves is the man here; he's the girl who was working the register that he would not tolerate a burger with lettuce, tomatoes, onions, mustard, ketchup, or mustard, and she assured him that she would handle it, there was no reason to worry. L.T. said he was driving, then told Eric Stone, who was driving, to head out for the bridge, he wanted to flush out the sill in his penis and see how it felt.

They were less than a mile down the road when Taylor discovered lettuce, tomatoes, onions, mushrooms, ketchup, and mustard on his burger. He said, "Turn the hell around. I want my food right." But Storey said, "I ain't turning around, home. You should have looked your thing over at the place."

Taylor felt wounded, then angry. He had told the girl exactly what he wanted and she had not said no to worry, she would take care of it for him. She had looked him in the eyes and told him that everything would be okay. Didn't she know who he was? Shouldn't she know? He was Lawrence Taylor—L.T., goddammit, the best player in football.

"I can't eat this shit," he said. Then screamed out the window, "And I won't eat this shit."

"That's no bad, home," Stoney said, dipping into a bag of fries.

"I can't eat," Taylor said, "body's out," and took off the hood, stuffed it back into the paper sack, and threw it out the window, into the wide, empty street. Some of D'Elia's lumps around and watched their taper disappear through the back window. The sub-drink guys rolled down into the gutter, but the burgers looked as if they'd been blessed by a cherry bomb. Only Ken-Stone had managed to save a cup of Cole, and he was sucking it down with a straw. Taylor said, "Excuse me, home," grabbed the drink from an friend's hand, and downed it and ate the cookie.

"If I don't drink," he said, "not a decent
one of us drinks."¹²

D'Fellas took L.T.'s glory in stride. They knew he was bad, but it had always been good to be bad when they were coming up.

L.I. was good to those he loved and hard on those he didn't. That kind of love made D'Fellas different; it was fierce and final.

BEFORE L.I. WAS BORN, HIS OLD MAN, Clarence Taylor Sr., worked as a janitor at the college in town. After that played out, he got on as a butcher in the Newport News shipyards, about forty miles away, and was on the road most mornings by 5:00, glowing back at the place and the people he loved in his rearview mirror. Some days he didn't return home until after the last night news, when his three sons had already gone to bed and his wife had closed the kitchen. Clarence and Mrs. Taylor had married in their teens—"two damn young," he said—and the boys had come one right after the other, quickly filling up their little frame house set off Highway 60. They lived just north of one of those places you see out in the country, with a big, bent-to-bell sign standing on the front edge of the property celebrating the grand opening of some new chicken shack a town, and with mortgage closing every last inch of earth not already occupied by a finished log.

"In those days, you never caught as talking about money," Mr. Taylor loved to say. "Mainly because there was never any money to talk about."

L.I., mislabeled in his was, always said there had to be a better way. One morning, watching his old man drive off in the half-light of another cheap dawn, he guessed his mother he'd be a millionaire before he turned twenty-five and vaguely soaked when she said, "Go on, boy." To make money, he bought a carload of apples and packs of Jersey Fruit at Happy Store's grocery, then turned around and sold his goods to schoolmates for a big profit.

His father said, "If you want to do the boy to something, tell him he can't do it."

When family happened, when he made his first million, he was twenty-two. "Be what?" he told the folks at home. "I said twenty-one. My thing was a little off."

Two years ago Taylor signed a new-year contract with the Giants worth \$5.2 million, but only after becoming embroiled in a nasty dispute with club manager Mike Taylor was the most vocal and outstanding player on the team, but he was sick of losing. He wanted more money or he wanted out. In 1965 and 1966, his second and third years at the dispute, the Giants went 4-5 and 3-10-3. Taylor grew madder and, at times, obstinate. He refused to talk to reporters. Before practice, he spent hours at his locker, mulling things like "Get me out of here" and being his face under a cowboy hat. Instead of carrying the load for a team that couldn't win, he com-

mitted himself to play for the New Jersey Generals of the United States Football League. Donald Trump, the Generals' owner, offered to pay him \$3.2 million over four years, starting in 1968, when his option year with the Giants expired. Trump also threw in a \$3-million loan, interest-free. But when the Giants came back with an even better offer, Taylor asked to be released from his contract with the Generals. Trump gave in and Taylor agreed to return the loan, with a \$100,000 interest charge tacked on. The settlement also called for Taylor to pay back \$750,000 over the next two years.

The money, Taylor said, "I make lots of money. But I've also got lots of people hating me up for it, people I hardly know, some I haven't seen in years. D'Fellas, they know they can get any damned thing they want from me, and yet they never ask. When I want to give, I've always got to be careful. You say 'Here, boss, take this crap. Take it, I said. Take it. Take it because I love you and because if you don't take it, I'll break your damn legs.'"

L.I. bought his parents a house not long after signing with the Giants in 1968. He took great pleasure in knowing it was the biggest house on the street, with a two-car garage, a kitchen packed with bakeware for the dogs, and a "Florida room," so named by his ladies, who had dressed it up with rose-colored shag carpet and rose-colored blinds, and rose-colored bottles of liquor set on glass shelves. You could bet your last dollar savings clubbie else in Williamsburg, Virginia, owned a room like it. On top of that, there were plenty of extra bedrooms upstairs for L.I.'s wife and two little babies, and the grand stairway of square set on glass shelves. You could bet your last dollar savings clubbie else in Williamsburg, Virginia, owned a room like it. On top of that, there were plenty of extra bedrooms upstairs for L.I.'s wife and two little babies, and the grand stairway of square set on glass shelves. You could bet your last dollar savings clubbie else in Williamsburg, Virginia, owned a room like it.

When L.I. came home last summer, he spent only an hour or so at the new house before leaving for his father's party and spending so D'Fellas. There was so much to come back to, and the last thing he wanted to make sure and see before calling it a night was the crib off Highway 60, the old place. It amounted to only three acres set back by the road, but a real estate man in town had thrown a money wagon at his folks, buying them a house and two acres for development as a housing subdivision. L.I. asked his parents to hang on to the property, he figured \$20,000 or \$25,000 would be enough to fix it up. And money, he had plenty of that.

There was a pretty, not dark about

the night when the boys finally rode down the driveway to the old house, running clean over a little chicken tree just setting roots, and around potatoes full of root that looked white against their headlights. Taylor rounded the corner of the house and parked in front of two old brags, a light-blue Mustang with a Mr. Peabody air-freshener hanging from the mirror and a two-tone pickup with four flat tires. If D'Fellas, in a hurry to turn the wheels and their private linkage, wrenched getting out of the van, and Taylor let the lights swing over the whole back lot, which was overgrown with longwood and lanky spruces.

"Some serious spruces?" Dylan Pritchett said, peering on the feisty little under his chin. "That's some serious damn manures."

Taylor pushed the brim of his straw hat out of his eyes and ran his hands over the roof of the old Mustang, leaning at the rot of a million leaves. Both head lamps on the car appeared to have been shot out by a pellet gun, and the hood latch was stuck. "If this bitch could talk," L.I. said, pointing at the car. "We'd all be in trouble."

Stanley said, "What was the dog's name?"

You had a dog?

"It was Skunk," Connor said.

"He lived to be fifteen," Taylor said. "When I bought Mimi and Diddy the new house, he moved to the subdivision and thought he had a big dick. Old Kojak was all right."

Stanley said, "I remember when these old boys from New Kent—they thought they could shoot hoops with D'Fellas—used to come out here and we'd look at all over the place. Everybody used to come. Like I said, we were bad."

"See that big tree over there?" Taylor said, nodding his head at a fence of giant hushwoods. "I remember when it was little. The one there. Looked like a twig to the ground."

"Skunk," Connor said, "he'd bark and never bite. The dog thought he was human. And that, he was like everybody else. He thought he had what it takes to be one of D'Fellas."

"I remember that tree and that tree and that tree," L.I. said, "I even remember that one over there."

"Godtime," Pritchett said. "This is some real shit. I mean, this brings it all back. It brings it all back home."

"I remember of these trees," Lawrence Taylor said. "I remember every last one of them."

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**Thanks to Donna
Karan, today's
working woman
wears her
independence well**

Entertainment,
Sports & Style

.Dressed in Donna

DONNA KARAN says she designs clothes for the typical modern woman, a woman not, she says, unlike herself. Who is this modern woman? Well, she's thirty-seven and married (for the second time) to a sculptor she married, she has three children, two cats, and a housekeeper; in a day she might go to a fashion shoot, a board meeting, a dinner party. She might go to Europe. And in her spare moments, she designs a multimillion-dollar line of women's clothes. You know, you see her all the time.

Karan's fashion look feminine—that's the point—but the idea behind it is masculine. A man's wardrobe is made of interchangeable pieces rather than outfits. Similarly, Karan designs clothes for mixing and matching, clothes that will work every where. She also adheres to a literary idea: style should never overpower content. Think of Garbo, Hepburn, Bette, she says, and you think of faces, not clothes.

It's an understanding of Britain and contemporary life that will bring a projected \$14 million to Karan's company in its first year. During her label's first foray, on a June road show from Bergdorf Goodman in New York to Saks in Beverly Hills, Karan received \$450,000 in orders.

Before the world became so modern, before Karan was a teenager even, she followed her working mother around New York's garment district. "I was brought up on Seventh Avenue," she says. "Fashion was easy for me, like an Italian woman cooking pasta." At fourteen, Karan led about her age and became a salesgirl in a Long Island dress shop. At twenty she was an art-college dropout working for Anne Klein; she would stay for three years and leave after such sartorial triumphs as Anne Klein II, a line of transportation clothing Karan designed because, as she puts it, "great pants are great pants." (Then there's career: last summer, at Bergdorf's, her clutch bag went for \$2,145.30.)



Donna Karan's look...



...it reveals the feminine side of feminism.

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What Alice Cooked Up

Her imaginative use of fresh, local ingredients, delicately combined, has made Alice Waters the foremother of a new generation of American chefs



IF CALIFORNIA LIVING IS OF A PLEIN, IT'S ALSO VERY MUCH THE LEGACY OF A SINGLE person. Alice Waters, a former Mountaineer schoolteacher, opened her small restaurant, Chez Panisse, in Berkeley in 1971. She had a degree in French cultural history and a list of college friends who dropped by for a 48-oz. plate of arachis仁仁仁仁仁仁. They were equally enthusiastic about Waters's experiments with fresh local ingredients: golden-corn, wild mushrooms, flowers tossed in salad, and heads of garlic baked and served whole. Since then, Waters, now forty-one, and her restaurant have inspired and trained a new wave of American chefs. Though they have developed their own imaginations, they cook the Alice Waters way: choose French and Asian dishes made with home-grown tomatoes and greens from the garden; new dishes created solely to showcase a local peacock, chicken, or game bird. California-style cooking has also united a passion for grilling everything from quail to loins to cheese. The fuel that fires this cuisine is mesquite, a common desert shrub now clipped and packaged for grocery stores at four dollars a bag.

Restaurant owners have even adopted Chez Panisse's ad hoc architecture. So, years ago, after a fire, Waters was forced to knock down the wall between the kitchen and the restaurant. Now restaurants across the nation are baking down walls and installing mesquite grills and rosemarys that customers can view.

Young chefs are no longer the products of long and dreary apprenticeships in restaurant or hotel kitchens. Men and women with degrees in Eastern philosophy or political sociology—people like Waters—now trade for self-fulfillment and profit.

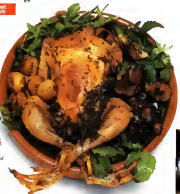
Three of her most distinguished alumni—Paul Bertolli, Charlotte Pollan, and Jeremiah Winters—have refined what they learned into their own highly personal styles. The two is featured on the pages that follow.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL TONER

Paul Bertolli:
orchestrating Alice's
restaurant, with no
formal training

Entertainment
Sports & Style

April roasted chicken with dry-roasted almonds served with rocket salad, olive-roasted mushrooms and porcini polenta



ALICE WATERS ON
Paul Bertolli

"Cooking at Chez Panisse, you have to come up with new menus all the time and be able to think on your feet. Paul's food is a little rustic, not too fancy, but complex. He has a real palate for strong flavors. He cooks for the right reasons: mainly because he likes to eat."

PAUL BERTOLLI HAD BEEN A BELLMAN-CUISINER at Chez Panisse when he was a music student at Berkeley. Eventually he decided he was happier behind a stove than behind a piano, and he asked to audition for Alice Waters. Though he spent his last \$150 on ingredients, the meal he prepared was a disaster: Waters caught him cooking spaghetti, soup is on the menu, and got him out. Undeterred, he worked in two other Bay Area restaurants, then spent a year cooking at Florence. Upon his return, Bertolli prepared another meal for Alice. Though the ingredients were Californian, the menu could have been from Italy's best cookbooks with artichokes and meat, roasted with smoked paprika, grilled swordfish, and an herb salad. This meal got him the job and added to Waters' recent to-the food now served at Chez Panisse.

Bertolli says he has been passionate about food ever since he was a child in San Rafael, near Berkeley. As a teenager he worked in Petri's market, cutting up

meat and making salads. That was the extent of his training. "To become a chef," he says, "I don't think you have to spend years peeling turnips."

Recently, at thirty, Bertolli signed a three-year contract with Waters to stay on as head chef at Chez Panisse. In that capacity, he shows her passion for searching out the best suppliers. Lamb comes from Amador County, fresh mushrooms from South San Francisco, pigeon from Stockton. There is also free-range food giftware who hunts wild mushrooms in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Daily, Bertolli inspects the changing contents of his storeroom and orchestrates such dishes as omelet stuffed with grilled pigeon breasts and salads composed of tiny greens, purple lettuce, ricotta, and bright, edible flower petals. A testament to Waters, and to those who followed her, notes Bertolli, is this amazing belief in seasonal growth. No chef can remember ever spending a meal.



PHOTOGRAPH BY SHARON KAMEN
STYLING: JILL BAILEY

CHEZ PANISSE

Charlene Rollins:
creating from her
garden and her
ingenuity,
but never from
a recipe

Entertainment
Sports & Style

Tarragon-stuffed chicken, crab, oyster, and grapefruit served with a mix of chicken stock and Champagne. Served with spinach and popcorn, olive, onion, and garlic in olive oil and basil



ALICE WATERS ON
Charlene Rollins

"Charlene can be very ambitious. She picks the parsley from the garden the moment a dish is ordered—I appreciate that, though it would drive me crazy. But I think it's very important that she goes to those lengths, like making the pasta—by hand—with eggs from her own chickens."

WHICH SHE WAS IN LONDON, CHARLENE Rollins got Julia Child's *Mastering the Art of French Cooking* as a dividend from the Book of the Month Club. Soon she became an expert up in food that she quit school and went to work as an unpaid volunteer at Chez Panisse, scrubbing vegetables and filling crates. In lieu of a salary, she was given free dinners after work.

"That was a great part of my education," she says. "I learned how to taste." Four years ago Rollins opened her own restaurant in Boonville, a tiny town two and a half hours north of Berkeley. The restaurant, a former hoghouse for cowboys, is called the New Boonville Inn. During lunch and dinner hours Merlot, cabernet, and Zinfandel are served to such local institutions as the Horn of Zoro culture shop and the Boonville Club of America. On the covered porch, you might see Raymond Burr and his friends enjoying lunch with this group of local wine makers. Certainly Rollins has taken Waters's

pledge to the fresh, local ingredients to an extreme. She and her husband, Vernon, maintain their own honeybees, cure hams and bacon from their own pigs, and grow vegetables and herbs in a garden behind the restaurant.

"I make dishes as they head out and get ideas from what comes in from the garden," Rollins explains. "When I am confused by a bunch of yellow-beetroot or romaine beans that I've driven crazy, I come up with things." Rollins's garden-engaged fancy may produce a huge platter of wild artichokes, asparagus, snap peas, peppers, and peas served with milk and smoky cheese. Rollins will result from books, "academically," but she never uses a recipe. "Part of not being trained is that you have to figure out how you're going to get them. When I cook, I have to figure everything myself," she says. "It's the same for most young American chefs. Perhaps when we've reached sixty, we'll have come up with some really interesting new ideas."



Jonathan Waxman:
transplanting
California
cuisine from
west to east

Entertainment
Sports & Style

New York
dine-in
restaurant
chicken
grilled
steak
served with
dilly summer
squash with
bliss
dilly summer
squash, and
grilled
steak in a
dilly and
butter sauce



ALICE WATERS ON
Jonathan Waxman

JONATHAN WAXMAN IS RESPONSIBLE FOR bringing the California style of cooking to the East Coast. He and Melvyn Matus, an English wine merchant, opened Jams, an East Seventy-ninth Street restaurant, in 1984. Neat, crowded, and very tasteful, it was an immediate hit. It has a chic zinc bar, a rooftop grill, and, of course, an open kitchen. Besides soulful basics such as grilled free-range chicken and french fries, Jams serves Waxman's signature slow-roasted turkey legs, duck breasts, and pork chops. They are perfectly cooked with red peppers and topped with red and black crumb, and grilled tuna with black beans and horseradish sauce.

A Berkeley native, Waxman went to the University of Nevada on a music scholarship and played trombone in rock bands. Finding road food unsatisfiable, he began to cook—modest stuff, like roast beef and hollandaise sauce. When a hotel graduate-school class loved him ignoring his duties to read *Gourmet*, he gave it to his instructors.

After a course in La Verne's cooking

"He was very mild-mannered and a little noncommittal when he was in my restaurant. He had good technique but would err on the side of less rather than more.... But he has really come into his own at Jams. There is a real style to his cooking now. And the aesthetics of his plate are much more decisive."

school in Paris and restaurant work in France and California, Waxman felt confident enough to make a meal for Waters. He acquiesced when he thought of it, admitting his nerves were a direct lift from the *Strangers with Candy* Brothers, the French movie's canine producers. He served her puff pastry with asparagus, salmon with cornel sauce, and sautéed duck legs with squash. Ironically, the dish Waters mentioned in one Waxman has forgotten: grilled oysters on rock salt. She thought it was clever ("They didn't rip over"), and she gave him a job. He worked at Alice Ponsie for six months, then spent five years at Michael's, a restaurant in Santa Monica.

Waxman is the most outgoing Waters graduate, a fast-talking, fast-moving businessman with a touch of Bernard. But despite his showmanship, what really matters to him is the stuff on the plate. "I used to think rock 'n' roll was just a passing trend," he says. "If good music can last, why not good food?" —*Reported by Howard Rosenberg*

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In a nation searching for heroes, Bruce Springsteen's honest, passionate music speaks to the working-class heart of America

Entertainment, Sports & Style

The Boss



Observed

I've got a few Bruce Springsteen tapes rattling around the floor of my car, jinking up and down when I drive down to pick up my wife from work on the afternoon with a drink on the seat, or when I drive out in the country here where I live, in north Minnesota. Springsteen (whose doesn't play well in the house, I've found) is both ruminated there and ungrounded—not itself exactly. But in my car, and by itself. I play my favorite songs over and over—the favorite party to my favorites—the last verse in "Bad Guy," where Springsteen lengthens the line to say, "I miss you baby," the abrupt, cracked guitar led toward the end of "Something in the Night" every time of "Racing in the Street." And I play it loud as if even the quietest of his wonderful songs was meant to be shouted out.

I don't really imagine I know all of those melancholy guys he writes about, who race Chevys and lose their girlfriends and hang out on boardwalks at midnight. I'm forty-one and not melancholy. And as a musician, I'm your next consumer, the lawyer who likes rock best when he can't understand all the words, though he's heard them a hundred times. Phrases—very often the wrong phrases—run across my head for review before I forget them. But Springsteen's phrases—faded as they are with time and time's little escapes—have become good business to me, since they are full of caution and common I didn't

guess could adhere to the bits of life he sings about. Not my life, after all. But soaked in my jeep, with the world hitting past, I listen up and, for a time, trade my own fleeting moment for the intense little word pictures that contribute his songs' moments, and that Springsteen, like a good short-story writer, follows into tiny outposts. And if it's true I'm not completely transported, I'm at least moved to think that this is rock 'n' roll of a somewhat higher order than I've known up to now.

There's a contrary angle in the not to take this music seriously at all, to be wary of what speaks to me in seemingly simple ways, to sniff sentimentality and doubt what's apparent. I felt that way about the Eagles, and about most music since Jerry Lee married his cousin and Dylan moved to Malibu. College pretty well could rise to subvert, to respect what I don't understand more than what I do.

If I guess rock 'n' roll correctly, its argument comes past from that money knowledge that the world is a knowable place—here, there, along and stupidly knowable, sometimes. And life is business is to make it vibrant, with the resources at hand—the music itself, really.

When rock 'n' roll has done, however (both since during acceptance), so to be so dismissable in TV—and stay one of the lower

by
**Richard
Ford**

By Bruce Springsteen
The Squatter
and is published in
roughly 100
Contemporary

As gutsy as she is beautiful, Jessica Lange has taken control of her own career, making movies that matter

Entertainment,
Sports & Style

Jessica Lange Speaks for Herself

by Bob Greene

Bob Greene is a contributing editor of *Esquire*. His new book, *Chancesayers: The Best of Bob Greene*, is now published by Atlantic.

THE MOTHER HAS JUST DROPPED HER daughter off at school for the first day of kindergarten. Now she is walking along Madison Avenue in New York, she is thirty-six years old and five months pregnant. She is Jessica Lange, actress, waiting with her in the room she lives with, playwright/actor Sam Shepard, and their big black standard poodle, Martha.

Lange's daughter, Shira, age four, will be in the morning session of kindergarten for three hours. Shira's father is dancer Mikhail Baryshnikov, as is the case with Shepard. Lange was never married to Baryshnikov.

The weather is hot. Shepard is due at a meeting to discuss a new play that he has written and plans to direct. Lange will have the morning to kill—the hours before she will return to the kindergarten classroom to retrieve Shira.

"I WAS FIVE MINUTES LATE GETTING SHIRA to class," Lange says. "It was my fault. I was really in a sweat. I'm always late, but



it's funny how your life changes for a child. I don't mind if I make myself late, but it really bothers me if I miss my daughter's life.

"It's a forty-five-minute walk from our apartment to Shore Line Park, where Sam and Shara and the dog and I were walking through Central Park, and I realized that we weren't going to make it on time. We all started jogging, then running, through the park. We came into the classroom sweating, and the other children were already there.

"I just said to the teacher, 'I miscalculated the time it would take me to get across the park.' But I felt bad for my daughter. It was just part me in that situation. I wouldn't feel bad at all. I felt bad for her, though."

Lange and Shari and Shepard and the dog have been in New York barely twenty-four hours. They have a house in New Mexico and a cabin in northern Minnesota, near where Lange was born, and now they are using the apartment in New York. They have driven cross-country to get to Manhattan.

"The last leg of the trip, we started out from South Bend, Indiana, at 10:00 in the morning, and we didn't get to New York until we left New York at 2:00 the next morning," Lange says. "It's starting to feel different to me—driving across the country. In the States and sometimes it seemed that I was always crossing over the country in a car. I could tell it was not that. It's different when you're on wheels there when you're driving, though. It's starting to feel real different."

But Sam does not. He doesn't do it under any circumstances, and this year with all the car crashes he's made it worse. He just doesn't like to be off the ground. So if we're going to all travel together, we drive."

Lange's acting career started out something of a joke. She landed the role opposite the son of Dino De Laurentiis's 1976 remake of *King Kong*. It earned her a lot of attention, much of it snide. Her great achievement since then is that she has been able to turn her professional life around, determine what she wanted to pursue, and act in such respected films as *At That Job*, *The Post*, and *Always Ring That Tones*, *Frances*, *True Romance*, and this year's *Shout Dreams*. She produced *Cansey*, she won the Academy Award for Best Supporting Actress for her work in *Twelve* and was nominated the same year for Best Actress for *Frances*.

"When I think back to the *King Kong* experience, I don't see anything really positive," she says. "It was just in the position of awe that I felt that before I was getting the chance to establish myself as a legitimate actress. I had been doing small theater pieces in New York, and reviews—*King Kong* was my first movie ad-



Lange meets a childhood friend, the story of a young Jane Fonda and Peter Onorati, who had a close relationship with her husband, John.

"Thank about it, this girl down to California, is taken to the studio in a limo, walks right into MGM—which had always been my favorite studio—and there it is all this trouble and bustle, and the producer and director are there, and they're talking to her and there's all this noise, and it turns out that she's going to star in a \$25-million motion picture. It was like a fairy tale."

"But then the picture came out, and it got the kind of negative attention that it did, and all of a sudden I was known—but I was not known as an actress. I was just known as the girl who came in from *King Kong*. And after that there was a lull."

"There were times that I really wanted to do, but I wasn't going to get the chance to do them because I had been in *King Kong*. I just wasn't considered credible. What happens to you in a situation like that is that you start to feel desperation. You start to have all these self-doubts about your ability. You know you can do it, but you're in a position where the opportunity isn't going to be there."

"What I finally did was come back to New York as if nothing had happened and start to take acting classes again. And if you ask me how I managed to turn them around—this wasn't a very good answer, but it was it. I just had to be determined to be a person's personal back. When I was studying here in New York, I knew some of the most talented people I have ever seen in my life, and they were in my classes. And I've never been bad of them again. And it's odd—I have never been able to figure it out. Why good things happen to one person, and not to others who might deserve it just as much."

"I remember when I walked into War-

ren Robertson's acting class. In that classroom was one of the most beautiful girls I had ever set eyes on. And she was just a sophomore, and it was so moving, I can't even tell you. And I've never seen her since. Now, when I think back to that world-life thing, I have to say it's just a matter of luck."

Her own feelings—at least—started in Cloquet, Minnesota, one of several midwestern towns where the breed which she was growing up "Breeding a child, I always had this sense of longing," she says. "Or moving on or moving out. As young as I was, I was conscious of wanting to expand my life. Everything I did, I wanted to excel at. I was in competition, both with myself and with other children. With me it was always: Make it positive, make it successful, make it the best."

"I always had this tremendous fantasy life going on. At the age of eight or nine, I was being seduced by the whole idea of becoming a criminal. I read books on crime, and I'd read all the parts. I didn't need anybody else. Sometimes the stories were out of my imagination, and sometimes they were from movies. Sometimes I would just not out of those books. I'd read all the books, and I was in row I would do scenes from *Gone with the Wind*, scenes from *Madame Tante*. My favorite scene was from *Gone with the Wind*—I would do Melanie's death scene. I would be on the couch and be Melanie, and they would sit up and be Scarlett."

"I just caught it. I'd feel good. I remember I was sitting outside once, and I was playing the parts of four different people. I would move around this circle and play each of the parts. And I was doing it and I was crying and I was not doing it. It was that time. I didn't think I was trying to make fun—but it was crushing. Someone had gotten into my private world. It was embarrassing, and I started doing it again."

"Looking back, it's obvious that I really molded myself as a child. I had two older sisters, and I don't have too many memories of playing with them. It was just part of it. I was in a position where I was going to be off by myself. My father also said, 'If he couldn't find me, he knew to look to the cinema. I'd be in the closet by myself, playing my little games. That would become real to me.'

"In high school getting good grades wasn't very easily to me. It was the easiest thing in the world. That the better society was run by the students, and they didn't vote me in. I must have been fifteen or sixteen years old, and I was really proud of it. Why shouldn't they let me in?"

"And I tried out for the cheerleading squad in the eighth grade, but I was not in the school, and I could do all the moves that I wasn't chosen. They didn't let me be a cheerleader, either. I was told that they didn't like my attitude."

PHOTOGRAPH BY JANE FONDA

"I really wanted it, and I didn't get it. And I suppose the fact that I didn't get it was a blessing in disguise. It made me more determined than ever to get out of there. When I think about it now, it seems possible that if I would have been on the cheerleading squad or been homecoming queen back then, I'd probably still be there today."

As it is, knowing where she will be on a green day is not an easy thing. She may be in New Mexico, she may be in Minnesota, she may be in New York, she may be somewhere else on the road. "I'll be in four or five different places during the course of a year," she says. "I can't stand to be in the same place all the time. I love arriving in a town. I know nothing about and setting up house. It's like life is a gypsy camp."

"In my mom's life I always see myself as settling down. But here in my real life, I never seem to leave that. Before Shara gets too much older, though, I may have to. As it is, she's great about all the traveling around. She's just that kind of kid—she'll see the new school, or see the new kid, and just pick her best."

"But I think it's remarkable that we're going to have to settle in one spot. I've never believed much in marriage. I've never believed that something like a teacher or a judge should determine how you live. But I think I'd be amazed if I thought it was for the best interests of my family."

"I used to seem just like legions, but now, with Sam, I really think I have something that's going to last a lifetime. Before, it was more of a hopefulness on my part. Rather than an absolute belief in your heart. Before, it was a dream. I never knew if it would be going away."

"Maybe it has something to do with age. I've loved such a hectic life, and I've always been making all these changes. My life has constantly been rotating. Right now, it doesn't feel like it should be changing all the time. The way it used to."

"As far as success goes, I always feel as if I'm still waiting for it to come. I see it up ahead, but I don't have it yet. I'm always aware of not having achieved everything I want to. The same thing from when I was a kid—the sense of needing to do better, to excel. I guess I'm coming to the realization that the real feeling of success is to go to have to come from inside me."

With the acting, there were more times when I would feel more connected to it than at other times. Sometimes I would be willing to just walk away from it. I never was absolutely positive of what I wanted to do. It was always, 'What is it? Be a painter? Be a writer? No. I really feel I've learned to do my work as a long-term commitment to do it for me for a long time. I'm talking about acting. I suppose there's a chance that my acting will never get any better, but I hope that it will."

"I see some people working in one line right after another, though, without taking a break, and I know I couldn't do that. Success is a dream. I would be thinking, 'Now I could be in the cabin in Minnesota. I could be with my daughter. I could be with Sam. And those things I like just as much or more than the other. Then the acting.'"

"When we're driving across the country, for instance, Sam and Shara really like to drive. I have a real strong driving instinct. When we're in the car, we're engaged. Moving through space. Sometimes we do it just to do it—we aren't going anywhere in particular. We just drive to see the country. And these little routes, and we go on them."

"I never consciously go out looking for material when we're doing that. I recall reading something that Lawrence Oliver supposedly said. His assumption and that every actor should have a notebook with him at all times, and just jot down everything he sees. I've never done that, though. I wouldn't want to."

"So when we're driving, we're just driving. We drive until we get there, or until we have to be there. We make reservations at the next city. We don't listen to the radio that much. We take it in. Or I'll color with Shara."

She says she has never felt that she was pretty. "I know that I'm not," she says. "Especially when I look myself in the mirror, looking down the street with this big belly."

"I see pretty girls on the street—I know the difference between what's pretty and what's not. I'd say that I have an interesting face, but not really. No. My features are lopsided. My teeth are crooked. My nose is broken."

"But I have no timidity or shyness about how I look when I become a character. Then, it's not a question of how I look. I'm completely absorbed in what I'm acting. I try to make a point of not seeing the final part of a movie I move. I love to watch it in movies as soon as I'm finished with my parts in them. There's no sense in having something that's complete. I'll look at the rough cuts, but usually not the final prints."

"Anyway...even though I seldom see a final print of one of my movies, the other day I was watching television and I saw a scene from *Twelve*. From *Twelve*. And I love to see it in those frames. I thought I looked very pretty. I looked at them, and I thought: The makeup person and the hairdresser and the costume designer. That person on the screen was pretty."

"Why don't I make an effort to see the final prints? Acting is hard. The acting part does represent a great investment of time out of your life. These scenes go by. All the editing and then. And suddenly there is this movie—in you was gone forever, it was just a memory, something that you

did once. And now it's up there, and people are reviewing it. Strangers are saying things about what you did."

"That's pretty. There are people who claim that they never read the reviews of what they've done, but I don't believe it. If that could be true—if you could just be involved in the work, and not pay any attention to how people react to the results—that would be the ideal state. If you could really make yourself be 100 percent through with it as soon as you finished your part, that would be kind of perfect. I try to come as close to that as I possibly can—which is, occasionally, to stay one step removed."

THE BROTHERS IN OVER LAKE IS READY TO return to the kindergarten classroom for Shara.

"We'll probably stop on the way home to buy her something," she says. "Maybe a My Little Pony. I'm not sure, but definitely not a Barbie doll."

"I won't allow her to have Barbie dolls. Barbie dolls give little girls that warped idea about what a woman should be. Have you ever looked at a Barbie doll? Thin, thin, and a tiny little waist, and legs born here to there. This incredible mass of blond hair, and eyelashes, and this pretty mouth. And the accessories—bathing suits and Corvettes."

Lange produced *Country* and starred in *Congress* in the role of the American Senator.



"I don't even use good psychology in telling Shara why she can't have Barbie dolls. I just tell her she can't have them, and that's it. One time when she was one, one, and I let her have a Barbie. We were driving across the country and the Barbie's head fell off."

"We just stuck the doll on a fence by the side of the road. It's probably still there. A headless Barbie impaled on a cyclone fence somewhere in Arkansas."

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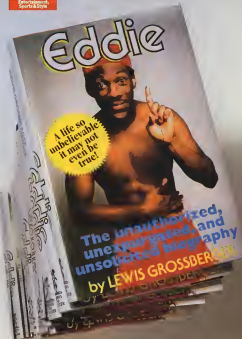


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**Beyond the box-office
hype, Eddie Murphy has
disarmed a nation with
his brash comic gifts**

Entertainment,
Sports & Style

Editor's Note: What can be said about the career of Eddie Murphy that hasn't already been splashed on the cover of virtually every magazine the world over? Not much, we thought. Thus we read the trash-truck gallery of Lewis Grossberg's biography. Grossberg dedicated an ungodly amount of time to the project. He believed to and recorded the stories of those who say they know Eddie but have no way of proving it. What follows are excerpts from that book—so powerful it may never be commercially published.



PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDREW HARRIS

Great Quotes to use in the world's most interesting conversations. © 1994 by New York Times Magazine

PART I The Early Years

Popular myth has it that Edward Byrne Murphy knew from infancy that he was destined to be a comedian. Murphy himself has stated (in the now famous interview with *The New Yorker*) that upon his first visit to the neighborhood stadium, at age two, he told a playmate, "I'd like to be a comedian, but I don't want to be a comedian no more!" Murphy then proceeded to model a small mud figure of Fred Flintstone and announce a brilliant ball-toss show around it. The other children and their parents applauded wildly, and a passing night-club owner immediately offered Murphy a head-start spot. Such memories, if not outright descriptions, are almost certainly hyperbole.

The fact was that for many long years during his early adolescence, Murphy flourished. A promising opportunity as a telephone operator with the Emergency Medical Service of New York City was brought to a premature halt by Murphy's recklessly forthright, honest style, according to Arnold Lazarus, EMS head nurse. "The doctors and police just didn't understand Eddie's special brand of humor," Lazarus recalls with a grin. "Once upon his 'What you tell me for me, sucker,' and 'Quit what?' trick, we on the way" really told our patients' morale."

But that iconoclastic style and ready wit did interest a prospective employer, the New York Daily News City editor Frank Bristol still remembers Murphy's treasure as a lobster-shoot copy editor.

"He was one of the best live ever seen," said Bristol. "That kid could make headlines like nobody else. I remember his best shot was to show some guy LILLY WHISK BUTTER. It actually ran for one edition. I told Eddie it was the most memorable headline in our paper's history before I fired him."

As a result of these service years, Eddie didn't enter show business at a professional level until he was sixteen. He was determined to make up for lost time

PART II Testimony to Greatness— An Oral History

HAIR FRENCHMAN, associate producer, Saturday Night Live:

"Most people don't know it, but Eddie was with SNL from the start. Back then he was just a cute little teenager with a big earnest smile. He was always hanging around, and the cast sort of accepted him. He'd do food runs, personal errands, and he was always doing stunts, making people laugh. Well, first thing that caught everyone was using his stuff. Those pre-ballo Chubby-dos? That was all Eddie. Eddie showed him how to fall without hurting him. And Belushi's manner, Eddie taught him when somebody was right, and before John could take a bite, Eddie whacks it out of his hand with a karate chop and yells, 'Mister! Gilda's Rosemary Rosendownside, Murray's better singer—three were Eddie's, too. I wanted to put him on the air, but the others looked out. Look, what was he, 'Bertie's Stewpot?' The cast was terrified that this child would come in and blow 'em off the stage. I had to tell him, 'Sorry, Eddie. Someday your time will come.'"

DAVID KROPP, associate executive vice-president, 40 ABC's:

"Well, the kid was very, very big on that Saturday Night Live thing. Myself, I got to love for the tube, but my people were telling me he's the next Chevy Chase. So I say sign him. Right, right, concern. With me, interest in everything. 'But Jerry,' they tell me. 'You don't understand. He's black.' I just laugh. 'No problem. We just have to dump on all the whites in the movie. Makes the blacks feel good, and the white audience look like they're digging the hip black guy.' That all goes. 'Barry, you're awesome.' Anyway, I take a lunch with the kid, and right away I can see he's humble but he doesn't know better about the business. I tell him, 'Okay, here's your money. You're a slick young black con. A tough white cop pulls you out of the joint to help him solve a crime. And for ninety minutes you smart-ass him. They'll eat it up.' The kid says, 'Well, could I modify the script?' I chuckle. I say, 'Eddie, Eddie. Don't look me about script, Eddie. Don't you get it? You're so hot they'll stand in line to watch you scratch your ass. Just sign that contract, then we'll find some scenario to write a script. If it fits, we make it happen.'"

ALAN CRICK, director, Beverly Hills Cop:

"Eddie's always had this placement. Unpredictable. Six weeks into the film, I realized it just wasn't working. You know, originally it was titled *Beverly Hills Cop*, and it was about a fifty-five-year-old soprano who wants to join the police force. So we're filming and it's a disaster and I went to Eddie and said, 'We're in trouble, what do I do?' Eddie just closed his eyes for five minutes, and when he opened them he was in character—this whole new character he'd invented on the spot, a street-smart young Detroit cop. He laid out the whole plot for me right there and walked onto the set and told Beverly what's out, go home. It was the most extraordinary thing I've ever seen, and of course it saved my career."

LEONARD GREEN, Eddie's bodyguard:

"Eddie goes out a lot, but he doesn't want to get hounded, so I keep things cool. Sometimes we take the Penthouse, sometimes the Ferns. If Eddie don't want to be noticed, the Mercedes. Sure, Eddie loves to party, but he lives clean. No smoke down his lungs, no dope up his nose, no drinks for Eddie. He don't even chew gum! And he don't chase girls either. That's cause his lady, Lisa, is always around, 'cept for when she gives Eddie too much shit about when they gonna' married and he looks her ass out of the car. But mostly she keeps quiet. People say, 'If he don't do nothing, why go out?' For his girl, is why. Eddie puts on a leather suit and struts into a club, everybody goes crazy. Sometimes, if a chick's in the group, he might let her look his shoes. We go to maybe a dozen clubs a night to let people look 'cause Eddie's a star, okay, but he never forget who put him there. Hey, do you know that Tyrese Gibson stuff Eddie used to do on TV, where the ladies just says, 'Call my husband?' Well, he got that from me. That's right. I did two years upstairs for attempted murder, but I was really another guy who pulled the trigger and got blamed. Eddie realize he's gonna get me my own scenes one day. Better be soon."

PART III The Obligatory Photo Section That's Here to Sell the Book



Here it is and for the first time he got the big, fat, fat! Eddie might have had time later to marry such future co-stars as Sigourney Weaver! Diana Ross, Frances McDormand, and Joe Simon.



Eddie at one dinner, but not at the party. He's not alone in all-night evening of dinner music. Eddie that night, he's alone in the hotel, again with others.



Early days at a lifeguard. Eddie at home here, among the best of the first Taylor Dancers.



They can't all be like Eddie on the table from the never-to-be-danced African, African, African.

Eddie's classic impact scene of Oscar. One of them.



PART IV Life at the Top— The Secret Meeting

Early in 1985 superstars Eddie Murphy, Sylvester Stallone, and Clint Eastwood held a top-secret story conference with producer/packager/superventor Marty Ransky-Ramirez to discuss their first joint project, an epic remake of *Gunga Din* tentatively titled *Blondie Masquerade*. Fortunately for posterity, Ransky-Ramirez taped the session.

R-R: Okay, we know we got an action/adventure/comedy/thriller with a twist. Now: Where's our star? Did we use Rynox?

Stallone: Sure. It's now, it's hot, it's happening.

Murphy: Yeh! Rynox? Nobody's gonna pay five bucks to watch a bunch of canyons happen. Three of us go topless into a dance tent looking for fun and the chicks are wearing black socks and bed sheets down to the floor! No way, man. Put on something hip, like Detroit, where there's lots of lovebirds and cars.

Stallone: You can't get *Gunga Din* in Detroit!

Murphy: Just make Gunga a ghetto cat who came up from the slums looking for the sucker who shot his best friend. I do a great James Brown scene, man.

Eastwood: Uhhuh. Territory. 1945. We ride in. We shoot the lights out of the place. We ride out. End of picture.

Murphy: Shut ya' face. Clint and make my day.

R-R: Ya, but Clint? Clint? He's just looking. It's that outrageous put-on outfit the ladies love! Eddie! For God's sake! Tell him you're looking!

Murphy: Love it, Clint baby. Seriously. Mmm...

Eastwood: Tell him to stop looking me.

Stallone: Now, get this. Me, Clint, and Eddie are screen pilots and we're hijacked by terrorists and crashlanded in Beirut.

Eastwood: Mmmmm.

Stallone: Okay, I'm willing to compromise. Terrorism. Anyway, the screen hijackers start strangling the crew and making demands like they gotta have Brooke Shields. The premise is so Washington do nothing. Not one stinker thing! But it just so happens there's this one Nam veteran who

Murphy: I knew it was going to be fiction! Rynox!

Stallone: Yeah! So what?

Murphy: Blow about Paris? They got some unbelievable train show.

Eastwood: What the hell is "train"?

Murphy: Beverly Hills car goes to Paris to arrange the murder of his spouse.

Stallone: No Axel Foley? I'm sick of Axel Foley!

Murphy: And he's tossed in jail by some stupid redneck, and who does he find in there?

R-R: Jailbird? I love it!

Murphy: Dirty Harry and Rambo!

Stallone: No.

Eastwood: Harry doesn't train up.

Murphy: Maybe that's 'cause his breath worse than yours! Huh! Huh! Aaaaaaah!

Eastwood: That just about does it.

R-R: Clint! Clint! Put that thing away! Eddie!

Pierce: Say something.

Murphy: You can't tell me! I'm emotional. Thank u

the industry. Paramount would go bankrupt in a week!

Stallone: He's right. Clint.

Eastwood: Sorry, Eddie. I don't know what came over me.

Murphy: No sweat. Go get my car.

EPILOGUE The Best Is Yet to Come

Murphy's run for national political office began when he was invited to the White House, along with Mother Teresa, Lee Iacocca, and Illinois' Warren D. Jeanes, to receive the Presidential Citizens Medal, the nation's second-highest civilian award.

Seated between President Reagan and the first lady at dinner, Murphy discovered to his delight that both were fans, although Mrs. Reagan confessed to not always understanding all his language.

The President and the young caricature hit it off immediately and were soon chuckling together like old friends all through the evening. Afterward, Reagan would tell *Entertainment Tonight* political correspondent Jill Furman, "I swear, this boy's as funny as Garry Shandling."

Murphy, for his part, was also impressed with the President, though his sassy bad-boy image required a decade of innocent iconoclasm. "I be watching the dude real close," he told reporters, " 'cause I wanted to see just what he got. I mean, I've watched Gunga see everything you can achieve without losing it, and I ain't even dirty yet! So amazing—maybe soon—I be lookin' for a new career, and who's a bigger job than President? So the checklist out Reo's moves, just like I used to study Pryor when I was a kid. And you know what? The man ain't done! And sure, he be real in a few laughs up there, but I could try him in my sleep, man. I'm a lover. I could do that, man. I could Reagan."

Ironically, Murphy would soon be given the chance to enter the Oval Office by the man he now wants to replace. A month after their historic first meeting, President Reagan announced his plans to announce that Murphy's comedy quotient were to be continuously beamed into the Soviet Union via the Voice of America, which was honor-bound to be known as the Voice of Eddie.

Soon afterward, Murphy was approached by high-ranking officials of the Democratic party, who begged him to run for the Senate from his home state of New Jersey. When informed what the job paid, Murphy noted that he would consider no position beneath the presidency, and only if the salary were raised and he could be awarded a "golden rule" deal.

When the Democrats apologetically explained that according to the Constitution, he could not be President until age thirty-five, Murphy was shocked. "Can't that be said 'Oh, yeah. Teacher tried to make me read that trash in eighth grade. I told her, 'They teach you ever see a lawyer with glasses?' Tell me what, though, send a copy round to my agent. I'll take a look and if I got the time I'll do a movie. This damn thing sounds like it needs a lot of work." ☺



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Education & Social Service

COMMUNITY ACTION, GOOD INTENTIONS, NEEDED CHANGE

THE 1985 Register

HONOREES

- Steven Ballowe** A public school that works
- Shayne Del Cohen** Dignity for Nevada's Indians
- Susan Gendrich** East meets West in a Tennessee school
- John Isaacson** Headhunter for the public good
- Manuel Justiz** Battling educational mediocrity
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- Wade Rathke** The enduring power of community organizing
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- Fred Smith** The bitter struggle for prison reform
- Sherry Turkle** The shrink and the new machine



Fred Smith:
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billion-dollar ideas. They're
practical ideas."



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NONFALS Education & Social Service

Steven Ballowe
School principal
Hilton Head, South Carolina
Born April 29, 1949



Six years ago, the McCracker High School was an anomaly. Located near the lakes and golf courses that have made Hilton Head Island, South Carolina, a famous resort, the school itself seemed like something out of the South Bronx: racially unbalanced, drug-ridden, and ranked near the bottom in statewide standardized tests. The problem was that many white students were enrolling in private schools to avoid the violence

and drug problems that had come to characterize the school, rendering McCracker High (now merged with Hilton Head High) just another racially black institution that no one was particularly interested in. Except Steve Ballowe.

When Ballowe became the school principal in 1979, his highest priority was improving the teaching staff. Stressing the benefits of the Hilton Head life style in his recruitment efforts, Ballowe brought in many applicants—the personnel department, used to a higher level, refused to open and groom its ranks. Eventually, Ballowe was able to select the cream of the local crop, then work with them to revise

the curriculum and establish incentive programs. Today, Hilton's students rank well above the national average academically, and the school has been nominated by the state for the Department of Education's annual listing of the country's top one hundred overall. HHH has even become a local sports power, thanks to Ballowe's decision to recruit top coaches. More important, drug and disciplinary problems are virtually nonexistent. Ballowe asserts—even though Hilton Head's enrollment has more than doubled while the private schools' have declined by half. The key, he says, has been "to have a strong program based on high expectations."

Shayne Del Cohen
Community developer
Fallon, Nevada
Born August 1, 1946



One of the first VISTA volunteers in Nevada, Shayne Del Cohen stayed in the state when her work was due to come to a key community developer for local Indian tribes. Her somewhat controversial work has, at her words, made her "the only Jewish Indian Princess in town." Her efforts upon the spectrum of social life, from the reservations to educational workshops, Del Cohen directed at educational interest

search that involved students in their own schooling for the first time and drastically reduced the dropout problem. Confronted with a crisis of diabetes among older Indians, she won permission to build a clinic in Reno that now serves more than three hundred patients, many of whom previously drove for up to two hours to receive treatment. Faced with a seemingly unrelenting cycle of poverty, she took revenue from what she called "shops" and built it into investment portfolios worth nearly \$1 million. And she took in empty lot along a freeway that once led to a local casino and developed an eight-shop mall that is now thriving, providing much-needed income for local Indians.

Susan Gendrich
Teacher
Murfreesboro, Tennessee
Born October 15, 1951



Chase assigned to Murfreesboro, Tennessee, where the 1980 academic year commenced. Suddenly there were seventy new students at Bradley grade school, most were upper-middle-class Japanese children whose parents worked at the town's new Nissan plant, but there were also a number of Latinos who'd come to live near the families who'd sponsored their flight from Southeast Asia. The Asian spoke little English and

didn't know each other's language; the Bradley teachers didn't understand them. In desperation, the principal and superintendent turned to Susan Gendrich, who had mastered a Spanish (at least in college). It was a race, a lucky chase. Gendrich decided that to train educate the new children she had to build their self-confidence. "I began reassuring them that the culture they brought was a beautiful gift," she says. "We used that as a starting point, comparing and contrasting it with our own." She also made 90 percent the jump up mark in her English class on the theory that hard-earned academic success would inspire increased self-esteem. The results have been gratifying. "Today," says Gendrich, 1989's Tennessee Teacher of the Year, "our students have brought honor to Bradley by winning reading, math, and music awards. At context, and Carl Scout honors, and by speaking at civic clubs."

Brick by brick, helping to build the confidence of an Indian tribe

Using what her students know to teach them what they don't know—the English language

Manuel Justiz
Educator
Washington, D.C.
Born December 26, 1948



Manuel Justiz has embraced the American Dream with an immigrant's zeal. The former director of the National Institute of Education, Justiz likes to tell how, at the age of twelve, he and his younger sister came to this country from Cuba carrying a sign saying "I DO NOT SPEAK ENGLISH, and now they speak it in a kinder home in New Mexico, where they stayed until their parents finally arrived in the U.S. five years later."

Lois Lee
Sociologist
Los Angeles, California
Born October 7, 1950



In the course of her work, Lois Lee has seen hundreds of children, and eight to ten million, who come to Los Angeles as runaways and wander up selling themselves in the streets. Throwaway kids, she calls them, and with good reason. Unwanted at home (where they often have been abused), the street children are ignored by child-welfare agencies, which insist there be the presence of the police. "The problem,"

Alerting American educators that mediocrity could topple their ivory towers

Justiz eventually earned a Ph.D. in higher education and was the director of Latin American Programs in Education at the University of New Mexico before becoming the head of the National Institute of Education. He left that post recently to become professor of education at the University of South Carolina.

Although Justiz has progressed from being an activist to working within the system, he has also proved to be an on-call leader who doesn't hesitate to criticize the status quo. It was Justiz who oversaw the completion of *A Nation at Risk*, the much-debated 1983 study of secondary schools that described an ap-

alling "tide of mediocrity." A year later he played an even bigger role in the preparation of *Improvement in Learning*, a damning critique of the nation's colleges. The twenty-seven-page document accused schools of not involving students in the learning process and of stressing non-essential courses over the traditional liberal-arts education. It called for a reevaluation of faculty so that teachers would be taught by the best teachers, and a consolidation of part-time teaching positions into full-time jobs. "If America also compete effectively for world economic markets," Justiz says, "we must regain excellence in education."

Saving throwaway kids from a future on the streets

Lee says, "is that people think kids need to do it." The reality, however, is that most child prostitutes are simply trying to survive—and please their pimps. Lee, who received her doctorate from the United States International University in La Jolla, California, wrote her dissertation on the social world of the prostitute and what she calls the politics of prostitution; it was the first such study ever in the U.S.

But for the thirty-five-year-old Angeleno is no mere academic. On tough nights, she can be found on Hollywood Boulevard, battling the bastions into a "street outreach" program called Children of the Night. The service, which she began in

1979, has helped about five thousand young prostitutes so far. Children of the Night provides a twenty-four-hour hot line, medical and psychological referrals, timely counseling, job placement, both-home location, and sometimes just a safe harbor from the streets. The program runs without government money, so Lee spends a lot of time talking it up among the politicians. "We've got one foot in the gutter and the other one in Queensberry," says Lee, but there's no question which neighborhood she prefers. "These kids are so smart and self-estimated that they can do remarkable things with their lives," she says. "We constrained to them."

Rokelle Lerner & Barbara Naiditch
Child counselors
St. Paul, Minnesota
Born December 5, 1948/August 20, 1949



One out of every four elementary school students goes home to an alcoholic mother or father. Although there are a number of successful treatment programs for the alcoholics themselves, younger children in alcoholic or chemically dependent families

are usually spared. The lack of interest in all the more tragic when you consider the research that suggests the younger the child, the higher the risk that living with a dependent parent will cause serious emotional harm.

Rokelle Lerner and Barbara Naiditch, two experienced child counselors, discovered these unhappy facts when they met eight years ago. Lerner had realized that as immediately high percentages of the teenagers she was counseling her drug abuse were the children of alcoholics. She figured that she had to go to this group of troubled kids earlier. The nephew of Lerner and Naiditch's upturned tale was Children

Teaching the children of alcoholics to act out their emotions

Are People, a St. Paul-based organization that develops educational programs about drinking and drug use for children in more than seven hundred elementary schools. The most successful and widely emulated program of its kind, Children Are People also offers support groups for children of alcoholics—adults as well as minors. In the group sessions young children are encouraged to express all sorts of feelings that are not permitted at home. However, both Lerner and Naiditch are carefully aware that kids must still retain home every day to fend for themselves. "We teach kids to lower their masks if they want to," says Lerner. "We don't strip them."

Candy Lightner
Social activist
Dallas, Texas
Born May 30, 1946



After alcoholic drink drove her three-year-old daughter, Candy Lightner decided to do more than curse the darkness. A few days after her daughter's death she took a group called Mothers Against Drunk Driving, whose only apparent assets were a clever acronym—MADD—and a chief organizer who refused to believe that the time for righteous crusades had passed. Five and a half years

have gone by, and Lightner is now the chief spokesman of a 370-chapter network of five hundred devoted members and supporters whose grass-roots activism has forced dramatic changes in state and federal law. Drunk drivers are no longer slapped on the wrist by judges; the courts and the public, under MADD's lash, no longer regard drunk driving as a socially acceptable vice. Her biggest victory, a congressional act that slashes federal highway grants to any state that doesn't raise its drinking age to twenty-one.

"I wish if I did nothing, nothing would happen," Lightner says. "I believe that for every problem there is a solution. We can



changing the way people think about drinking—changing behavior and saving lives. If you believe in something badly enough, you can make a difference."

William Lindsey
City housing director
Fort Lauderdale, Florida
Born October 13, 1946



Thirteen years ago, VISTA volunteer William Lindsey moved a war zone: the Glades Public Housing of Fort Lauderdale, a patch of urban desolation where even the churches were abandoned by blacked-out blacks. There he turned the worst of slums into the most rapidly of modernism as decent, low-achieving people. According to Lindsey, slum dwellers are victimized by a small criminal element, absentee landlords, and

a government bureaucracy grows cruel and venal. "Even the system had lost faith in the system," he says. "I started seeing the racial poverty of the people who were in charge of government as the single most debilitating impediment to anybody who lived in the neighborhood."

Lindsey got down to work. He helped raise money for the tenants' organization to buy a phone with which to call the government, organized a rent strike, and arranged to have the area's key industrial garbage picked up and marked temporarily right in front of city hall. But, in 1981, the Fort Lauderdale Housing Authority had Lindsey as executive director. And true to

form, he put into motion a dramatic new plan: the "team technique." The Housing Authority renovated buildings in row-down parts of the city, then turned them back to their tenants, who continued the upgrading. It marked contrast to the failure of many previous urban-renewal projects. Lindsey's twelve years have truly revitalized the city blocks on which they are located. The Housing Authority's results have even begun to attract national attention. Owen Kimsa has moved into another Florida city, Gainesville, as well as Houston, and several other cities across the country have expressed interest in starting similar programs.

Brian Ludwig
Teacher/football coach
Beloit, Kansas
Born March 7, 1948



and started his time. Nineteen years old and a starting sophomore linebacker for Bethany College in Lindsborg, Kansas, he was suddenly promoted from his second-down, third-down, as thirty-seven, he doesn't blame football, perhaps because

his life is doubly swamped. "I don't feel handicapped," Ludwig says. "I feel normal." Indeed, upon the initial pain and anger subsided, Ludwig did exactly what a lot of midwestern football players do when their playing days are over: he became a coach, and a very good one. At St. John's High School in Beloit, he kept Ludwig from something of a legend. He is such a free teacher, strategist, and motivator that the team has suffered only one losing season in the last nine years.

That record notwithstanding, Ludwig insists that what he's doing is hardly apocryphal. In Ludwig, who also teaches social studies, and who from certain angles

looks like a coach on occasion, it's not a coincidence—well, his curly hair, silver whistle, and cries of "Huddle! Huddle! Concentrate!" — "Brian, you're doing it wrong! I've wanted to do since I was seven."

"You think I have courage?" he asks, and "No. Check my options!"



Celeste McKinley
Food-bank founder
Las Vegas, Nevada
Born May 29, 1949



with the garbage were mountains of edible meat, fruit, and vegetables. "Most of the food was attractive but to longer shelf-life," she says. "It was a terrible waste." But not a total loss, and here she is. The discovery led to another, and soon

McKinley and her husband, David, were in the forefront of the movement to establish food banks as a means of feeding America's hungry.

Sometimes described as supermarkets without cash registers, food banks are providing an effective way of feeding millions while reducing the \$22 billion a food Americans throw away annually. According to the McKinleys, operations like these Glenside market can generate one hundred pounds of food for every dollar invested. The federal government has never been able to produce more than eight ounces of food for a dollar. Las Vegas Glensides, staffed by thirty-five people who

are paid in food, helps feed about 17,500 people each month. Thanks to local supermarkets and farmers (who get tax write-offs for the slightly damaged goods they contribute), "we've got gourmet items you wouldn't believe," says McKinley. And all for free. Glensides has worked out so well, in fact, that the McKinleys organized a cooperative consisting of 186 other distribution centers called the Independent Network of Food Organizations. Earlier this year that accomplishment earned them a congratulatory phone call from President Reagan. "When I opened up the private sector," he told them, "I told us that that would be people like you."

Meredith Minkler

Public-health-project cofounder
San Francisco, California
Born September 23, 1946



San Francisco's rundown Tenderloin district to check the residents' blood pressure. What they discovered was an island of isolated elderly people with serious social and physical needs. Shut up in their rooms, at least 25 percent had had no contact

with close friends or relatives during the previous month. And about 80 percent were suffering from malnutrition. So Minkler formed the Tenderloin Senior Outreach Project, a group of nearly one hundred volunteers who greet each resident regularly and lobby for improved police protection, living conditions, and medical care. Not long ago, TSOP asked Mayor Diane Feinstein for more police foot patrols, and the approval, since then, came in the Tenderloin has dropped 20 percent. More important, says Minkler, have been "the innumerable cases of self-esteem" inside the project's program. Many hotel residents have sustained leadership



in good repair but not occupied," Rathke says. "So we began a squatting campaign, where low-income people would move into these houses." The results were a nationwide movement and, in 1983, the National Homelessness Act, which encourages the poor to move into abandoned homes. Although calm and unflashy, Rathke does know how to apply pressure tactics. In 1980 ACORN helped organize the "rent strike" erected in every state to protest high unemployment. And the group still boasts a share of pickets and boycotts. But the real aim, Rathke says, is empowerment by whatever peaceful means are best suited to the task.

Wade Rathke

Housing activist
New Orleans, Louisiana
Born August 5, 1948



leader and chief organizer of the Association of Community Organizations for Reform Now, known as ACORN, he remains undaunted. ACORN is sixty thousand strong and as active as ever now in its efforts to organize citizens against local

governments, banks, and utility companies. Over the years, though, Rathke's words have changed. These days he is nearly as experienced at cooperation as at confrontation. For example, ACORN has worked with companies such as Kmart and Marshall's in "first search" agreements aimed at priority hiring of the unemployed on large development projects. It has joined with unions to achieve collective bargaining agreements and has also joined with school boards to involve more minority group members in the decision-making. Some of the group's efforts have led to legislation. "We knew that there were abandoned houses [in St. Louis] that were

in good repair but not occupied," Rathke says. "So we began a squatting campaign, where low-income people would move into these houses." The results were a nationwide movement and, in 1983, the National Homelessness Act, which encourages the poor to move into abandoned homes. Although calm and unflashy, Rathke does know how to apply pressure tactics. In 1980 ACORN helped organize the "rent strike" erected in every state to protest high unemployment. And the group still boasts a share of pickets and boycotts. But the real aim, Rathke says, is empowerment by whatever peaceful means are best suited to the task.

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Fred Smith took
a criminal prison
system and made
reform the law

Education &
Social Service

The Greening of the Jailhouse

BY GEOFFREY
NORMAN

The prisoners, dozens of them, had been waiting for almost an hour. Waiting, restless, and talking among themselves. Waiting for the rain. Of course, if a convict learns how to do anything at all, it is to wait—and wait. Time to a man in prison becomes all sorts of things. The metaphors are endless. Time can be a monument, a great weight, an endless chain of heavy shackles. Time can be measured in all sorts of ways and almost no way thickness. There is nothing unusual in prison about a man who has more time to do than he has already lived. Or the man who is in for life but still has the hope of a

parole. Or the man who is doing All Of It but doesn't have any chance at all, unless he is willing to take one himself.

An hour, then, is nothing. You can spend an hour staring at the wire and everything that lies beyond and across the time. You can spend an hour studying the springs in the back of your seat. You can spend an hour lost in pure regret. So waiting an hour for anything does not make you

impatient, and none of the eleven convicts are especially apologetic when Fred Smith arrives for the meeting. But he apologizes just the same.

"I'd like to thank you all for waiting," he says.

The convicts laugh appreciatively at this little joke.

Then one of them, a coal-black man with a concave face and a deep Paul Robeson

In Alabama's brutal prison system, an enlightened jailer planted the seeds of reform.

voice, says, "Commissioner Smith, in behalf of the inmate council of State Prison, I would like to thank you for taking time out of your busy schedule to come here today and discuss matters of mutual concern."

Fred Smith looks respectfully at the man who speaks these words, nodding as he listens. He is dressed in a blue blazer, cotton khaki trousers, blue-velvet shirt,

and yellow pocket tie loosened at the knot. He wears glasses with stylish brown frames. His hair, going to gray, is combed over the top of his ears. He has a young, fresh face that is slightly plump. He looks like a man who has come up in the world from his origins in Elmore County, Alabama. But also like a man who has not a scrap of earthly fear his coat because he wouldn't do that if he could. Fred Smith

looks both country and accomplished.

The other men in the room are planted their faces hollowed out, eroded by time. Only one of them wears glasses—in congruous wire-rim. All of them wear white uniforms with their numbers attached over the front pocket of the shirt and over pocket of the trousers. Across the back of

GREEN FRED NORMAN is a contributing editor of Esquire magazine and a 1994 prisoner in Alabama.

property offenders—managers, security guards who work without armed guards and who can be taken out to pasture. But he went further than merely pursuing prisoners back to work. In a state where work that needed to be done could not get done for a lack of money, Smith saw prison inmates as a pool of unused labor. His program, sending a mix of inmates—skilled carpenters or electricians—around to rebuild local jobs. Five examples were welded together in the shop at Holmes prison, then transported to the jail that was being rebuilt. So far, the state has had no recidivism in twenty-one jobs in the state. One job that would have cost county taxpayers more than \$180,000 was done for some \$3,000 in materials. The program is being extended, and inmates are now working on schools and other public buildings that have fallen into disrepair.

Smith is immensely proud of this program. "It's not just that it's getting things done," he says, "even though that would be a whole lot by itself, it's also giving these people a chance to work and be useful and keep a skill so they can work when they leave here. And what you've got to remember is that 98 percent of the people in prison are going to get out someday. That's a fact. Only 2 percent of the people who go to prison stay there. Five percent stay there. These other people—they are going to get out and go back—most of them—to the communities they came from. They've got to know how to do something when they get there. They've got to know what it feels like to work on a job for eight hours a day. That is a skill in itself, be it welding or bodywork or anything else—just knowing how to get up and go to work and do a job every day. A lot of the people who come here have never learned that, and they haven't learned it at all. And what you've got to learn is that on the day we throw them out and say, 'Okay, you're on your own now. Stay out of trouble!'

In addition to this ad hoc public-works program, Smith accelerated the scope of Alabama's work-release program, in which inmates spend the night in the institution and report to a job during the day. This is a widely criticized road approach that most states follow with inmates who are nearing release. But Smith launched an entirely new program that is still widely controversial in Alabama, the only state in the union where such a program exists. Under his regime, Alabama probably has the most progressive prison administration in the country, and the clearest proof is the SRR program.

"Superfused, intensive, illustrative," Smith said, "because you have to make sure that the rhetoric is right. These words make it sound like the person is being switched and punished. Anybody who's working here, especially in corrections, you have to make sure the rhetoric

is right to sell it to the public."

But on the way, it is a flow program, or perhaps a nebulous one. Whatever it is, it's certainly not conventional. It works this way: A prisoner with three years or less on his sentence can qualify. The commission decides who, among qualified inmates, will be released into the program, and those people are allowed to live at home. They are encouraged to find a job, and if they can't, they are given public-works tasks to perform while they are looking for a job. A substantial portion of the money they make goes toward compensating victims of their crimes and the Department of Corrections for the program's supervision. They are randomly checked to make sure they are reporting for work and are in bed at home by some established, early bedtime. Violations of the terms of release are punishable by loss of privileges and, ultimately, by a return to confinement.

When Smith first implemented the program, the attorney general of the state, a man named Charles Graddick, who has convictions that extend at least as far as the governor's mansion, asked Smith to stop. Smith won the fight with the backing of his gutman, that well-known liberal Governor George C. Wallace, in the legislature. Now then, Smith and Graddick have been highly public enemies, leading almost daily in the papers. During a serious riot at the Saint Clair maximum-security unit last spring, Graddick was giving a speech to a group in Tuscaloosa. He noted that Smith is at the scene of the riot. "Is whatever it's worth," At the scene, Smith told the inmates who had rioted and were holding hostages that they had not nightfall to surrender, seriously noncompliance, or more than six hundred armed officers were coming in. The inmates were ordered. Smith was widely praised for his handling of the uprising, which had the potential, more and, of becoming another Ayres. Graddick finally conceded that Smith had handled the situation well enough to get on "A plus," while Smith woundered aloud about an attorney general "who stands on the sidelines and cranks in a difficult, life-threatening situation like the one we had at Saint Clair."

On the evening of Smith's tour, there was a small room in the paper that tells of Graddick's disposition, expressed in a letter he had made public, over the release of a former member of the state insurance commission into the SRR. The man had been convicted of attempting to use his influence to manipulate himself as usual in Alabama and sentenced to a three-year term. Smith released him after ninety days, as he is empowered by law to do, and put him to work in the SRR program. Graddick informed the man should have served his full term in a prison to reflect what he might be tempted to abuse the public trust. (Most people in Alabama believe the fellow was a

victim of Graddick's overly obsessive desire to get some thing on Charles Wallace, Graddick's brother, but that is another story.) Smith's response was, "That man isn't dangerous. And he's not taking up a bed. Let him work and pay back the court costs, and I'll give that bed to someone who really needs it."

The SRR program has gained supporters around the state, in the cabinet columns, in the legislature, and with Governor Wallace, who has been as well as ever when the words of public opinion are blowing. But nowhere in SRR more enthusiastically supported than in the prisons. So Smith lights another cigarette and explains to the men in the room just how to qualify for the program. And when he finishes, the man in his twenties, with the worn face, says, "Is there any chance that drug offenders will be allowed to qualify for SRR?"

"That's up to the legislature. Not me."

"But I have already been here three years," the man continues, "and I have thirty-one years left. It seems like I should have the right to get a parole. Now going to qualify for SRR or even work-release. Can't they change that? It's getting to where you can't ever pay your debt."

"The only thing I can tell you," Smith says sympathetically, "is that some time the SRR program is new. It's just getting started, and it probably doesn't mean the much hope to people who can't qualify for it. People with long sentences or violent offenders. We all know that studies show it is the property offender who is most likely to get out and not just another crime or the violent offender who is most likely to make it when he gets out. Some people say a murderer is the safest man to parole because he's already taken care of his problem."

The man in the room laughs. It's an old prison lore.

"But think about it this way," Smith goes on. "Where would we be if we didn't have SRR or any of these other programs? Think how far we would still have to go. We've gone this far already, and we can still go further. These programs aren't Roberts. There is no instant relief. But they are a start."

There is a murmur of a protest from the men in the vicinity, and after the correct with the bass voice and the hollowed-out face has thanked Smith, once again, for coming, the prisoners all shake his hand. He speaks briefly to the short man, as promised, and then leaves the group, looking to search and find his way out, complicating one prisoner who is carefully trailing some marijuana that finds the walk leading out to the main gate.

"Looks good. Real good," Smith says. "This declassification program has really taken hold in the prison."

Smith slides behind the wheel of his car to drive to the next institution and the next set of grievances.

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Lake Louise, Colorado. Norway Photo Eric Mendel

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"Did you hear that?" he says to his partner. "Thirty-five years, they put it down. For a drug conviction, that's the longest in the system as far as part of the problem. A lot of people believe they are a solution to crime, but they're not. If prison is going to do anything for a criminal, most of the effort is going to occur in the first two years of his or her sentence. Most of them really take a good look at himself and feel like what has happened to him is something he can change and do something about. After that, with another eight years, fifteen years, thirty years to go—he's not going to do anything. Most of them you've seen, you're wasting it. The man becomes institutionalized."

Yes, the warden says. That makes sense. But what about the prisoners doing creative crimes—you can't let them out, can you?

"No. And I never said you could. I believe in locking them up and keeping them where they can't do any more harm. I also believe a capital punishment, and I believe that it may be the most humane way to deal with some of these people. Most because doing them back on the job for life. We had the first execution in eighteen years in Alabama under my administration. We'll probably have more. A death warrant comes down almost every week. They all get angry, but most of them, they'll stand. I'm not out on mercy. But people like that are a small minority of the people serving time. They are a very small part of my problem."

As he drives past a long open shed, where perhaps some hundred prisoners on benches and duck camp under the eyes of shotgun-carrying guards, Smith talks about his accomplishments and his plan. "You know, we ended the court order, and we got the state out of bankruptcy in less than \$100,000 a year to just over \$8,000. It's proud of that, but I want to do better. I want to get it down to \$7,000."

It occurs to the visitor that this is what makes Smith both something new in the south he has chosen and also the perfect embodiment of the values of his generation. He is neither an angry redistributionist out to partly restore through pain nor a leader-broker rehabilitation out to ease them through understanding and therapy. His model does both over the years either the Old Testament or Freud but over the economic and cost-accounting beliefs that are the basis for the new true faith of the 1980s—the bottom line.

Smith is a pragmatist, and his concern is with costs. The law, state courts and economic costs are inextricably related. He is a realist, and he knows that he must live and operate in a political world.

"You know," he says, "it's funny, during the days of the court order we were always being compared to Texas. People at all the meetings would say, 'How does one Alabama have a correction system that's as

good as the one in Texas?"

Well, now Texas is having all sorts of problems. It's the worst, probably, in the country. Guards refusing to come to work because it's too dangerous. They're under a court order now. Meanwhile, in Alabama we've turned it around. People come here from other states to see how we've done it. So the real proof of everything that I've been accomplished here. But I like the sound of that most might be true tomorrow. If Godrich or one of the others who don't like the new programs comes in, I'd have to leave. It wouldn't be fair to the people of Alabama, who elected a man with these ideas. Governor, he has to stay."

"I'd move on... to another system. Try to bring the same kind of program in. That's the challenge. Once the program is in place, it isn't all that much to administer them."

BY THE ENTRANCE TO SHAPER, A FORTY-eight-year-old man whom first offenders do their time, Smith sits at the big door to be recognized and put in the dock. He looks heavy and tired. Twenty skills at least it, the cover goes on a duck. A sign on this shift lists the rules for prison inmates. ALL VISITORS ARE SUBJECT TO SEARCH. NO HANDING, WOMEN MUST WEAR A HEADSCAPE. It is an old rule. The locking up at the big door makes a humming sound, and the door rolls aside on rails to allow Smith and his visitor access. As most visitors wearing a civilian suit, white shirt, and dark tie wearing guards Smith looks both at the door and at the man's hand, smile, and compliments him on the way the guards look.

Smith also greets three or four guards who are standing around the reception area. They wear pressed blue uniforms with short sleeves and open collars, and they look as comfortable as it is possible to be in Alabama in June and still be wearing work clothes. Smith knows all the men by their first names.

There are prisoners working with bricks and mortar along the concrete corridor that is the backbone of the prison. As Smith starts down the corridor the prisoners stop and, backs against the wall, hands folded on top of their brows huddle, the way soldiers are ordered in that manner. Smith orders in the inmates, and they look back obediently.

There are no dormitories running like verandas of the main corridor, each one as long and wide, perhaps, as two tennis courts placed end to end. Each dormitory holds more than one hundred men who sleep in steel bunk beds and keep their possessions in steel lockers. The dormitories are built like barracks for the troops of some third-rate army. Clean but shabby. One huge gray steel door stands open in front of each dormitory. In this heat, prisoners are at work and on the yard during lockdowns and at night, the steel doors are

closed and locked. Then, the visitor thinks, the one hundred to six men are both some together and terribly alone.

As Smith walks down the corridor with the inmate guard he must make his voice to be heard over the din of normal prison noise. Steel on steel. Voices. Shoes on concrete. And the announcements that come accurately and loudly from a loudspeaker, then into again and again of the concrete walls. The noise never stops, according to old ones. Not even at night. Smith visits the prison laundry at the end of the corridor while three inmates watch silently, some taking their eyes off him. The guard in charge of the laundry points out stacks of clean folded dresses and suitcases from Smith's inspection.

"I believe you're the best laundry in the system," he says.

The guard beams and thanks him for the compliment.

From the laundry, Smith goes on to a small waiting room where the members of the prison inmate council are waiting. They have been waiting for over an hour. Smith is waiting late. He is always running late, just as they are always waiting. On at most times. The nature of the complaints is the same, and the experience of the men who sit in the room seems identical to those from earlier in the day, in other rooms with the same concrete walls. Smith listens and answers and makes an occasional reply.

A black man with a badly scuffed face walks to him, the inmate who stands to greet him. Smith asks him to show some indifference to their work. "I have the dirtiest job in the county," the man says, "and I got more pride in my work than they got in theirs."

"What's your job?" Smith asks.

"Trash truck."

"Well, you're right about what kind of job that is," Smith says. "And since you mention it, I haven't heard any complaints about the work you're doing."

The men around the table laugh.

During this meeting inmates bring back a on trays. It is the same as that being served in the prison mess hall. The food—macaroni and hamburger, ketchup, potatoes, green beans, and corn bread—is good as what you would get at a downtown cafeteria. But the only utensil that comes with the trays is a spoon.

Because no matter how good the food, or how clean the sheets, or how many programs the television carries, or how well trained the guards are... prisoners still prison, and all that time, like the constant noise of steel on steel and voices echoing down concrete, bears down heavy on the soul and makes a man do things.

Smith leaves the last of his meetings weary and fresh out of things to say.

"No matter how much you see off," he says, "you still never get used to it."

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Education &
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SOLUTIONS

by John Tierney

John Isaacson Is Looking for a Few Good Men and Women

PROBLEM:
Recruiting
a qualified
executive,

especially one to run New York's airports. **THE UNUSUAL PROBLEM:** Democrat leaders at those same airports. In late 1980 no one was in charge of the world's busiest aviation hub: Kennedy, LaGuardia, and Newark. The veterans who had built Kennedy in the grand portal of America had been worn down by an expensive-second-world-war political wars, and poor management in the top. Their airports, once state-of-the-art, seemed sadly quaint next to the huge new Lufthansa of Atlanta and Dallas. And, perhaps more upsetting to those men, the major airlines that had grown and flourished with the airports were also in trouble, facing bankruptcy.

THE STRIKE: More than \$900 million a year—a full half of all the revenue collected by the Port Authority of New York and New Jersey. Peter Goldmark, then executive director of the Port Authority, needed someone to shake up the aviation department and bring back the business. New York was losing to the Sun Belt.

THE SOLUTION: The personnel department brought in two mainstream executive recruiting firms, but Goldmark didn't think they were thorough enough. Goldmark called up an old friend, his protégé, John Isaacson. A Dartmouth graduate, Isaacson became a Rhodes scholar, finished Harvard Law School in 1975—and then decided that at least he was not a lawyer but a civil servant. So he took an \$8,000-a-year job with the Massachusetts Executive Office of Human Services, worked as Goldmark's assistant for two years, then remained after Goldmark went to the Port Authority. When Goldmark called him in 1980, Isaacson had just left the state government to work for an engineering firm in Boston specializing in energy projects, and he liked the idea of doing some headhunting on the side. He looked all to the airports to see what kind of boss the situation needed.

A CLUE: Isaacson kept noticing model airplanes and spacecraft on the windowsills.

A lot of these airport managers had been fighter pilots who had grown to the airports just as they could save some airplanes. "I came here to be part of the aviation industry," said one manager, proceeding to voice the common complaint—"but now I feel we're losing touch with it." The industry's managers were in trouble and the Port Authority wasn't doing enough, he said. "We've got to help react to the major carriers. They're the customers who will make or break us."

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS PICTURE? Isaacson could see an obvious weakness in the manager's philosophy—his staunch loyalty to the major airlines, which would be shored by the Port Authority's young boss. Goldmark wanted to help not just the established airlines but also the new startups, which he called the leapfrogs.

But there was something else. Back in Boston late one night Isaacson was writing a memo to Goldmark about what kind of candidate they should be seeking. "I suddenly realized that the guys at the Port Authority didn't know what business they were in. No wonder they were unhappy."

REDEFINING THE PROBLEM: These guys thought they were in the aviation business, but their main job was to move people and luggage between the gate and the street. They were really in the ground transportation business.

AIR ARRANGEMENTS: Kennedy Airport, an airport built for airlines instead of passengers. Each airline got its own terminal, its own permanent architectural tribune to itself—because of course there was no reason to think, back in those regulated days, that a major airline might not be in long as a building. To get around, you had to fight traffic and spend as long as forty-five minutes taking a shuttle bus from one terminal to another.

"When the veterans talked about the traffic problem at Kennedy," Isaacson recalls, "they made it sound like an act of God—something that was there and couldn't really be solved. It just didn't seem to me that their. Their job was to take care of the airlines."

THE HUNT: Isaacson worked the phone to gather fifty names and eventually narrowed them to five. One was Robert Aumann and was attractive because he had managed both air and ground transportation projects. Isaacson flew to Washington to meet him, and they each made an odd first impression.

Aumann, expecting a crisp, bearded academic, was greeted by a tall, playful man with a full, bushy black beard, a casual, disheveled style, and a loud, swartling laugh, who started the interview not with the usual small talk through the resume but by asking Aumann to describe his family background, especially his father.

Isaacson, so friendly, so lively, seemed almost burned to death. Aumann was formal, serious, scrupulously embroidered



PHOTOGRAPH BY LARRY TRIM



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and outgoing in his manner—a perfect businessman. He was just thirty-one, and he'd been at the Federal Aviation Administration for only three years, but he could easily pass for a lion. Armstrong could tell a story about a colleague, and the details would make it clear that the person was outrageously incompetent and dishonest, then Armstrong would quietly allow us how the person was "troublesome."

MORE CLUES: Soon Isaacson began noticing a pattern in these stories. The "troublesome" people would usually vanish from the scene. Either Armstrong left or they left. Armstrong had taken over the struggling Baltimore-Washington airport, quickly cleaned out the incompetents, and set new records for growth. He had moved to the FAA's Airport Division. First he absorbed all his subordinate's jobs, and then created fewer new ones, eliminating bureaucratic deadwood in the process. Among other facts, this contributed to an astonishing increase—yet Armstrong was so careful that it didn't get messy.

The interview went on for six hours. "By the way," Armstrong said to Isaacson at one point, "I think the name of your firm is very clever." Isaacson looked blank. Not him; his own firm, he'd simply used the name of the Houston engineering group where he worked, which happened to be Pequet Associates. He'd never seen the connection. The Pequet was Alib's shop, and now Isaacson was off hunting his own version of the Great White Whale. A minor mystery, immediately, yet somehow not what Isaacson had expected to find behind that stoic front. Other little things surfaced—flashes of wit, unconventional insights, the name Armstrong talked, the more Isaacson thought that here was a radical businessman's behavior.

THE REPORT FROM THE FIELD: Isaacson wasn't supposed to choose, only to describe the best choices. He talked to the other four candidates, checked their own work histories as well as resumes, and wrote their profiles of each one. Armstrong's was a five-thousand-word biography (complete with the details about Armstrong's father) describing someone "who behaves like a very well-informed, intelligent business man," but "does not suffer fools lightly." He would attack a bureaucracy like a young hotshot and still get along with the old-timers. "Most hotshots wouldn't. This is a man with guts."

THE SOLUTION TO THE IMMEDIATE PROBLEM: Goldmark immediately worked on his own candidate, and Isaacson's narrative earned the day for Armstrong. On March 24, 1981, Goldmark appointed Isaacson director of aviation for the Port Authority.

THE SOLUTION TO THE UNDERLYING PROBLEM: True to form, Isaacson followed his style on the ground level to the vertices of the Port Authority at the same time he was shaking the place up, improving services for the customers—now redefined as the passengers

and shippers. In four years Armstrong has completely reorganized the department, airport revenues have climbed to more than \$600 million, and the number of passengers has gone from fifty-four million a year to seventy-four million. Newark Airport has become the booming hub of the upstart People Express. At Kennedy, the Port Authority is leasing selected major airlines to rent unused space in their terminals to smaller airlines. And Armstrong is currently planning to put something new in the middle of all these activities—a grand central terminal with high-tech spokes carrying passengers to and from the exterior.

THE LESSON FOR JOHN ISAACSON: "The most interesting of headhunting is the search. It's not hard to come up with lots of names for a job. The trick is to figure out what the job requires. Any job is a solution to a problem, but most people who hire don't stop to think what the problem is. They just look for someone who has the same credentials as the last person who held the job, when in fact the job has changed in the meantime. So they're always fighting the last war. In most cases, the real solution is to change the problem. The Port Authority search taught me that the first question to ask when recruiting is 'What business are you in?' It doesn't matter if it's a nonprofit group. The issue remains the same. What are you selling? Who are your customers?"

Today Isaacson poses these questions to dozens of corporations, universities, government agencies, and nonprofit groups. He continues to do his hunting out of Boston, but Isaacson with Pequet left that firm in 1982. His success in the Port Authority was rewarded by a nomination for another governing job, which led to his resignation and departure. Isaacson realized that there was a difference for the old knock of his.

His recruiting firm, Isaacson, Ford, Winkler, and Miller, has eleven full-time professionals and is ranked a national reputation for finding good public servants. "The public sector is out of fashion today," Isaacson says, "but you can still draw talent if you make someone realize that the public sector is not just window dressing—it's the skeleton structure system of the whole economy. It frames the assets for the private sector."

"I might be recruiting someone in his thirties who's made partner in a law firm but is uncomfortable with just performing. If I come to him with a job at a government agency and \$70,000, looking at this job will cost you \$40,000 a year. Get used to that idea. Take some time to see if you can make it with \$40,000 less. If you can, you're going to go home feeling different about yourself every night. You could be the one who turns some rising star into a housing-and-shopping complex that revitalizes the whole core of a city. You're going to make a difference." ☐



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Sherry Turkle tells us that computers aren't only changing our daily routines—they're changing how we think

Education & Social Service

BY DAVID HELLERSTEIN

Computers on the Couch

"I We've been called the Margaret Mead of Silicon," Sherry Turkle says, laughing. "Some days I see myself more as the Dr. Joyce Brothers of Atari."

We're in her corner office at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, 11 by 15, reflecting off the Charles River, which is just across Memorial Drive. Sherry Turkle, author of *The Second Self: Computers and the Human Spirit* and a tenured MIT faculty member, sits in a white wicker chair. Wearing an off-white jacket, a downed dress, and a gold necklace, she's witty, articulate, nerdy, and extremely

DAVID HELLERSTEIN practices psychoanalysis in New York City. A collection of his essays, *Called to Order: Life and Death*, will be published early next year.



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on psychological development—and that it was replacing the familiar psychoanalytic model with a concept of mind in machine.

"The power of psychoanalysis," Turkle says, "is that it puts people in touch with something they want to think about—sexuality, perhaps. Studying slips and dreams puts you in touch with things that are hidden. But now people want to be in touch with some aspect of their machine systems. People want to be in touch with this new aspect of themselves, which is almost as equally taboo as sexuality. Artificial intelligence and computers are the new way to be in touch with this cultural preoccupation."

She found that there were many ways in which people made contact with the machine.

"The computer is like Don Quixote in *The Golem*—it makes so many offers that many different kinds of people can't refuse." For video-porn enthusiasts, supposedly addicted to a mindless activity, the first effect lay in figuring out the logic of a rule-based system—to achieve perfection is a predictable, instant exercise that outstrips what is possible in imperfect reality. Hackers often described a sense of direct real-to-real contact with the deep structure of the machine, a strangely exhilarating experience of strategic victory a la *Legend* to find order at the edge of chaos. "In a huge system that is nearly out of control, they can grab control back through security. The violence of the test is within itself."

Adolescents struggled to find their identity in relationship to the machine. The computer was a safe place to experiment in changing styles—to be daring, to strive for aesthetic effect or power. They programmed in automatically device ways. One girl, Deborah, resisted the movement of the "hurtle" concern so it would move only in 90-degree right turns, and then programmed elaborate geometric shapes. Bruce, an eighth grader, made his program in chess as possible but took pride in the fact that the computer was slower than his control.

Not only that, but the computer became a meeting ground for two cultures, art and science. In creating a video game, the "hard" students, the engineers who learn the answers to difficult technical questions, collaborated with the "soft," the arty kids who love to design elaborate scenes and scenarios, to program bright, flickering screens. Working together, they'd get the best results—technically sophisticated programs that were visual spectacles.

Perhaps most challenging, Turkle found, was the work of artificial intelligence and cognitive-intelligence philosophers. They use analogies to philosophy to formulate generally new ways to think about the mind. The brain as computer, the mind as complex multiprocessing machine, the self as an artificial construction

created by a group of competing micro-processors working in parallel—in Turkle talks about these concepts, I think about how similar the ideas of psychoanalysis, which nearly a century ago also disputed the integrity and power of the self, conscious ego, and also left people little room for the "real." Understanding the nature of the mind, the illusory nature of the self, can actually be a liberating experience. But the risk of any new philosophical system is that it may narrow experience, may shrink the range of questioning. Don't computers, offering not only technology and a kind of rational discourse, but also a metaphor for the mind, a new philosophy, therefore carry a lot of risks?

"Perhaps the darker side," she says, "is that there can be a split between thought and feeling. If you begin to think of people as emotional machines, to believe that computers think, people feel, that gives a flattened split-off view of emotion. If people see what computers can't do, it pulls you out the merry-go-round where computer will still know nothing."

She also found ELIZA, a famous conversative computer program that seems to simulate a psychotherapist session. The computer suggests questions echoing your answers. She says, "It responds—'I recognize.' 'I hear you saying you feel sad.' 'Tell me more.' 'I'm sorry with my brother.' 'I hear you saying...'" and so on.

"Imagine a small ELIZA program, fifty or a hundred years old," she says—a program we all suspect that seems to understand you. "How will you feel being shrunk by the system? About talking about sexuality with an entity that doesn't have a subject? It may be a way to talk about the dispossessions of human experience—midlife, growing old, disappointing people. Some people welcome that idea."

But what of the revolution people have with computers now? What kinds of changes might result from these intense relationships with second, electronic selves?

"In college kids, the incredible speed of information may be one outgrowth," she says. "There may be less tolerance for certain kinds of ambiguity. In the game *Dungeons & Dragons*, as with computers, there is a lot of ambiguity in the creation. One third grader told me recently, 'Dungeons & Dragons must be complicated that today.' He meant that the rules of D & D are more complicated than anything he had learned in the classroom. He doesn't know the rules of fantasy play. That can lead to trouble with ambiguity. And finding something's only important if it comes out of the computer." And, as she says in *The Second Self*, there is the risk that children playing on the simulated worlds of computer games may have less skill in the open-ended role playing of traditional games and thus may develop less capacity for empathy.

"In the best of situations, though," Tur-

kle says, "the computer leads to a very positive subversion of roles." A third power of knowing more than his parents and teachers may be difficult for an identity at the same time, "It's handy stuff. There's a connection of data with better spatial skills, with better hand-eye coordination, with a look of less. This can give power to both teacher and student. Teachers have been trying to take it for generations."

We're finishing the interview now—I feel to my astonishment that more than four hours have passed. I'm exhausted—I'm huffier's overbooked, burning with remarkable "cognitive object" "mind games," "right screen," "debugging"—but Turkle seems as fresh, as energetic as when we started. As I pick up my briefcase she tells me about her courses on computers and people, computer culture, technology and the individual, women and computers, and her ongoing research on computers in the workplace, and on the evolution of psychoanalysis in America, and about a projected eighth-grade science computer curriculum for the WNET-TV in New York. I realize that I still know nothing about her marriage to MIT professor Seymour Papert, mathematician, inventor of LOGO, AI philosopher—they met while she was researching. The *Second Self* and my own research—endless are her study of computers. I feel foolish that I didn't get around to asking. On the other hand, maybe that says something about Sherry Turkle.

We walk out of her office, along a departmental hallway of stars, and out the quad. We pause. I can see a courtyard that a few students, carrying computer disks and textbooks, cross hurriedly, not stopping to talk, even though it's a beautiful June day, going from one glass-and-concrete building to another.

"I see myself at MIT as being an under- outsider," she says. "I'm at MIT but not quite off. I feel what I do is very important to the lives of students here. My message to students is: 'Where should your life be cut off from your life as a scientist? My feeling is that if they can begin to appreciate the passion of their relationship to technology, that if they get past the old cliché, 'the computer isn't just another tool to explore their mind, but it's a tool to explore the mind itself, they will have a richer and less split-off experience.'"

Her message to the larger world is, I suppose, a variation of that. That making computers accessible to as many people as possible will increase the richness of computer technology. That computers can benefit our culture far beyond their powers as calculating machines. And that if we explore the complex relations between our first and second selves, between our third and fourth selves, the electronic "minds" we are beginning to create, human experience will be far richer, and without a doubt, better understood. **D**



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Andrew Schmoookler on Why Men Make War

A MILITANT GENIUS AND RENEGADE ACADEMIC, ANDREW BARD SCHMOOKLER SPENT FOURTEEN YEARS OF HIS LIFE ATTEMPTING TO COME UP WITH A COHERENT AND UNIFIED THEORY THAT WOULD EXPLAIN THE TRAGEDY OF HUMAN LIFE. THIS "rational and unconscious forces that drive people to make war." While the intellectual strain would have, to a lesser man, Schmoookler emerged in 1964 with *The Parable of the Tribes: The Problem of Power in Social Evolution*, which indeed provides a new way of analyzing the human condition. His passionate work, which incorporates history, philosophy, anthropology, and psychoanalytic theory within its sweep, is troubling and difficult, nevertheless, it is surprisingly readable and, to the end, hopeful.

Andy Schmoookler, a wiry, intense, yet remarkably engaging thirty-nine-year-old, does much of his writing on the large rock in the middle of a Maryland stream where we caught up with him. He dates the decline of civilization to the dawn of civilization, when power became the dominant factor in social relationships. The point of his parable is to show that power, once introduced into a system, inexorably drives it to anarchic dissolution. Like the great philosophers who are among his intellectual forebears, Schmoookler seeks a first principle by which to define the human tragedy. "The Parable of the Tribes" itself is a short, eloquent account that opens the much larger work.

POWER, SAYS SCHMOOKLER,
DRIVES A STATE TO
ANARCHIC DISSOLUTION

INSIGHTS
Interview by
Russell Solovay



"Imagine a group of tribes living within reach of each other," he writes. "If all choose the way of peace, then all may live in peace. But what if all but one choose peace...?"

AN INEVITABLE STRUGGLE FOR POWER EMERGES

"Anarchy, when confronted with a powerful neighboring society that is bent on vengeance, has only four options. One, it can be destroyed. Two, it can be absorbed and transformed through conquest. Three, it can retreat, run away. And the fourth option, it can decide to defend itself. But to defend itself, it would have to have the power to do so. It would have to become more like the society it is resisting. The struggle for power says that only these cultural forms, only these ways of organizing life that make a society able to compete effectively against other societies will survive and spread. Any other ways of life, however humane or viable, will be eliminated. If power is introduced anywhere in the system, anywhere that power is introduced will spread the way of power throughout the system."

BEFORE MAN, HARMONY; AFTER MAN, ANARCHY

"Anarchy. Hobbes called anarchy the state of nature." I'm drawing on Hobbes, but also turning him on his head; I call anarchy the state of anarchy. When life would lead this planet and created anarchy, it gradually led them there over some period, set over some fairly big time group. Because of this emerged to another the first time in the history of life there is something at the beginning of the system but not contained by that envelope. It is behavior that is guided, and that's what causes the problem."

THE IMPORTANCE OF ORDER

"What's the difference between Lebanon and Switzerland? They're both the most multicultural societies, yet in one case there is anarchy. And when there is anarchy, there are pogroms in charge, and bloodletting. If you have there are people among the Swiss who, if the situation breaks down, would be an aggressive and selfish as the Lebanese. But they are not running the show. An order was created that allows people to exist, not to chop, but to security. What happens if we can change the Lebanon of the present world order, and just do something like Switzerland? I'm not saying overnight, but at the next one hundred or two hundred years?"

WHO'S THE REAL ENEMY?

"One of the things I try to do in my book is show that we really are in the same boat. And we do have a common interest and a common enemy. The common enemy is, in a sense, the social evolutionary process—beyond our control and not fully responsive to our needs as human beings.

Unfortunately, after thousands of years we live in a world that sort of generates paranoia. There are things that, out of our injured spirits, lead us to need—in some sick but nonetheless real sense—to perpetuate what we've been doing before."

THE SYSTEM IS NOT THE SOLUTION

"One of the things I'm trying to do, in a sense, is drive a wedge between us and our systems. We are used by these systems; we are trained by them; we are taught by our systems to look at them in certain ways and to serve the in. I'm not an anarchist. I don't say, 'Burn it all down!' But I do say that our systems create pathology. These systems are our enemies as well as our friends, and we must regard them with a certain distance. We can't just tear them down, but we've got to change them, and in order to change them, we've got to realize that what we create are not the world of God. There is a realm of value that transcends our systems."

A BRIEF STATEMENT ON THE NATURE OF MAN

"We are not perfect, but we are good enough."

WILD IN THE STREETS

"I was graduated from Harvard in 1967. My relationship to the world, in some senses, had been surrealistic—and the two sides. My father died. Broke up on campus. I moved to a city that was very unfriendly—Chicago. I had no friends. The academic program I was in was dead. The cities in this country were burning. The Tet Offensive came. Martin Luther King was shot. The Chicago convention came—that was very important to me. Ugly stuff came up. The world looked different to me. The question 'What does it make sense for man to do in the world?' was suddenly extremely urgent."

AN OBSTACLE: THE UNIVERSITY SYSTEM

"There is a whole story about how I managed to get a doctorate for *The Fourth of July*. I spent a whole year at Yale, and Yale wouldn't let me leave. I would knock on doors and have people tell me, 'This can't be done. This isn't any field.' I'd say, 'This is nobody's field.' They'd say, 'Go talk to a historian.' The historian would say, 'Go talk to an anthropologist.' The anthropologist would say, 'Go talk to a philosopher.' Everybody sort of passed it on. I eventually went to Berkeley. They said, 'Okay, you got a doctoral committee to approve what you do.' That was a challenge. I was willing to do it. I spent two years going all over. Ray Aron's thing to scholars, saying, 'We're not on the same committee.' All I want is the right to being myself. I finally got a committee of people together who thought I was worth at least giving a

class. Then, when they saw what I did, they gave me a vote of confidence."

THE SILENCE WAS DEAPENING

"Nobody was interested in what I had to say for fifteen years. The world had always thought, the year best and you will be rewarded, but I had misunderstood. Something happened once you start really being original. When I reached a certain point of autonomy, where I could break new ground, the rules changed, and I wasn't prepared for that."

THE STRUGGLE CONTINUES

"It's not as tough as it was before. But I've had no success for a year."

YOU MAY SAY I'M A DREAMER

"What does success mean? I'm not a stooge in the sense that I think there are easy answers. I'm not like Marx in thinking, Hey, I got some ideas, everybody sort of follow along. The kind of vision helped lead straight to hell."

PHILOSOPHERS ARE BORN TO MINE AND BUILD

"A lot of my energy has always been intellectual. Since I was three, I loved to play with the structure of things. At that time, I think I always had a desire to get to the core of things. We all have this enormous amount of life energy that flows through us naturally, and for various reasons it gets blocked off. Then we either give up or we try to section what was lost. I've never given up. If I were almost perpetually persevering, this book would not exist. It was nothing but obstacles."

THE CHOICE

"Now that we have the capacity, in the struggle for power, to eliminate every body, it's clear that the process cannot continue. The two possible options are: we blow it up or we create a different kind of world order, eliminating the anarchy that is the germ of the whole problem."

THE TIME, COINCIDING, THE REALITY, BENIGN

"I'm not arguing for Hobbes's solution. There are solutions between anarchy and the creation of an absolute monarch, which is what Hobbes is arguing for. The solution is limited government. I'd like to see the human species translated into very small groups coincident on various levels."

HOW DO WE DO THAT?

"Step by step. I would guess, looking at the rate of change over the course of this century, that we need a couple of centuries [until they have lots of cause for hope. We are born to live, not die, but this baby is born out of a misperception. I believe the natural energy within us is pointing toward a solution of our best possibilities.]"

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NOBODIES Business & Industry

William Howard Beasley III

Corporate CEO
Dallas, Texas
Born October 1, 1946



As a veteran manufacturer, William Howard Beasley III knows that nothing worth doing comes easily. By 1980, when he was thirty-four, he had earned a Ph.D. in finance from the University of Texas, served as a key aide to a string of Secretaries of the Treasury during the Nixon-Ford years, and worked on Capitol Hill as a key GOP staffer. Then, after making his fortune in private industry, Beasley was given the

title of Velocis, a company that was teetering under a load of legal and financial woes. Velocis' product line was a nightmare: its Trux Traxx assembly was branded oncogenic, and its pesticides killed bugs but attracted insects. Beasley stocked each crisis with characteristic vigor, first turning over every stony company card, then moving the firm in a new, clearer direction, and the result was a sleek herbicide called Ilavet.

With that triumph in hand it was just a short jump to Velocis's parent company, Northwest Industries, a multibillion-dollar conglomerate headquartered in Chicago. Starting near the top, Beasley now pro-



ceeded to president in January 1984. Earlier this year Northwest became shop-and-target and spun off Lane Star Steel, one of the nation's leading makers of steel pipe for oil and gas wells. Beasley, assuming a chance to return to his native Dallas and run his own shop, chose to become chairman of the new firm.

Marilyn Adams Coleman

Poultry consultant
Columbus, Ohio
Born March 27, 1946



Setting up shop in a poultry consultation service was enough for Coleman, but when a fellow for a research project at Auburn University in Alabama. There she performed a way to cut chicken-egg incubation time from twenty-one to eighteen days, resulting in a 10-percent increase in production. Since then, as head of her own Columbus, Ohio, company, MMA, Associates, she has developed the technology for testing chick embryos for their resistance to disease and has designed a monitoring system for feeding, housing, egg handling, lighting, and gener-

al maintenance that has increased the production of broiler hens by up to 20 percent in some cases. Since Coleman's research has spun off discoveries with applications to human medicine. She has found, for example, that the chick embryo can serve as an effective "assaying device" for determining if human cells placed within the yolk are cancerous; that the embryo is an abundant source of chemical compounds necessary for successful organ transplants; and that embryonic use data experiments as which scientists actually change the composition of cells, theoretically creating, say, the remains of new skin from what had been organ tissue.

A goose egg is hard to find

Rafael Collado
Software entrepreneur
New York, New York
Born May 12, 1954



The South Bronx has long been associated with low income and high crime—the last place you'd expect computer technology to flourish. But if Rafael Collado has his way, the partially bombed-out borough may just be the next Silicon Valley. As the thirty-one-year-old computer whiz notes, the Bronx is "close to four great universities with all sorts of advanced research," not to mention just a subway

line from centers of media and finance, both major markets for high technology. The South Bronx, moreover, is already the home of at least one successful Silicon-age enterprise: Collado's own Protocore Devices. Located near the infamous Brother's Barbershop, Protocore produces pocket assembly/disassembly devices that allow normally incompatible computer peripherals to communicate at high speed. In this, his second year of operation, Collado and his associate, Ramon Morales, expect to net \$2-\$3 million on \$7 million in sales. But both men say that the focus of the company is secondary to that of the area.

Silicon Valley comes to the Bronx

After graduating from Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute, Collado, who grew up just a few blocks from Protocore headquarters, held a number of fast-track jobs in Florida and Arizona, but he couldn't shake the feeling that he belonged back in the Bronx. When close friends and investors told him he was crazy for returning to the "poverty, dirt, and pollution" to start his own company, this is what he said: "Seventy thousand dollars in Arizona in the old model for success." The new model, it seems, includes integrating tough grassroots to enterprise and state financial investment of profits in programs aimed at making neighborhood kids computer literate.

Esther Dyson

Computer-industry analyst
New York, New York
Born July 14, 1951



Esther Dyson is a very influential person in the personal-computer industry, but unlike the other major players, she isn't a marketeer. She markets computers. What she does, with admirable grace and clarity, is explain them: how they are used, to whom, and why you should care. As the former editor and author of the industry's best-read newsletter, *REUTERS 1.0* (the title is a pun on computerable only

to those who "speak" computers), Dyson has established on such matters as the similarity between Apple Computer's selector "mouse" and the Roman emperor's bow tie. (Both look delectable but get the job done.) It's just a few so people can see more clearly, she says.

As an editor and the organizer of the industry's most-attended Personal Computer Forum conference, Dyson has also become the consensus leader, who can make a new product's future with a phone call to the right venture capitalist or sink it with a devastating mention in print.

Last spring Dyson pulled the stakes of

her game by launching *Computer Industry Daily*, a morning newspaper that she hoped would give industry executives an edge by offering the latest information on an intensely competitive field. The paper was a dead gamble but one that didn't work out for Dyson. "It turned out that eight pages of daily news about the industry was more than most people needed," Dyson has said. "And what they wanted, daily analysis, is what we didn't really give them." But Dyson isn't letting one defeat stop her. She plans to revive *REUTERS 1.0*, the publication that made her the computer industry's most influential critic.

The making of a high-tech network**David Gibson**

Commodities trader/Broker
Kansas City, Missouri
Born January 1, 1946



When they wrote the financial history of the 1980s, one of the biggest stories will undoubtedly be futures markets. And the big story will be that it's trading today isn't pork bellies, soybeans, or any other agricultural commodity that stocks—actually, bets on whether stock markets are headed up or down. This type of investment based on a volume of 80 billion annually, (and no one understands it better than

David Gibson, who not only trades in stock-index futures from his base at the Kansas City Board of Trade but was a member of the first group ever to do so. "We wanted to get into some thing not agricultural," he says. "So we filed an application with the government to trade a contract based on the stock index and went through the regulatory process. In February '82 we made the first cash settlement on a stock-futures contract anywhere in the world. It was also the first cash settlement on any kind of futures contract."

Gibson got the permission for his financial innovation in 1972, when the U.S. government decided to sell publicly all of its

surplus wheat to the Soviet Union. With the regular commodities market suddenly thrust into overdrive, Gibson, a member (and later chairman) of the three-member group: Board of Trade, began trying to convince the local traders that it was time to diversify, to quit thinking just in terms of wheat and corn. When the deal was made along with his young brother, Gibson then to a grain-elevator empire) added trading in stock futures to the board's traditional wheat-trading business. The window of opportunity Gibson seized upon was filled with farmers on everything from government subsidies to the consumer price index.

Everything's up to date in Kansas City**Dennis Hayes**

Technologist/Entrepreneur
Norcross, Georgia
Born January 10, 1950



In 1978 Dennis Hayes had a simple idea—and an equally simple way to make it work. He took a computer, some cables, and a telephone line and connected them to a "talk" line in another over phone lines, the better to access information data bases and send electronic mail. In other words, he saw a market for the modern, the sometimes external, sometimes internal device

that allows computer communication. Working in his home with some clockwork parts and a soldering iron, he and his longtime Atlanta friend, this life-sustaining prototype that would flow rapidly growing, international company.

Hayes Microcomputer Products now accounts for 79 percent of the retail modem market, with its software-management programs and other products, the company recorded sales of \$180 million last year. It is an annual company, and not just because it has achieved an outstanding average annual growth rate—an excess of 200 percent. Ultimately, what sets Hayes apart in a time of generally sluggish com-

puter-products sales is the company's aura of energy. Hayes has displayed the product open to everything from his use of a model on the assembly line to his assurance that his employees be provided with in-house job-training and stress-management programs. Last year, inspired by the palpable enthusiasm of Hayes's more than 500 bonded employees, a local business magazine named Hayes one of the nation's place workers in Atlanta. Hayes—who's always lively in "his" isn't fat, why don't you?—also the current conditions at the company so much that he refuses to negotiate, even though he could make a fortune by selling out now. "That isn't what this is about," he says.

Ted Lemon

Wine maker
Howell Mountain, California
Born January 26, 1958



As a boy growing up in Westchester County, New York, Ted Lemon often saw five stars at his grandfather's dinner table. An assistant at Anderson Academy and then at Brown, he saw them arranged into dorm rooms and poured down people's shirts. But it wasn't until five years ago, as a student at the University of Davis, that Lemon started seeing wines as part of his future.

Brewing in the school of ecology there,

he approached himself to a series of winters in Burgundy and came to understand the local methods of wine making. But he decided that the Burgundians' strong sense of tradition—and exclusivity—would make it impossible for an American to be involved full time, and he reluctantly returned to the States. He earned money as a nurse's aide, started snowed, worked the grape crushing season with some friends in California, and was about to start looking for a steady job when the improbable happened: the recent widow of a vintner called him. Ted Lemon, an inbred wine maker and vineyard manager. Lemon flew to Missouri and set to work, with impressive re-

sults. The Gault-Miller place rated his 1983 among the best in Burgundy, and his 1985 Merlot and Les Luchets won the gold medal in the Fane de Meuse competition. Still, Lemon was ready for a new challenge. When he learned that the Webster family was serving a dulcet nineteenth-century vintage in Napa Valley, he jumped at the chance to be a part of it. In addition to tending the vines and keeping an eye on the fermentation, Lemon has supervised the restoration of the winery buildings. Neither the wine nor the success has gone to his head. "A wine makes," he philosophizes, "has to be humble. Unless you've got good grapes, you're nothing."

David Mueller

Regional-airline president
Cincinnati, Ohio
Born November 5, 1952



David Mueller always wanted to be an airline pilot. When that didn't work out, he became an airline president instead. Today, as head of Continental's eastern unit, he oversees that operates in the Ohio Valley, he oversees a company that has increased sales a whopping 1,869 percent in the last five years. Looking back in 1978, when the airline was deep in debt and about to be sold, all of their "unprofitable" Ohio Valley

routes. Mueller stepped in with his corner airline—then just two narrow-gauge New Yorks—and they turned a profit of more than \$120,000 in his second year of operation. The company's stock, Moments after taking off from a Cincinnati airport, a Conquest pilot lost power and crashed, killing the pilot and seven passengers. There was no way to get the airline back on its feet, but the disaster cost Conquest \$5 million in cash and a lot more in adverse publicity. Starting over was harder than starting up, but Mueller managed it by moving into some different markets and simply betting on airline's future. Today Mueller is the first airline president to control



Herrell to the sleek Bombardier CRJ, one of the new breed of narrow-gauge planes. "Some people think Conquest is too small," he has said. "But Conquest has bigger where it came from. Bigger from discipline, you."

Jacques Robinson

Corporate executive
Portsmouth, Virginia
Born June 2, 1947



When British-born Jacques Robinson took charge of General Electric's video products in 1982, the picture in the division was less than stellar. Within six months and virtually no new products in the pipeline, drastic changes were in order—exactly the kind of situation that Robinson, a problem solver at GE since 1976, intended. His prescription for the Portsmouth-based video-products unit was to encourage entrepreneurship by re-

A winning commitment to faith, hope, and creativity

building it "around small-business-style teams: a marketing manager, a designer, technicians, and manufacturing people. We now have an environment," he says, "that encourages product development." It also encourages and rewards hard work: one employee earned the equivalent of his annual salary in bonuses this year. Robinson's also taken over GE's aging video products division, increasing its sales to more than \$100 million annually.

That makes Robinson, who got his first taste of entrepreneurship arranging and promoting rock concerts during his London college days, a certified corporate superstar. "You have to be able to keep up,"

he says, but he enjoys "the gamut quality of the competition between corporate giants," especially now that he's winning. One of his theories about the new products he has introduced is HomeMedia, a unique system that allows for remote control of electrical appliances and lights from virtually anywhere outside the home. "Once you get it into your house, it changes your life-style," he says. "You no longer have to be present to operate an appliance. It also provides energy, security, memory aids, and so forth." The product caught the competition's attention—and no doubt making them feel Jacques Robinson standing their corporate houses.

Jesse Russell

Software designer
Whippany, New Jersey
Born April 26, 1948



Jesse Russell has a unique habit. He likes to grab hold of a napkin and a ballpoint pen to sketch quick diagrams of complex processes—like the transmission of the cellular-telephone. One of the first computer engineers in the United States to specialize in digital-systems design, he entered the field back in 1973. Russell now heads an innovative band of fifty engineers and scientists at AT&T's Bell Laboratories.

Vicki Saporta

Union organizer
Washington, D.C.
Born September 11, 1952



She's been called Miss Dynamite, a Norma Rae-like (re)brand. And with all that heat, it's not surprising that Vicki Saporta, thirty-three, has been hugely successful as director of organizing for the International Brotherhood of Teamsters. In her two years on the job, Saporta, the daughter of a Rochester, New York, tailor, has helped gain Teamster membership from 7.7 million to its current 1.9 million with her recruitment

in Whippany, New Jersey. Last year the division designed the software for a new cellular mobile phone that will allow conference calls and call forwarding for non-users. That software system was named the best new product of 1984 by *New Product Development* magazine, which monitors emerging technologies.

When asked the secret of his success, Russell answers, laughingly, "Arrangement." An engineer, he insists, "can't" accept that a problem can't be solved. "Certainly that's been his philosophy throughout his thirteen years with Bell, a period in which he has done everything from circuit and terminal design for digital

telephone equipment to mathematical modeling and complex software design. But Russell is also conscious of his responsibility as a black professional. He devotes a large portion of his personal life to minority recruitment and counsels minority technical employees already at AT&T. In addition, he lectures at career programs in Tennessee and Ohio to encourage minority people to pursue careers in science and engineering. A better role model would be hard to find in 1984 than Saporta because the first black ever to win the Outstanding Young Engineer of the Year award from the Society of Electrical Engineers.

The capital's Norma Rae



of factory and clerical workers and other nontraditionals. More important, Saporta is helping direct the union's image as a battle-bound haven for populists. "You don't see any neoliberals in the hall," she says. "The Teamsters are hard-core people. It's not their jobs day and night, not out at the golf course or on the lake."

Probably so rare in the union, though, works harder than Saporta herself. Although she sometimes addresses in Washington, D.C., she spends about two bankrupt nights a year on the road. Often working with the lonely contained anger that was once a byproduct of the labor movement, Saporta drives home the point that

clerical vigilance is necessary to keep members from exploiting themselves. "Some employers like to think of themselves as enlightened," Saporta says. "But the profit motive always gets the better of them, and the workers get it in the neck."

Kirk Stauss

Farmer
Spirit Lake, Iowa
Born June 28, 1947



It always disturbed Iowa farmer Kirk Stauss that America's way of combating world hunger was to "feed grain to livestock so we could sell steak and pork chops to starving people."

It seemed so basic (more practical) just to stick with the basic grain, so did his family, which has been farming 1,200 acres of corn and soybeans for five generations in the northwest corner of Iowa. So about five years ago Stauss, who has an M.B.A.

and was working as a bank examiner when he took over the family farm, set out to build his crops into a kind of food mix that would be highly nutritious, taste good, and wouldn't spoil. "We wanted a product that you could just open up and start eating," he says. After a series of failures he tried an extrusion method that quickly (about fifteen seconds) and relatively coolly (about 300 degrees) cooked the grain into an edible meal. Three hundred grams of his concoction, now called Nutrament, provides 1,100 calories and the minimum nutritional requirements for an adult male.

Through food brokers Stauss sells Nu-

triment to governments around the world, helping to feed the hungry in the Far East, Africa, Central America, and the Caribbean. "We're trying to sell this as a food supplement," Stauss says. "We try to give you everything you need, but we'll realize it's not the only thing you have to eat all day." Even so, he's doing his best to make Nutrament appealing. The blend comes in a variety of flavors: curry, coconut, cinnamon, chicken, and the original corn. And beginning in January you won't have to be subject to crazy Nutrament. Stauss plans to market a line of snack chips in U.S. health-food stores under the Freedom Protein label.

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With MTV, Bob Pittman ignited not just a television concept but a cultural revolution in contemporary style

by Joseph Dalton

The Televisionary

Business & Industry



They pushed out of the subway early on a hot morning wearing see-through shirts, spike heels, and jagged earrings. Macy's in New York was promoting a new line of Madonna clothing and jewelry with a look-alike contest, and the participants had turned Herald Square into a Hollywood look lot—Gold Diggers of 1935. Material girls. The contest attracted about a hundred entrants, but the girls paraded around the junior fashion department and drove us about as fast as the judges. Still, hours later, as the judges were still deliberating, the "Material Girl" video came up on nine television screens, and the contestants looked at each other and began swooning and singing along. These were black girls, Puerto Rican girls, one three-year-old, any number of whom bore out the famous resemblance to Madonna. But for that one moment, however brief, each one could be the Material Girl, the buxom, ubiquitous creation of a business, ubiquitous new cartoon: MTV.

Andy Warhol, who was one of the judges, says, "I just voted for the one who looked most like the video." That was lovely sixteen-year-old Jean Ann (Princess of Flopping, Queens). "I just loved the style," she says. She copied it from the videos, which she watched on MTV of her aunt's house nearby. If you want to understand MTV's reach, just ask its teen fan for a video. "MTV is the best," she says. "I love my MTV."

JOSEPH DALTON is a New York-based writer in New York. He has published widely in *Rolling Stone*, *Time*, *Entertainment Weekly*, and *Los Angeles Times*.



MTV HAS HELPED LAUNCH CAREERS FOR SUCH NEW-LOOK LEGENDS AS AMEE, MANY OF 'EM TUESDAY (LEFT) AND SHEILA E.

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Footloose to more traditional dramatic movies such as *The Fabulous and the Furious*.

The best example of MTV's style ruling off is, of course, *Mean Streets*, where plus is at best incidental to the fast of well-wrought images. "I decided they were doing something special," says Brandon Taskoff, "and I said, 'Let's do it.' We did it on MTV. And Ed [director Paul Leduc] Anthony Venetucci and Michael Mann and told them to get out of it. The working title was *MTV Cops*." But Taskoff sees a broader television impact, too, and if you don't see it, he says, it's you who're at a disadvantage. "It's about something like *Stavisky* and *Heidi*," he says. "I'm not talking about something real bad, just some average show, something state-of-the-art in its time. It will be able to do whatever it is, and you won't be able to figure out why. Then you'll realize that the reason it looks old-fashioned is that it's moving so slow."

Another obvious crossover is commercialism, since videos are commercials and vice versa. It's the people who make videos that are commercial, and they're not making videos on MTV. It's a little bit like this—when the *Duquenois* episode, or the *Dodge Daytona* takes off into space, that's MTV. Part of it is simply the technology catching up to a host of new editing techniques with wires like *Monty Python*, *Forrest*, and *U2*—machines that can make things flip and twist, change color and shape, but even without the tape, it's clear that a new kind of filmmaking was evolving. Let's do it, says Peter's Michael Jackson and Lester's *Rocky* with *Narcosis* says it's "the '80s' campaign—all inspired by and shown on MTV, though also on the networks.

"MTV is all over Madison Avenue now," says Bob Gerlach, the noted commercial director whose video for Michael Jackson's "Sgt. Pepper" was the last example of the network style. "You see it in theaters—the video as screen text—when Tim Turner gets into *Mad Max*. Beyond *Thunderdome* himself because of her videos. But the great thing about the medium is that the form is aesthetic—you can do different things. If it's art, MTV is the first policy."

But because it has become the style so rapidly, its uses are a bit unexpected. America's oldest advertiser, *Radio's* Robert Orr, says he, too, has never seen MTV when, in 1984, he was convinced by a young staffer that he could reach younger voters with a music-video political advertisement. His opponent was a Boy George confederate with the campaign that he said it was his best one, but Governor Orr, a Republican, was reelected with 53 percent of the vote. More recently Peter Shapiro, thirty-three, was the Democratic challenger for governorship of New Jersey and drew considerable attention with his music-video political commercials. Norma Ross is only one of a number of designers

who use videos, and the new tapes show of her new clothes to send about—nature and then to send a message about a new design. "Visual communication," she says, "is instant communication."

Still, Pittman has made sure that people selling things aren't the only ones to benefit from MTV. We're talking commercials, and shows. But it's not just the new *Door Number Two*. Captains build that community, that sense of belonging. "So loose," Pittman cautions, "that not that somebody everyone would be famous for three minutes. I think it's down to about five, and you know it. Demand. Because almost everyone wants to be famous, or if not famous, to have some tenuous connection to celebrity, which is a little bit of it." Hence the MTV contests, entered by hundreds of thousands, and the winner gets to stand up on national television and say, "People really do love on MTV."

Pittman says, "Sometimes I see these kids from Madison, Oklahoma, or something, and I realize that they're going back to life that they're not used to. They're five feet from now someone will mention Paris, France, and they'll say, 'Wow, I was a contest, went there, saw Darné Darné.' And everybody will be quiet for a minute, and somebody will say another word, and somebody will say, 'Wow, I've never been to Darné Darné,' and everyone will laugh and no one will quite believe it." He goes, "No, no, no."

They have given away a weekend with Van Halen, a tour as New Year's Eve. They've given away a million.

The twenty-contest in the office was the John Cougar Mellencamp "Paint the March or Pink" contest. Mellencamp is the first person to make the contest. The contest was for his "Pink Houses" video, a midwestern "Born in the USA." First prize was a lot of things, but mainly it was a weekend in Bloomington, Indiana, with twenty-five of your closest friends, where you would meet John Cougar Mellencamp and paint a house pink. They gave you the house. There were more than two hundred thousand copies. Susan Miles, twenty-four, of Bloomington, Washington, was the winner. "I was excited," she says without saying. "I was an eight-room house on an acre of land in Bloomington, Indiana, a pink 1984 C-7 Jeep, five hundred acres of *Bluesman* Punks, a Sony video-screen portable television, a Sony Walkman, a top-of-the-line Panasonic stereo, and a private screening of *Street of Fire*. Someday, of course, I'll sell the house. But it's such a big prize for my future." The contest was, she says, the largest thing ever to happen to her. "That does look like a prize."

"MTV is a classic force," explains Michael Erner, who watched *Playboy* take off when he was helping Barry Diller run Paramount, and who is now chairman of the board and chief executive officer of the same. "The classic force is a record company, and I've produced films and Broadway shows," says David Geffen. "But that was nothing new—people had started record companies before. But in the mid-eighties, there was something new, something that nobody was all going to be working for him. And I've only had looking."

THOMPSON, MISSOURI, where Pittman grew up, is now small town—less than a thousand people, almost all of whom are pretty conservative, almost none of whom are incredibly poor or extraordinarily wealthy. It's a pretty town, very much Middle America, thirty miles south of Jackson. Pittman says their tapes. "We're not their people," corrects his older brother, Tom. "The closest thing they had to a hippie." Which means he got locked out of school when his hair grew past his ears. That kind of place.

Pittman's father was a Methodist minister, a district superintendent, long pastor to the North and West over river, and he championed the questing of Small Town Life. From his mother, the daughter of prosperous farmers, Pittman learned hard work and the value of a dollar. Sometimes she sympathized him, though—at six, on a Thanksgiving weekend at his grandfather's farm, Pittman was thrown from a horse and lost an eye. It's not noticeable, but it shows a little. "I suppose it started with the eye."

He stayed out of sports, spending his time with his own projects. "A matter of fact," says Tom Pittman. "I saw something that for me, matter it, go on to something that I was looking at. I'm saying, chemistry sets—I can't remember what it he got himself into." Finally, at age fifteen, Pittman discovered that, but he needed money for lessons, and in 1980, the local television station, wouldn't pay him to go. Jack's Story changed the face of American television, because WCII-TV was only a few doors down, and they had him. Then came *Chicago*, *Midnight*, *Detroit*, *Pittsburgh*, and *Chicago*—time jobs in his own words. Pittman finally landed at WNDC in 1987.

"Bob Pittman can lay an honest claim to being the best programming director in the history of radio," says Charles Warner, who hired him to do his first programming job at WCII-TV in 1982 and is now its top executive. "He had a cable consultant and director of the mass-communications program at Miami College. After he's made his claim, you can argue with it—the point is he can make it."

Warner remembers Pittman in Princeton as a kid, and says he was old and used to drink with the people he was

When the things you have
are more important
than the things you don't.

Cheers.



©1990 Brown & Caldwell, Inc. Photo: Bruce B. Smith/Black

interesting in him for jobs, with "a beard down to his belly button and hair down to his waist. I know he played, but the thing you remember most is Bob's discipline—very tall, very thin, and Bob's people like that aren't very personable—and Bob's pocket wasn't him. And most disciplined people like that aren't very creative, and Bob always had something he wanted to try."

They went together in Chicago, where Pittman won his first Program Director of the Year awards from *Billboard*, one for rock, one for country. He was twenty-three, making a lot of money, running stations with no pretentious budgets, no gimmicks, straight from America's culture to America's taste. Have one good look and you were amazed. Two good Arbs and you were a genius. Have one bad Arb and you were looking around, two bad Arbs and you were driving to Tucson. "It's a crazy life," says Warner, "but Bob was never suspicious, he was always in his office."

Pittman and Warner landed in New York to rescue a flailing WBZ, and as Tinseltown remembers, "It wasn't exactly like I was hearing footsteps, but I kept hearing about this young guy who had all these great creative thoughts." They turned it around, and Pittman was fired with a What next? decision. He was tired of living Arb-logic to Arb-logic. He had finally learned how to fly, the Gemini was at Teterboro, he was at the top of his field—he could do almost anything he wanted, or fly near Pittman went to what was then Warner Amos Seidman Entertainment Company to run the Movie Channel, WUSA's bad square Time-Life's HBO and Warner's Showtime. It was a situation he was used to—jump in against overwhelming competition and see who makes it. The Movie Channel was the first cable service to offer all members of black artists hadn't begun producing videos. Motown's in the back of his mind. He had produced and hosted a show called *Album Tracks* for WBZ-TV, and he knew that black made videos to be aired in places they didn't figure to find—American bands made videos in Europe, European bands made videos for the U.S.—and he was searching for a demand, something that could get rock 'n' roll and television together.

MTV was a hard sell. You could say that the Movie Channel was like HBO anymore in that. But how did you explain MTV to a roomful of executives, let alone a roomful of advertisers? Let alone the record companies that are going to give you five videos, "three white," a number of them asked, "Why (expletive) would I care?" Pittman had David Hauck, though, and that counted for a lot. Horowitz was a Columbia-trained lawyer who had held a number of important executive jobs before joining Warner Communications as part of an internal promotion. He had helped found WUSA, and was overseeing

Warner's cable operations. "I became MTV's oldest," says Horowitz, fifty-five, "and no matter what you might hear, I'm the smartest cable business." Horowitz, an extraordinarily great even, asked the tough question: Would advertisers support it? Would record companies support it? Most important: Okay, Bob, great idea—how do you finance it? Each session with Horowitz brought them closer to a start-up.

But it hasn't all been smooth sailing since "Video Killed the Radio Star." In 1980 and early 1981, with production costs rising, advertisers just weren't coming in. Pittman and Horowitz cut costs to the bone and squeezed it out. They went a new medium, it took a while for advertisers to catch their numbers. The advantage: but now includes Coke and Pepsi, Ford and General Motors, and is the envy of most cable networks.

A bigger score came last year when Ted Turner introduced his cable music channel just as Pittman was trying to launch VH-1 "Rox," says Horowitz, "It was a bonanza product." VH-1, which accepts everything older—middle-aged, MTV with soft rock and light country, was a lot like Turner's channel. MTV offered VH-1 three to anyone who profiled MTV. That helped, in data for good will on the part of cable companies. Turner pulled out after thirty-four days.

Perhaps the most distressing setback, especially to Pittman, was a controversy about MTV's not playing black videos. Well, MTV did play videos by blacks. "I used to go into interviews with a sheet in front of me," says Les Goldstein, MTV's senior vice president of programming, "and say, 'These are the black videos we play.'" The list included Jimi Hendrix, Garland Jeffries, names like that, but the truth is that most companies with large all members of black artists hadn't begun producing videos. Motown's in the back of his mind. He had produced and hosted a show called *Album Tracks* for WBZ-TV, and he knew that black made videos to be aired in places they didn't figure to find—American bands made videos in Europe, European bands made videos for the U.S.—and he was searching for a demand, something that could get rock 'n' roll and television together.

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He supplied the demand for a new way to explain changing economic times

Business & Industry

Sanford Grossman on Money and the Mind

SANFORD GROSSMAN IS A LEADING AND BRASHLY OPINIONATED THEORIST WITHIN THE "RATIONAL EXPECTATIONS" SCHOOL OF ECONOMIC THOUGHT. RATIONAL EXPECTATIONISTS DIFFER FROM OTHER THEORISTS BY ACCOUNTING FOR THE decisions made by individuals within an economic system. People and firms have specific, if unarticulated, expectations about how the government might act, and they adjust their own activities accordingly, even before the government puts a policy into effect. Their decisions are motivated by whatever information is available to them at any given time. Economists to a Rational Expectationist such as Sandy Grossman is a real-world offer, involving "how individuals deal with informational problems, and how the economic system resolves certain institutions to aggregate the information problems they face."

One of those institutions is the take-over process—currently a hot topic on and off Wall Street, as corporate raiders like Ivan Boesky and T. Boone Pickens are scorned for the havoc their actions wreak on the national economy, the current wisdom being that such mergers make companies less efficient. But to Sandy Grossman, thirty-two, an aggressive free-market theorist who's given to describing government intervention as "shak," the more take-overs attempted, the more we learn. And the more we learn, he said time and again over a long lunch at Princeton's Hyatt Regency Hotel, the better for us all.

HIS THEORIES BEGIN IN A REAL WORLD OF EXPECTATIONS AND NEEDS.

INSIGHTS
Interview by
Randall Robinson



IN ECONOMICS, WHAT YOU DON'T KNOW CAN HURT YOU.

"Economics is a social science. It is a *social* problem. The problem, that is, I think, always been implicit in economic theory is an informational problem. The 'invisible hand' is supposed to get more goods produced which there is a scarcity but if you think about what that really means, that must mean that somehow, somehow must learn that there is a scarcity. What I do is look at who has the incentive to see whether there is a scarcity. How do you find the goodness of information, of looking at a price and figuring out how much of a scarcity there is? A much larger aspect of my work is looking at the institutions that develop to enhance the information processing role—stock exchanges, commodity exchanges, the Chicago Board of Trade."

THE TAKE-OVER PROCESS IS WALL STREET'S CLASSROOM

"The ordinary gray young manhood isn't very good when there are a lot of little shareholders. Each one is not going to have the incentive to collect information to vote intelligently. The take-over bid is a mechanism that gives incentive for somebody to get big enough so that it is worth his while to collect information about how well the company is doing. My conclusion is that, to the extent that the current take-over boom raises the value of shares, it's certainly not harmful."

OF COURSE, IN THIS CASE THE TEACHER HAPPENS TO MAKE A PROFIT

"He is, of course, making money on his own account, among in the shareholders' interests. On average, when a take-over bid occurs, the company goes up about 35 percent of market value."

THESE ARE THE DREAMS OF THE EVERYDAY ECONOMIST

"My personal satisfaction would be very high if I could start with some axiom, derive some conclusions from these axioms about the way economic quantities evolve in relation to one another, and then go out and find out that they are true. There is an economist named Fischer Black. He and Myron Scholes developed a formula, called the Black-Scholes Formula, that figures out the price of a stock option in terms of the underlying price of the stock. This formula has actually been put on bond calculators. That's quite an accomplishment, to think up a theory and have it work so terrifically well that people in the one trillion put it on bond calculators."

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE LAWS OF PHYSICS AND THE LAWS OF ECONOMICS IS

"We don't know many of the laws of economics. There haven't been enough

experimental situations to distinguish among major theories."

FOR INSTANCE, CONVENTIONAL WISDOM HAD IT THAT EVERYTHING YOU NEEDED TO KNOW ABOUT A STOCK WAS IN THE PRICE

"But Joe Shleifer, who is also here at Princeton, and I determined to find out, in fact, the stock market is informationally efficient. If it is—all the fundamental information about a company is reflected in the price—then every person could buy a stock profitably knowing nothing but the price, without considering the fundamentals like price-earnings ratio, dividends, or others. But you get into a paradox—it's become known as the Grinblatt-Sayit Paradox—because if everybody thinks that the stocks are priced correctly, where's the incentive for someone to come along and uncover new information about the company? If everybody learned to someone else, no one will do it. I showed to what extent it's necessary for individuals to determine fundamentals—that someone will make money at certain situations by digging for new information."

SOCIALLY RESPONSIBLE INVESTING, IN A WORD, A CHEME

"I think that argument is a justifiably a justification for itself. If I mean the situation where a company is doing something and some group wants to get that company to do something else that's better for it, the group, rather than for the shareholder. So they make up some argument for why it would be for the social good when it's really just for the good of the interest group that's trying to steal the shareholder's money."

WHAT DOES THAT MAKE THE SOUTH AFRICAN INVESTMENT MOVEMENT?

"If I hear a South African churchman to sit on my table to look at, for looking at the churchman in itself isn't having anyone. That's to be compared with buying a lawn mower, which pollutes heavily in my neighborhood, the use of which is going to directly hurt somebody. So now you're talking in general terms about the use of the general social good of an individual right? I think the argument has to be much stronger than it is in the investment campaigns. You're contemplating what I consider to be a virtually an act of violence against an individual right."

ONE FAILURE OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY

"One of the things I find most frightening is not when people withdraw a right, but when the stick of a right is clanked in someone's hands for dehumanizing to an act of social goodness—such as the

Democratic presidential platform in the last election. The platform seemed to be having internal implications of theft, a constant repetition of the statement that it is unfair for someone to be rich and another one to be poor, and that the remedy is to be that."

THEN AGAIN

"The Republican party has not been able to make a political stand in an effective way that I can understand."

THE RIGHTS OF CORPORATIONS

"I've been appalled by the following description of society makes. For example, you sometimes hear about corporations making profits, or about the corporate income tax versus the personal income tax, or that the President's current tax plan is going to give taxes for corporations that were then for individuals. But corporations are agents of the individual. There are not separate, alien creatures called corporations that physically exist in our society. They are creations of individuals, and to the extent that corporations pay higher taxes, the individuals who own them will have less income."

A CORPORATION CONSTITUTION

"The economic problem faced by somebody creating a corporation is how to write a corporate charter that will somehow protect the goals of the corporation and still keep severity from the date of incorporation. That's a very different business problem from people faced with writing a constitution. To me, that's really fascinating."

WHICH LEADS TO THIS ANALOGY

"A political machine in a municipality is sort of like the board of directors of a corporation. It takes a lot of responsibility for the underlying functions of the municipality, and it usually finds ways to raise its own wealth by raising the wealth and income in the municipality."

YOUTH, HERE IS THY STING

"My last teaching job was at Stamford, and half of my job was at the business school. When I arrived there, all the M.B.A.s were older—not to mention the Ph.D. students. But I wasn't complaining. I'm not interested that easily."

A BRIEF EXPLANATION OF HOW SANFORD GROSSMAN HAS ACCOMPLISHED SO MUCH IN SO BRIEF A PERIOD OF TIME

"To be a lawyer."

TO DO WHAT NEXT?

"I don't understand take-overs or why they take place. I want to know what motivates take-overs, how some ability to get out of control copies with it. In the end, one company is taken over rather than another company. Right now, it's a mystery."



MONDAY



TUESDAY



WEDNESDAY



THURSDAY



FRIDAY



Like many independent-minded parents, Billy's Dad has discovered that our Great Scot Park is just an appropriate for wear to the office as it is for the high mountains, or the chilly football stadium.

Which illustrates our basic position on underwear: a garment should take you from the cold to the real world. Buy our Great Scot, or our traditionally minded Sigal, or even our traditional Navy Pea Coat, and you're buying a versatile coat that just may replace three or four of the more specialized garments now crowding your closet (and perhaps not even getting worn).

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Business & Industry



WHAT

KOPALD UNDERSTANDS IS THAT GREAT ADVERTISING COMES FROM THE HEART

[Kopald is a senior writer at Newsweek. His article "Secret Thoughts" appeared in Esquire's October 1995 issue.]

It's a Jingle Out There

by Jerry Adler

WE are all seeking the same thing, which is love: via and I, politicians and movie stars, McDaniel's and Coke, McDonald's and Coke; especially, because while we can live without them, they would be tomorrow without us. And that is why they advertise with such desperate energy: drink margaritas losing face payola's as they march on in a thousand strings. With workers in the bloom of youth, harking their brown bodies across the sand, penguins flipping their cutenesses... wait a minute, penguins?

Well, yeah, penguins. Larry Kopald drenched up the penguins. A dozen identical penguin puppets, swirled in plastic garbage bags, are stashed in the corner of the glossy Hollywood sound stage. Two others are already on the set—on elaborate reproduction of a back-country roadside, surrounded by a small grove of potted fir trees. Their heads bob as mechanical affability, their beady eyes glow with artificial passion. In a moment one of the penguins is going to buy something called a Colorado Chiller for the other.

"I'll try a product that once killed penguins," says Kopald. "Wouldn't you?" Great advertising comes from the heart—and like all things of the heart, it is a mystery that we cannot ever fully penetrate. We know, though, that the choice of talking penguins grew out of the special challenge Larry Kopald faced with this product, a variation on the wine-cooler theme that Coors introduced into half a dozen other last summer. The challenge here was to differentiate it from the scores of other coolers on the market without saying what it is that makes it different. This is because what makes it different is that it is based on beer, not wine, and the Coors people suspect that most people are revolted by the idea of getting that nice into their beer. This approach was fine with Kopald, because it enabled him to throw out the entire beverage-advertising genre, the sole-photo lenses and the old-feld roughnecks, and extended scenes of beer cascading luxuriously into glistening glasses. Kopald and his art director, Jim Menzies, began with three thoughts: "refreshing," "different," and "appealing," and expanded them as far as they could in all directions: they found the one spot where they intersected, and it was penguins.

He started out wanting to use live penguins, but he was told that if you put two of them in the same room they might try to kill each other, which would make for a terrible commercial. Instead, Kopald's penguins were made for him by Peter Knowlton, the great puppet master who built the dogma Cops. They are modeled after emperor penguins, the Cadillac of the family, although Knowlton has customized them for commercial use by moving their eyes toward a more appealing position and sharpening their rather menacing beaks. However, the one thing live penguins do better than any alcoholic is walk. Knowlton's

PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFFREY M. HARRIS

As we wound our way through the sultry, steamy streets of Singapore, she murmured faintly that the exotic scents of the orient mingled with the fragrance of my Azzaro were almost intoxicating.

I told her to take a few deep breaths.

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POUR HOMME

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The master of the soft sell with the products of his success



agreement. McDonald's is one of the few companies in which the chairman of the board himself has to approve all the ads. A handful of agency people and a battalion of McDonald's staffers gathered in the Ray Kroc Room at McDonald's headquarters. When Kopold began describing the spots, a broad smile, the chairman of the board, Fred Turner, got red in the face and growled, "I thought I said no commercials." Then, catching Kopold, he said, "No, look before, Larry. Are you kidding?" Most no impressed. Kopold's brief was not that he said anything particularly notable in response—apparently he put said, "No, sir"—but that he was able to speak at all. Eventually he was able to convince McDonald's that the people who were not the sort of depressives who would scare decent citizens away from their restaurants, and the commercial got made. From students like that Kopold has gotten a reputation as being unapologetically hard to rattle. Kopold agrees that he has an unusual degree of self-confidence, about which he says simply that having lost 235 pounds, he feels he can do anything.

That belief is being put to the test now on the sound stage, where the performers are still trying to get through the door to their bar without collapsing onto one another. One of the two heavy penitents looks like he needs padding, and the client is upset about this. Because no one really knows what's going to work on film and a

stunt on the screen, people get along on a set by telling one another that it's going great. Everything is great. Even the coffee and doughnuts on the set are great.

The only one who doesn't play this game is the client, an anxious man in a Gower hat. He is the one who is paying for the whole thing, he considers it his prerogative and duty to look for things that are going wrong. Kopold can sympathize with him. He believes that commercials are the most technically demanding form of theater, because they're the only performance that people will see over and over and over again, with all of their blemishes they begin looking for flaws, like the woman who once wrote to McDonald's a complaint about what looked like a tear on the lip of a sandwich that was visible in one frame of a thirty-second commercial. He understands the need a client has to feel protective of his investment, but he thinks it is possible to take that sentiment too far. This morning the client looked at footage showing a hectic appearance to burst out a shell of ice and asked whether the ice crushing the beverage had been made from distilled water.

What clients never learn is that secret machinist only to people whose living comes from creating things on deadline, it is all going to work out in the end, because it has to work out. And so it does. Kowloon comes rushing over with the good news: he has found the secret of making

penquins waddle, by balancing them on a sheet of Mylar film thin enough to feel beneath their weight. The smoke pots are fired up, sending a thick cloud of artificial mountain haze swirling among the misted towers. The camera rolls, the second track bubbles, and three days' shooting in a maze of laughter with bubble programs on their heads start waddling. The chain of events will move, if not mountains, at least cascades of Colorado Chiles. And Kopold set it all in motion.

It is a powerful force he has tapped, the force of low self. On the way back to his hotel that night, he pops a cassette into the small car's stereo deck, and his wife's voice fills the car: "This is the real she sends out to ad agencies like a mating about Kentucky Fried Chicken and Peppermint Patties. Her voice drifts out onto Webster Boulevard—now sweet, now snarl, covering in fifteen-second slices the whole spectrum of musical inflection and human emotion. It makes Kopold think of the time TWA showed him how his slogan had been translated into twenty different languages. He gets goose bumps thinking about it, he says, that all over the world, every time someone buys a ticket, there's his line on the ticket. And he goes to like us. That's all we want, really, you and I and Larry Kopold, TWA and McDonald's and Huggins, we're all in the game together. Some of us work harder at it than others, is all."

See Reader Service Card for page 208

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Business & Industry by George Leonard

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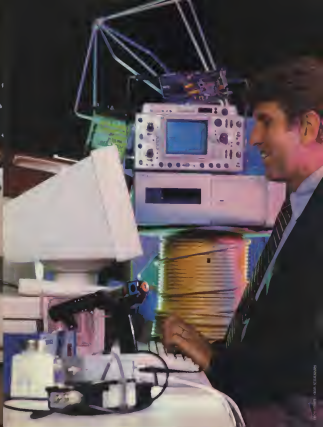
HERE IT IS:a high-tech version of the Wild West,

a place of straight talk and hard deals, a place where fortunes are made and lost overnight, where rogues and saints alike work sixteen-hour days, then move on to rooms where the well-dressed men on the next block might be a company president, a foreign agent, a corporate spy, or an undercover investigator. Time is different in this place. Two years make a generation, four years an era. Look back more than ten years and there's the Bronze Age. It's no country for old men. If you think there must be some private club or old-boy network that wields the real power, forget it. Success comes to the smartest, the swiftest, and, sometimes, the most ruthless. "Follow or lead," the inhabitants of this place say. "But get out of my way."

George Leonard is a contributing editor of *Esquire* and the author of *Transformation*.



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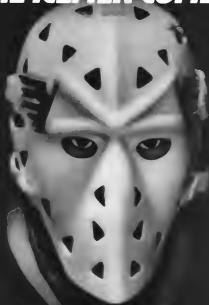
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BUSINESS AMBASSY

How Lewie Raised the Roof on Wall Street



Lewis Ranieri grew up in Brooklyn, on the crowded top floor of a three-story house that his immigrant grandfather bought. It was a good working-class neighborhood, rich in

family values and loyalties, but by the time Ranieri was a teenager, the sprawling nearby shanties had turned the streets into a crowded zone. "I learned at a very early age," he says, "why the adage about the three basic principles of real estate is 'Location, location, location.' This property didn't have it, didn't have it, didn't have it!" Still, it belonged to the

by Steven Solomon

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PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL HARRISON

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some way, there was an opportunity for Solomon. But no money had the department been knocked down. The 1980s volatile interest rates drove the country's savings institutions into a liquidity crisis. A year later the housing market collapsed.

Most investment-banking firms took the view that a crisis had struck from the market. Well, eventually, but before it was really all and had taken an extended leave of absence. Krensch was left in charge, and he convinced Solomon to expand his operation. Almost alone on the Street, he had a vision of a true capital market—not just a business.

When a capital market did begin to develop, around 1982, the bottom-down M.B.A. investment bankers came stepping back, desperately reclaiming the status of the Ivy. So, the Solomons, like their past knowledge and contacts. "Leave it to the single most important person who took the market from the Stone Age to the twenty-first century in one great leap," says Warren Lasko, former executive vice president of Citicorp, the federal mortgage agency (see box).

Krensch's group included two years of plain hard work. He crisscrossed the country line on expeditions, delivering a canned three-hour presentation at thousands of meetings and group meetings, winning believers of leading institutions and potential investors. He lobbied vice insurance commissioners and congressmen to remove by far and lay a labyrinth of bureaucratic legal obstacles. The first crucial securities, which helped define the housing crisis, were, in fact, changed through federal mortgage agencies—Ginnie Mae, Fannie Mae, and Freddie Mac—because they had legal exemption. "In the late 1970s and early 1980s," Krensch explains, "the idea was to get any mortgage for mortgages at any cost, anywhere. The agencies were spectacularly responsive. We wouldn't deal without them."

Mortgage-backed securities were then sold private placements with institutional investors. They were not publicly traded, as is a true capital market. For that, major structural difficulties remained. The big breakthrough came in 1980 with the first subprime mortgage-backed security, CMO, issued by Freddie Mac. With the CMO the capital market became a reality, because the CMO separated the pool of mortgages into short-, medium-, and long-term portions (at varying interest payments), thus making the investment risk more predictable. "We were discussing the problem when someone said innocently, 'Why can't we literally carve up the mortgages into monthly slices of cash flow?'" Krensch recalls. "It suddenly dawned on us that you could have a pool of mortgages in two weeks at a single interest rate. And within thirty years basically the sole value of the home, or as a series of cash flows from the

mortgage payments extending over thirty years, each one sold as a security. The ones with shorter maturities would have highly predictable yields, the longer ones would be riskier, and accordingly would carry a higher yield. At one stroke it gave security without the increased flexibility and predictability of security that had been lacking, without compromising the home owners' freedom of choice. It was obvious, but we'd been groping for it for years. All the light bulbs went on at once."

The invention sparked a lead with Fred Berman, which changed that it, not Solomons, had invented the CMO. Berman's competitive streak shows up when he talks about it. "First Boston didn't have the transaction—if they did, then why didn't they tell Freddie Mac? I have their records and they put up. Any time they want to sue the joint, I'll produce the documents!" Nevertheless, everybody's eyes were a little bit deflected when it was later learned that the CMO concept had already been invented in the 1930s, revised briefly in the 1970s, and then forgotten.

Krensch's street-smartness was a valuable trait in pioneering the new capital market. Over and over he found dead ends, but he kept trying. "We failed so many times that the concept of failure doesn't fascinate me. Success gives you an ego as big as an oil slick," he philosophizes. "Failure keeps it in perspective." Krensch feels proud that he has constantly battled back to reinvent adversity. He feels that the great talent to demand the same of his staff, many of whom, he points out, are young M.B.A.s from the best schools and families who've never experienced failure and are constrained by their fear of it. "I fail and because I have the right to fail, but that's right to go on every day," he asserts. "I want them to follow me because I'm right, not because they've been inspired to do it. For example, I demand long hours. But no one works longer than me." Arriving at 6:45 A.M. and leaving twelve hours later provides his single freedom to drive his staff.

On the way to work in the morning, he often stops at the church dedicated to Elizabeth Ann Seton, the first native-born American saint. Once, when he noticed that the shrine needed repairs and the manager explained that church coffers were low, Krensch and his colleagues launched a fundraising campaign among Wall Street firms. "I believe in God," he says, "but I'll never be motivated for Him."

Remarkably, Krensch's life-style and homespun values seem little changed by his success and wealth. "I've known him for fifteen years, and money hasn't changed him," says his wife, Peg. "He's the same human he always was. That's what a great leader has." Adds close friend Richard Seegerdell, who lives across the street from the Berman's two-story Tudor

home in Merrick, Long Island: "He is totally unpretentious, and there's no way you'd know his position in business. He never uses it to his advantage and never brags about it." A recent business trip to London to investigate the possibility of tapping Europe's overpopulated territory was preceded by a hectic to obtain a passport—it was Krensch's first time abroad.

He still likes to do his own research whenever possible. To learn about the commercial real estate market, he bought a stake in a small real estate development firm in Florida. "It gives me a good feel for the nuts and bolts of the business. It lets me test some of my theories on how to control cost-control costs and try out different techniques for buying and disposing. Mortgage bankers have developers as clients, so to understand the business side makes me more effective."

Never having had true time as a teenager, Krensch relishes his holidays. He reads a lot of books and especially loves to cook. He has his garden—fronds, he says, "I'm not a gardener, I'm a gardener in willing darkness—select the seeds. Probably it will be a dash they've exposed in a restaurant so that they can better appreciate his powers."

Powerless for lifting are his one indulgence. He has two. The biggest, a forty-taxi-bus, is docked on Long Island. These officers, including a twenty-four-hour taxi White for deep-sea fishing and a seventeen-foot first-bottom boat, are owned by Krensch. A very busy man, he is a member of the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America, a local presence. Since the arrival of Peggy after a four-year adoption wait, however, some of his time has been spent in part. Father's Day 1986, he says, was the greatest day of his life.

Finally having a child has helped reinforce the process of learning to distinguish between his career and his life. "I couldn't always tell the difference," he admits. The latter is clearly more important now. "Long-term, it would be as hard to be like my father-in-law," he says. "He's very family oriented—the beginning and end of his wife's world. His kids still think he's the greatest thing since sliced bread. He worked as a clerk and then as a supervisor in the computer room at MCI Systems Group at the end of the war to the day he retired. I never had a father, but seeing him, I'd consider that a very successful life. Solomon will go on with or without me, my family won't."

In the future he may be at the head of both. But for the moment, the led from Brooklyn who never even dreamed of such a possibility is consumed by his work. "Thousands of people wouldn't have had homes if it weren't for the mortgage-securitization market," he says. "It's very exciting to create socially useful wealth. What does one now is waiting to do what I started." □

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Update

CHECKING IN ON THE LIVES AND TIMES OF LAST YEAR'S HONOREES

Throughout the past year, *Esquire* has received news from—and inquiries about—the men and women honored in the 1994 *Register*. Here's a sampling of progress reports on their personal and professional lives.

Elliott Abrams/Assistant secretary of State/Washington, D.C.



A year ago Elliott Abrams was the Reagan administration's assistant secretary of State for Human Rights and International Affairs. Now he's assistant secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs. "The job changed," he says. "In subtle. The real difference in the State

Department are the two regional bureaus, in heading up one of these gives me a better opportunity to affect policy. The offer was actually quite a surprise to me because I hadn't campaigned for it. In late April, George Shultz called me in and asked me if I wanted it. The next, "You weren't never that right now. You can think about it." And I said, "I don't need to think about it." I think that the time had really come for a change. I'd been in my former office for three and a half years, and I'd really had everything I liked to say about the subject of human rights. In fact, I'd made a number of times. It also got a new office, but you know, I haven't checked the view. The State was down when I was last in there. It should have a view of the Washington Monument, and the bureaus is certainly better. But a much more important change in the long run was that our third child was born last year, on November 11."

James Fallows Journalist Washington, D.C.

Journalist James Fallows is publishing a book this spring tentatively titled *Down the Capital*, about the connection between American culture and economics. "It's partly about industrial power in America," he explains, "and it's partly about class stratification. The other change in my life is that this winter my family and I are going to move to Mexico as part of our continuing to run the world project. My wife and I have worked to moral reform in China, and we've lived in Europe for a couple of years. We've made things up as we go along. We wanted to spend time in Asia because it seems like the land of tomorrow."

Henry Cisneros Mayor San Antonio, Texas

"This April," says the mayor, "I was selected, and I think the most important thing this year was the passage of a bond issue for improvements in the city's transportation and infrastructure. The significance is as usual here is that there's a distinct urban, self-government movement right now, but we've shown that when you offer people a fair package and include them in the decision-making, you can start the national current. It was a big leadership job. I had to sort of pound it out, and it was a great victory for the city as a whole."

Will Ackerman & Anne Robinson Record executives Palo Alto, California

The founders of alternative music label Windham Hill Will Ackerman and Anne Robinson, have been overcoming the rejection of their organization. "We've continued to grow," says Robinson. "We've started a few subsidiary labels for other types of music. Maybe for jazz. There's also for vocals, and Lost Lanes for romance, and we're doing more in our film division. We're also preparing our book-publishing project, the Windham Hill Press. Our business is less about making money than about making art. It happens in the very minute that what others see as pays the bills."

Margaret Chesney/Behavioral researcher/Menlo Park, California



In the last year, Margaret Chesney continued her research into the link between stress and heart disease, working again with partner Ray Denman on a volume in publishing *Age and Vitality in*

Cardiovascular and Behavioral Sciences; they have done new research on major management interventions. "The time of the program," Chesney explains, "is a teaching people new skills for handling and managing emotions. In addition, we've been awarded a grant in neuroscience the year who were in the very first study of Type A behavior, done by Dr. Rosenman in 1956—when I was only nine. A study of these two diseases will allow us to look at individuals who have a lot of heart disease appeared to be high but who did not develop it. We can also look at how Type A behavior changes with age. And we're studying Type A behavior in women, finding a relationship between smoking and heart disease. It's important to us that our progress can ultimately be translated into sound medical research and better quality of life."

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This second annual edition of the best-selling Esquire Register is the result of an extensive, ongoing search to identify those American men and women under forty who compose a dynamic new leadership class. In selecting and profiling more than one hundred individuals, Esquire honors those whose talent and determination are the guiding forces of this changing society. And in an exclusive survey undertaken by the editors of Esquire, the values and opinions of the leadership class are revealed for the first time.

